

SMASH

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AUGUST
No. 45

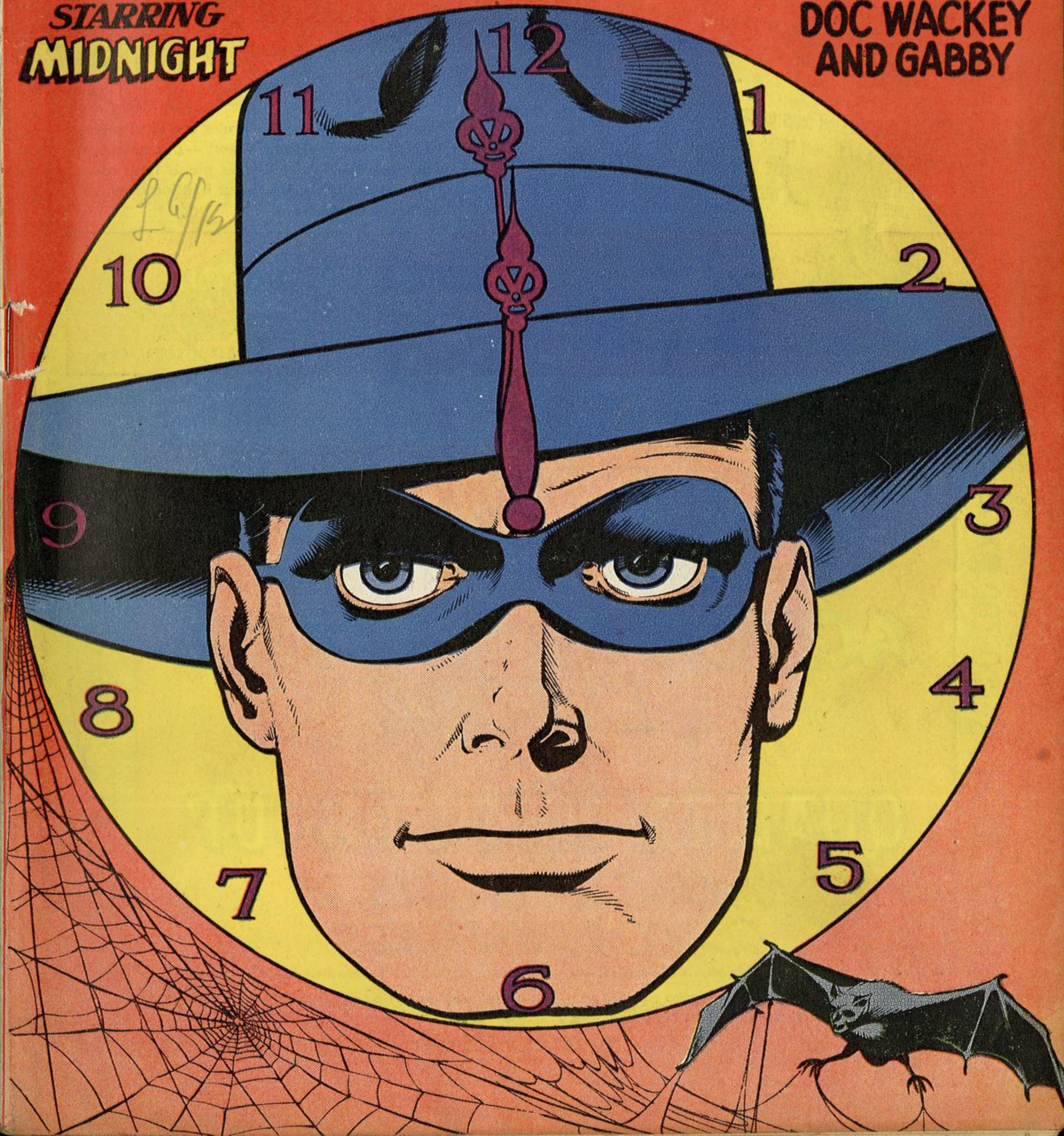
COMICS



10¢

STARRING
MIDNIGHT

DOC WACKEY
AND GABBY





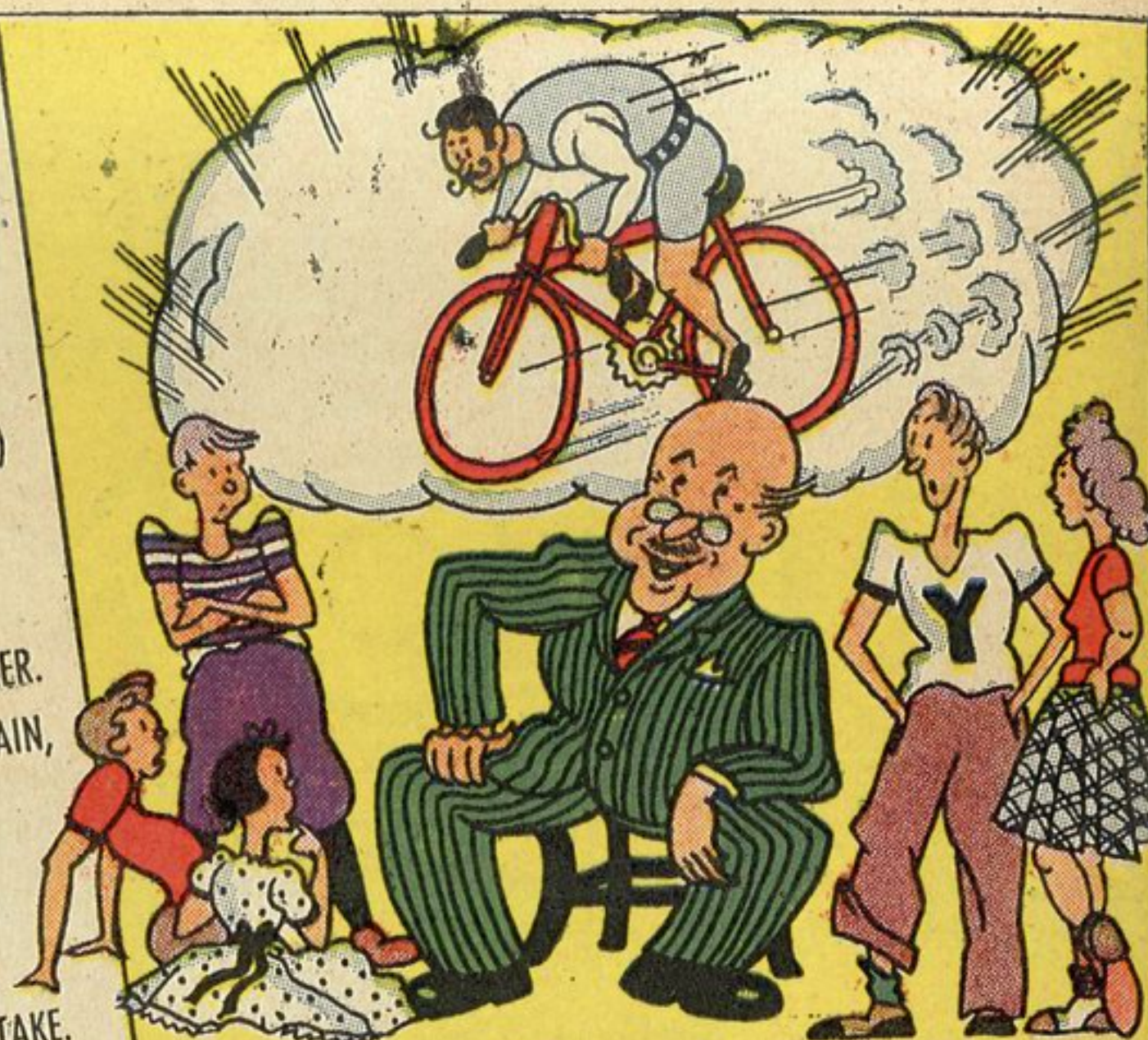
WEB COMIC
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GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

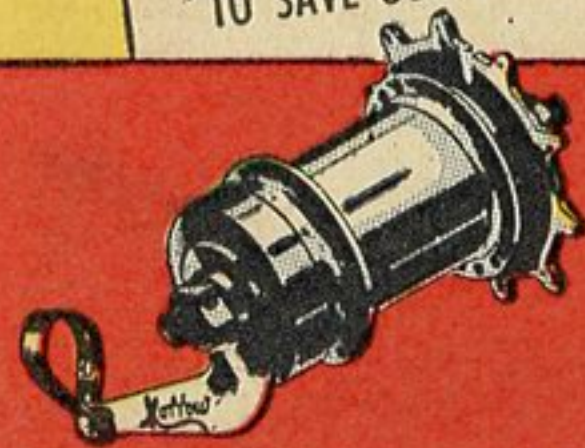
OH THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!
"SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM,
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)

SO UP COMES DEAR OLD GRAND-DAD WITH THIS VERY SMART IDEA—
"IT'S SURE TO CLICK," HE TELLS US, "AND CAUSE OUR FRIENDS TO CHEER."
"I REMEMBER," HE RECALLS, "WHEN I WAS JUST A BRIGHT YOUNG SWAIN,
"WE'D CYCLE THROUGH THE VALLEY AND STREET AND COUNTRY LANE."

"WE'D NEVER RACE ON HILLS OR SLOPES—INSTEAD WE'D GENTLY BRAKE,
"WE'D KEEP AWAY FROM ROCKS AND STONES, TOO HARD FOR TIRES TO TAKE.
"SO LET'S ALL PLAN—RESOLVE RIGHT NOW—NO DISTANT, FAR TOMORROW—
"TO SAVE OUR BIKES AND TIRES WITH THE HELP OF BRAKES BY 'MORROW'."



The "MORROW" Coaster Brake is a vital member of "The Invisible Crew"—the precision equipment which 25 Bendix plants from coast to coast are speeding to our fighting crews on world battle fronts.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORP., ELMIRA, N. Y.

MORROW
COASTER BRAKE



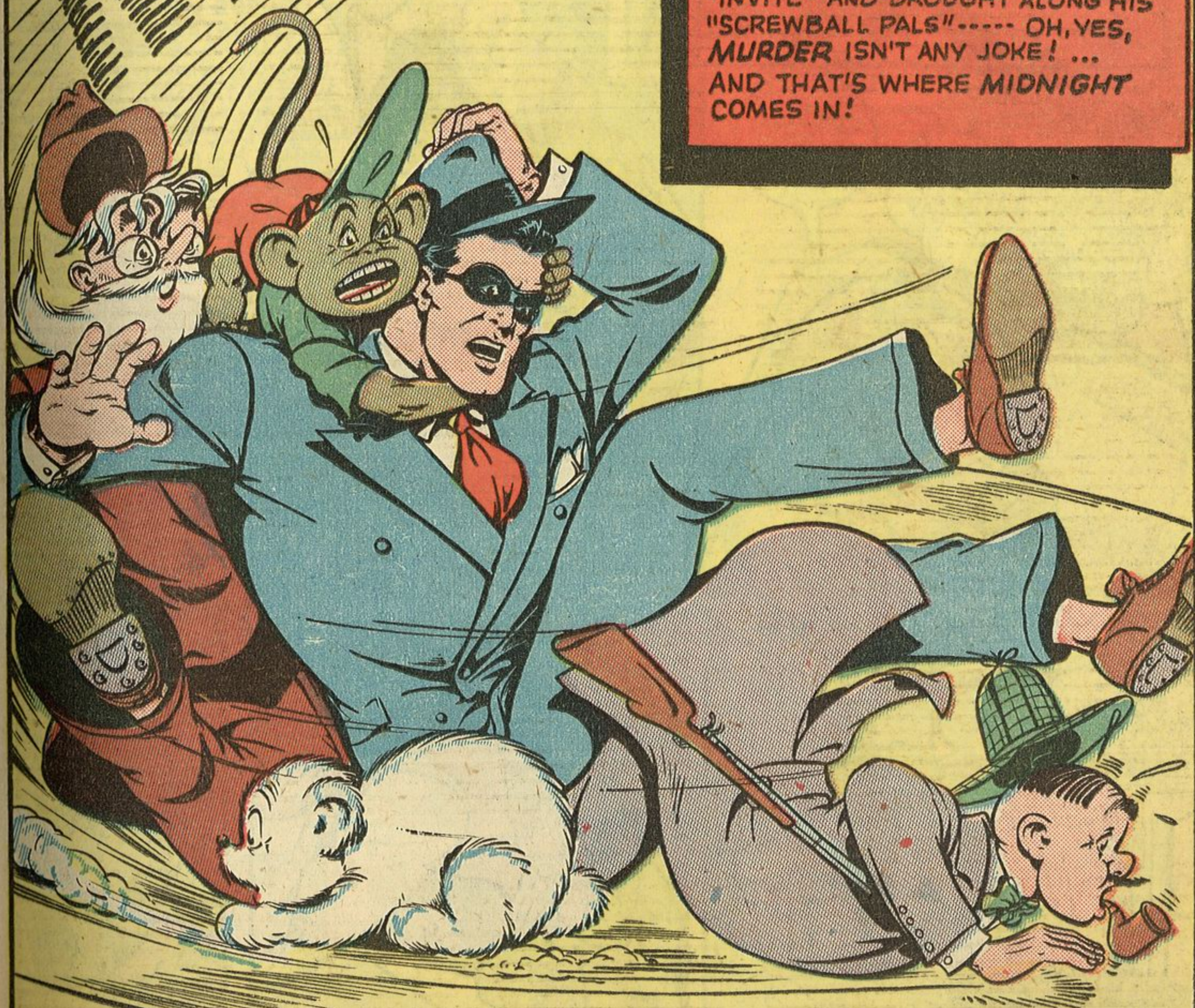
SMASH COMICS...HIT COMICS...CRACK COMICS

HEY, READERS!!
THERE'S NO RATIONING OF
ACTION ADVENTURE
OR **HUMOR**
IN THE
QUALITY COMIC GROUP
AMERICA'S GREATEST
COMIC MAGAZINES

DOLL MAN QUARTERLY ✨ UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY

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EVERYBODY WHO EVER HEARD OF THEM LONGED FOR AN INVITATION TO THE MAD PARTIES AT J. T. HORGAN'S FAMOUS "CRAZY MEADOWS" ESTATE... FOR HERE THE FUN-LOVING MILLIONAIRE MADE A HOBBY OF THE PRACTICAL JOKE... READ WHAT HAPPENED WHEN DOC WACKEY RECEIVED AN "INVITE" AND BROUGHT ALONG HIS "SCREWBALL PALS"----- OH, YES, **MURDER** ISN'T ANY JOKE! ... AND THAT'S WHERE **MIDNIGHT** COMES IN!





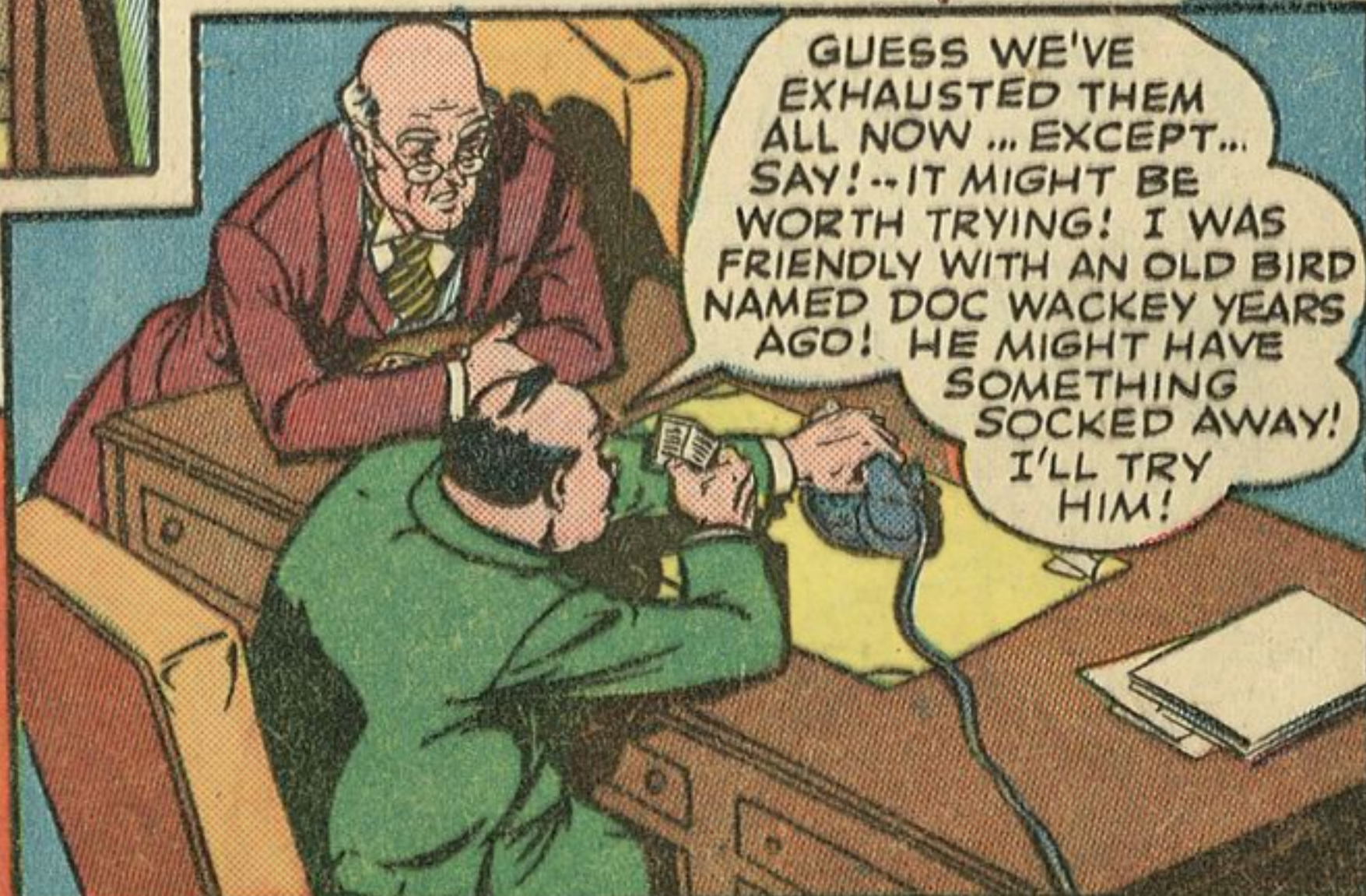
SORRY, J.T. ... I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, BUT I CAN'T RIGHT NOW!

THANKS, ANYWAY, JOHN! I'LL EXPECT TO SEE YOU AT THE PARTY AT "CRAZY MEADOWS" SATURDAY NIGHT!

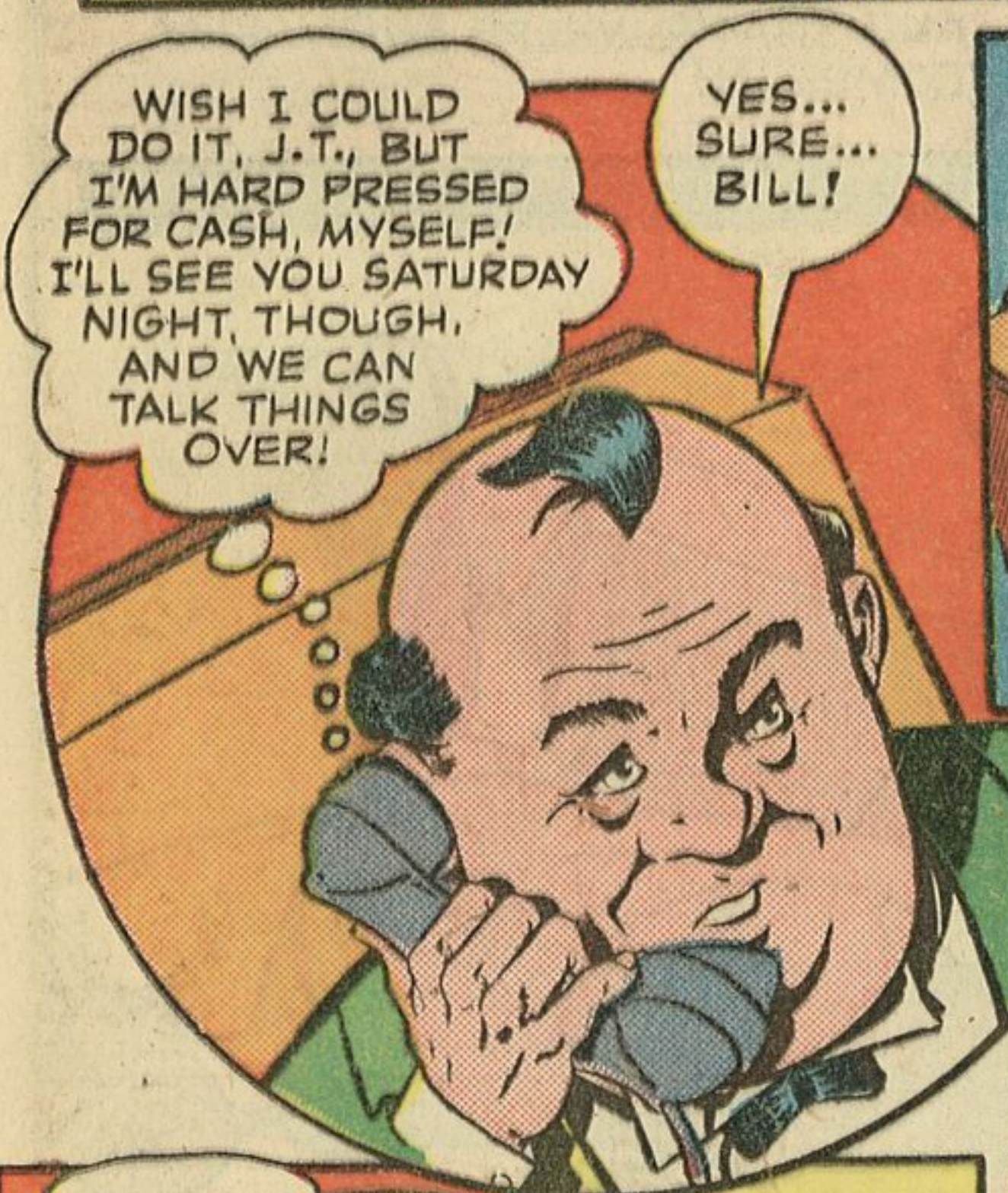


TALK ABOUT FRIENDS IN NEED! HE MAKES NUMBER FOUR!

NO GO! GUESS I'LL TRY BILL THOMPSON



GUESS WE'VE EXHAUSTED THEM ALL NOW ... EXCEPT... SAY! ... IT MIGHT BE WORTH TRYING! I WAS FRIENDLY WITH AN OLD BIRD NAMED DOC WACKY YEARS AGO! HE MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING SOCKED AWAY! I'LL TRY HIM!



WISH I COULD DO IT, J.T., BUT I'M HARD PRESSED FOR CASH, MYSELF! I'LL SEE YOU SATURDAY NIGHT, THOUGH, AND WE CAN TALK THINGS OVER!

YES... SURE... BILL!



SURE... I REMEMBER YOU, J.T.! GOSH, I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU ... BUT WAIT'LL I SEE...



TWELVE CENTS, DOC! BUT, REMEMBER YOU WEREN'T GOING TO SPEND IT ALL IN ONE PLACE!



HOW ABOUT TWELVE CENTS? WILL THAT HELP?



GUESS HE CAN'T USE OUR TWELVE CENTS!

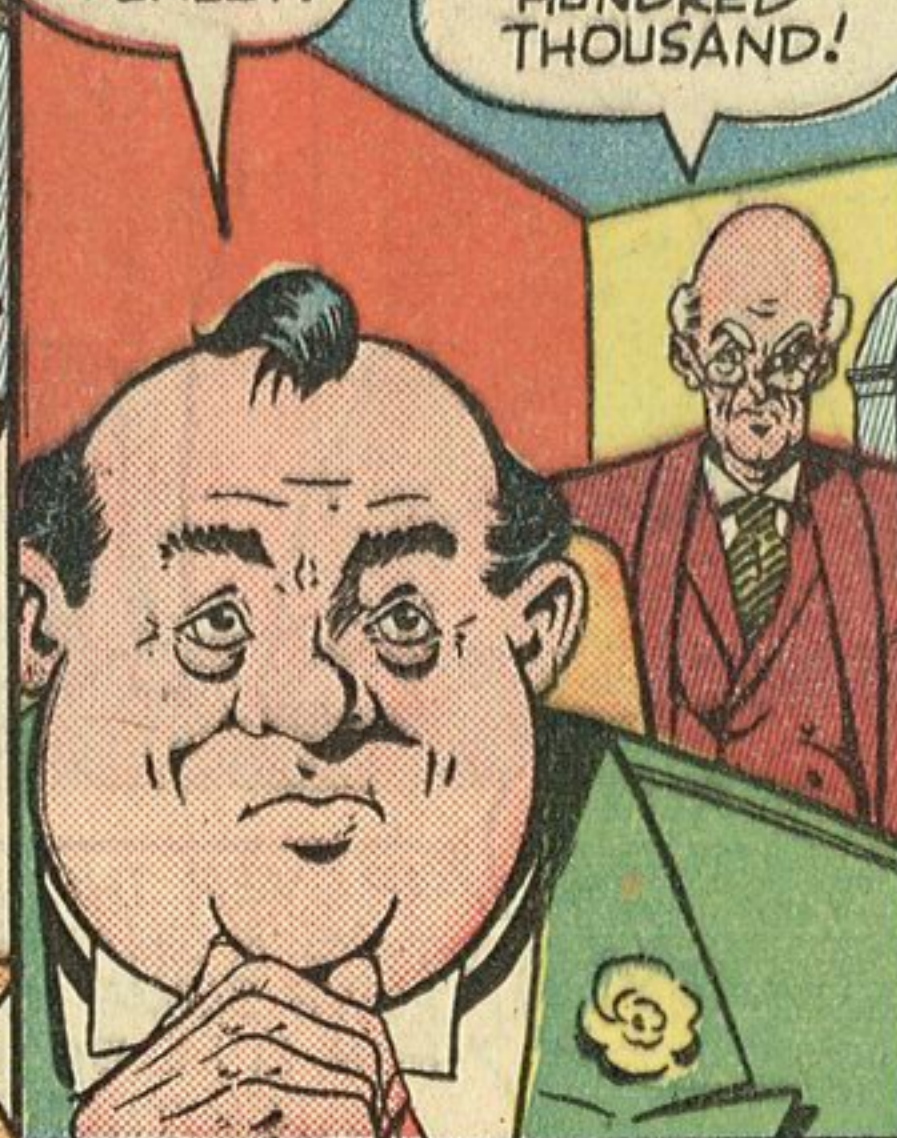
THAT'S FINE! WE'LL FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO GET RID OF IT!

MEANWHILE...
THEY MUST HAVE HEARD WE WERE HEADED FOR THE ROCKS, FENLEY!

THE BACKBITING RATS! AFTER THE THINGS WE'VE DONE FOR THEM... AND NOW THEY WON'T TIDE US OVER WITH A MEASLY FEW HUNDRED THOUSAND!

ANYWAY, I'M GOING TO THROW ONE MORE BANG UP PARTY AT "CRAZY MEADOWS" FOR MY FAIR-WEATHER FRIENDS BEFORE I MAKE MY RESERVATION AT THE POOR HOUSE! I MUST SEE MY CARETAKER ABOUT IT...

I'D LIKE TO GIVE A PARTY THEY'D NEVER FORGET!



Next Day...

HOT ZIGGEDY! GET A LOAD OF THIS, GABBY!--- AN INVITE TO A SWANKY PARTY AT "CRAZY MEADOWS"!

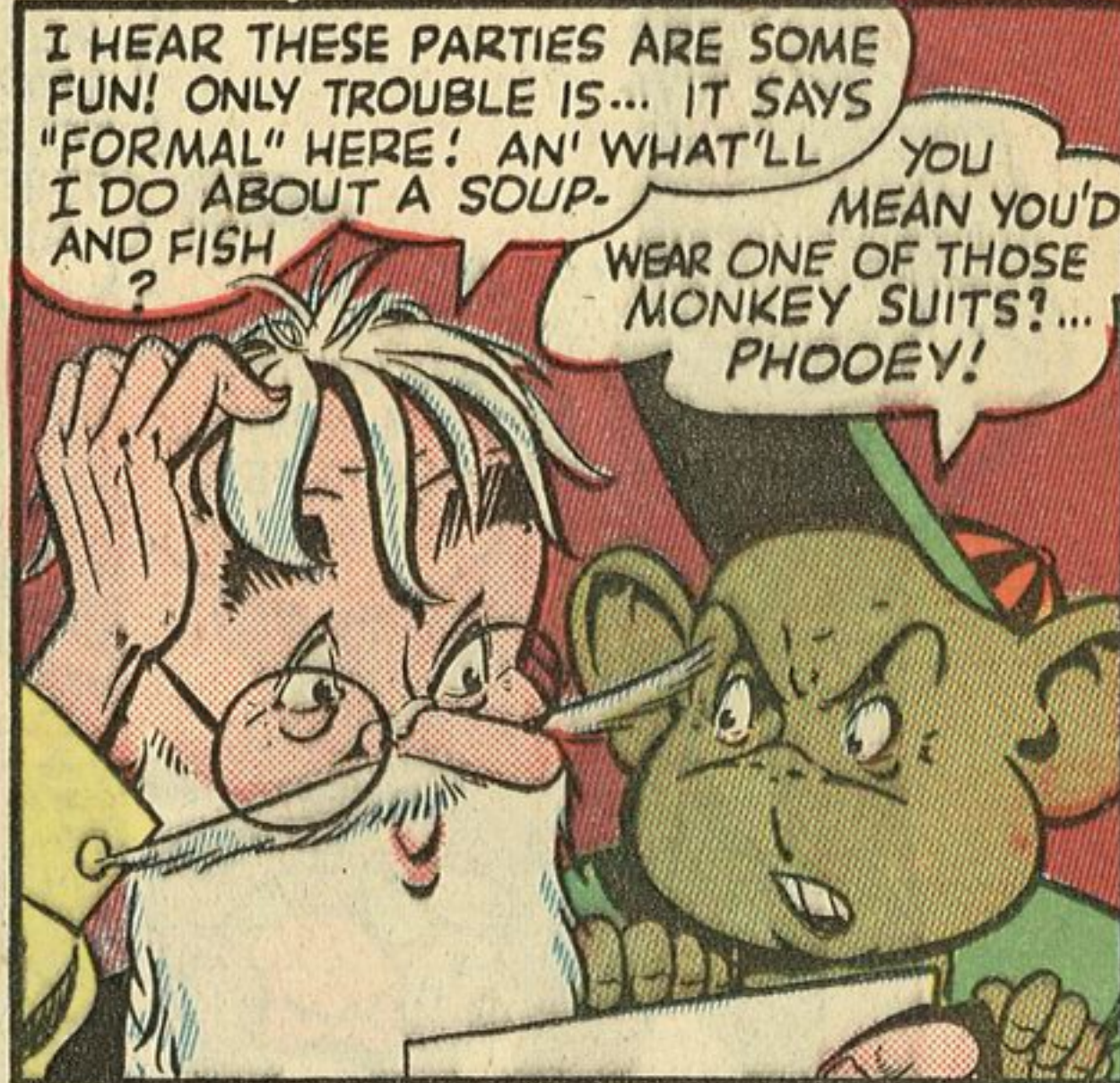
NO KIDDIN'!

SNAP!



I HEAR THESE PARTIES ARE SOME FUN! ONLY TROUBLE IS... IT SAYS "FORMAL" HERE! AN' WHAT'LL I DO ABOUT A SOUP- AND FISH?

YOU MEAN YOU'D WEAR ONE OF THOSE MONKEY SUITS?... PHOOEY!



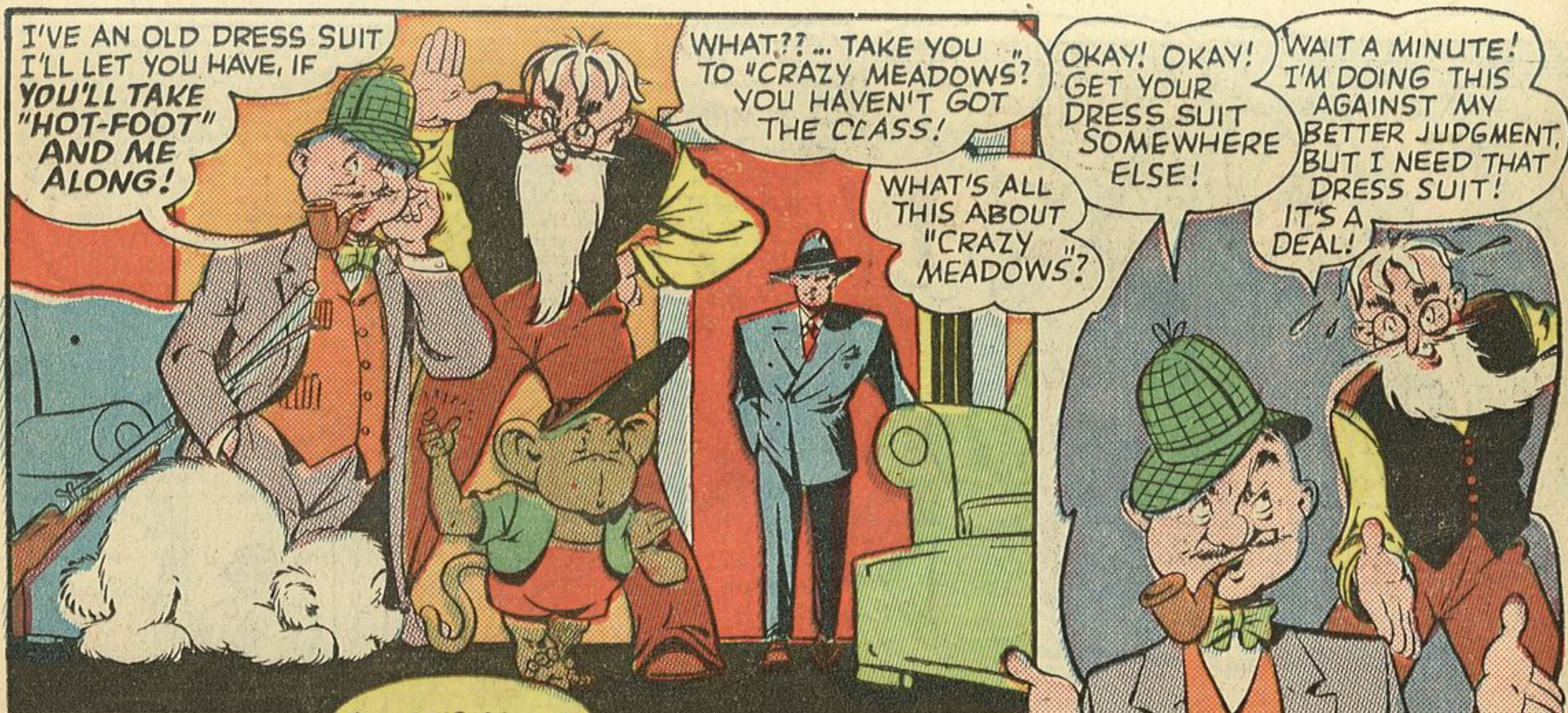
WHAT DO YOU WANT, PEST?

YEAH -AND GET THAT FURRY FLEA-CIRCUS OUT OF HERE BEFORE I ANNIHILATE HIM!

AH... STEPPING OUT IN SOCIETY, EH, DOC?

IF I CAN GET A DRESS SUIT, I WILL! WHO SAID YOU COULD READ MY MAIL?





I'VE AN OLD DRESS SUIT
I'LL LET YOU HAVE, IF
YOU'LL TAKE
"HOT-FOOT"
AND ME
ALONG!

WHAT?? ... TAKE YOU
TO "CRAZY MEADOWS"?
YOU HAVEN'T GOT
THE CLASS!

OKAY! OKAY!
GET YOUR
DRESS SUIT
SOMEWHERE
ELSE!

WAIT A MINUTE!
I'M DOING THIS
AGAINST MY
BETTER JUDGMENT,
BUT I NEED THAT
DRESS SUIT!
IT'S A
DEAL!

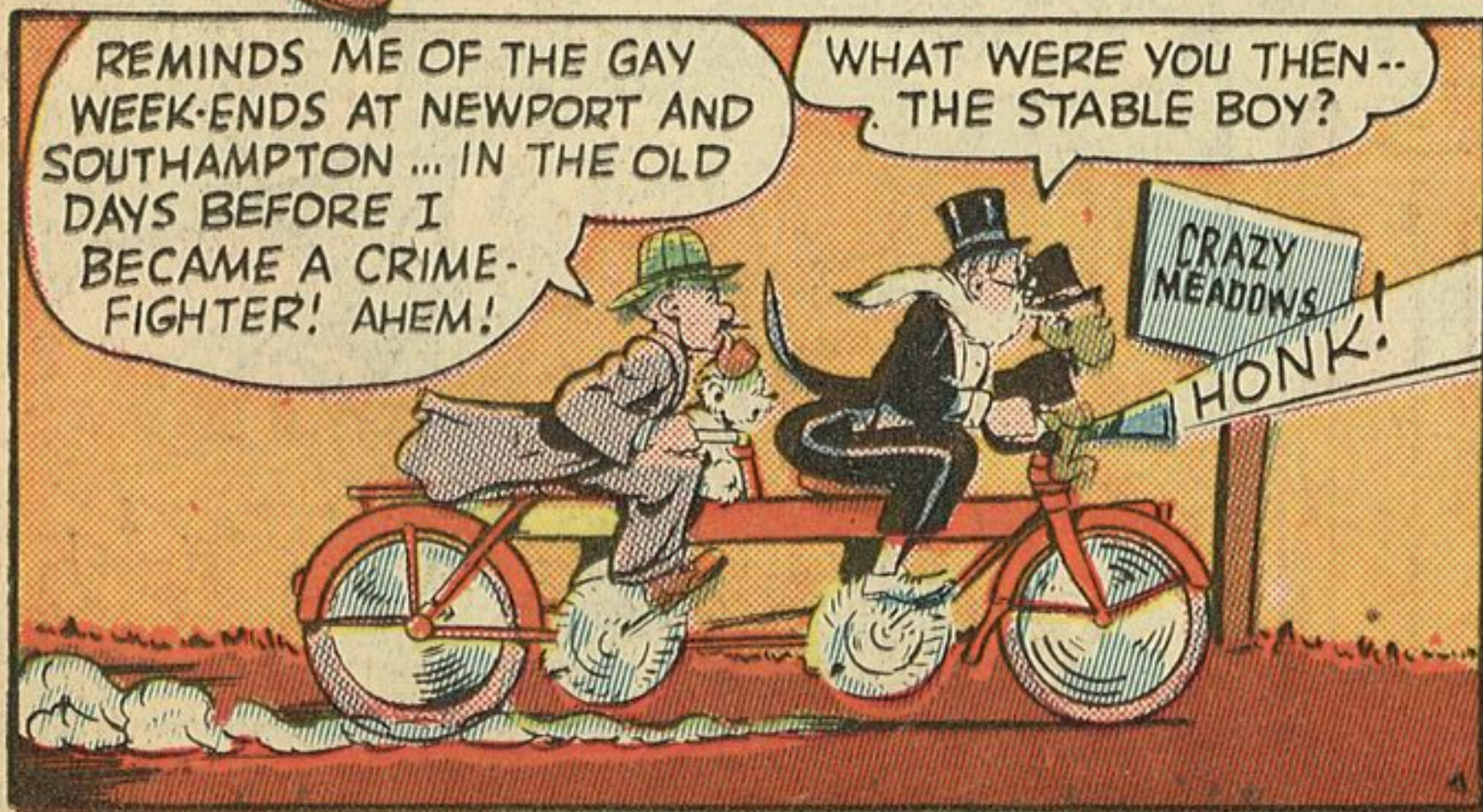
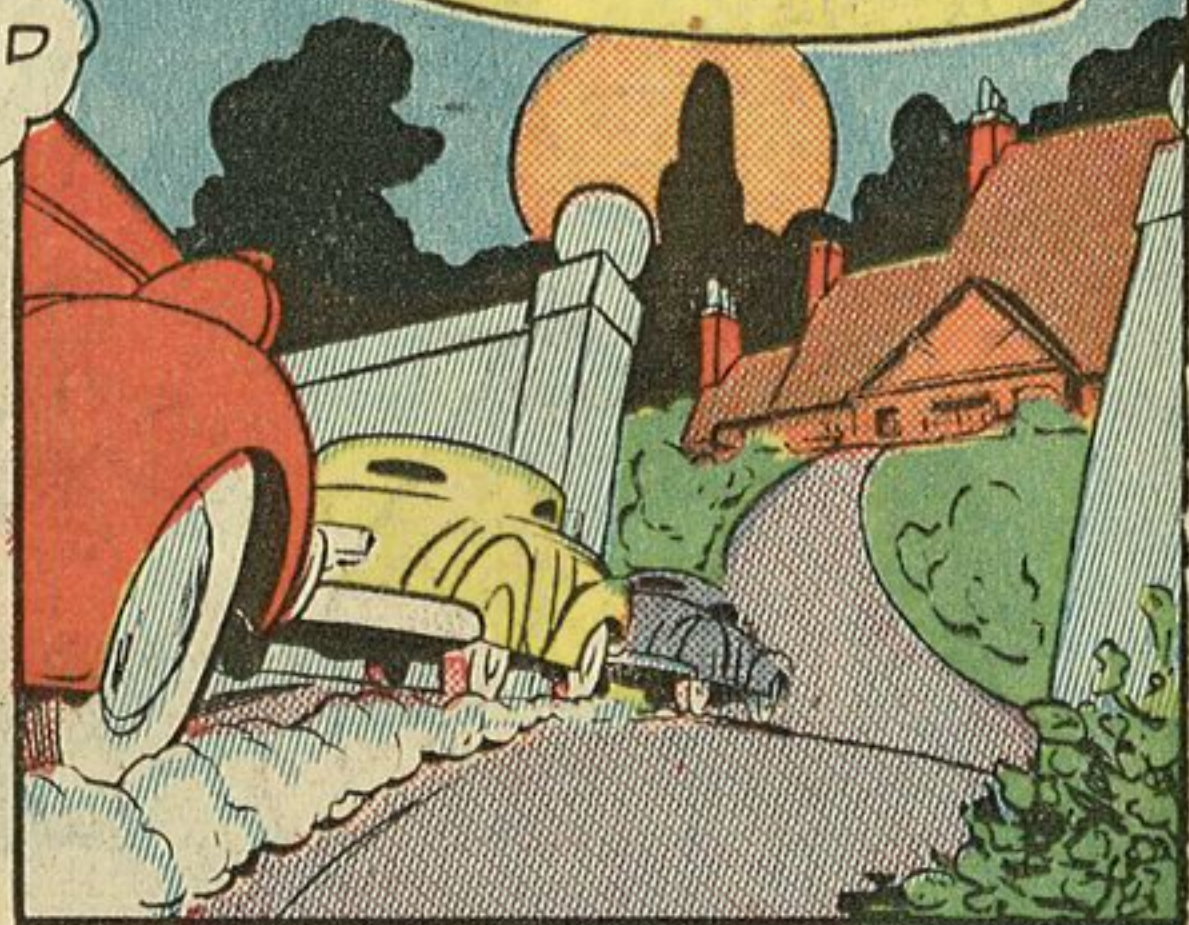
WHAT'S ALL
THIS ABOUT
"CRAZY
MEADOWS"?

WHAT'S ALL
THE HUB-BUB
ABOUT,
GABBY?

IF EVER THERE
WAS A CHANCE TO
HAVE SOME REAL
FUN, IT'LL BE TO
WATCH THESE
SQUIRRELS AT "CRAZY
MEADOWS"! AND
MIDNIGHT OUGHT
TO BE ABLE TO ATTEND
THE PARTY WITHOUT
AN INVITATION!

DOC GOT
AN INVITE
TO A SOCIAL
REGISTER
BRAWL!

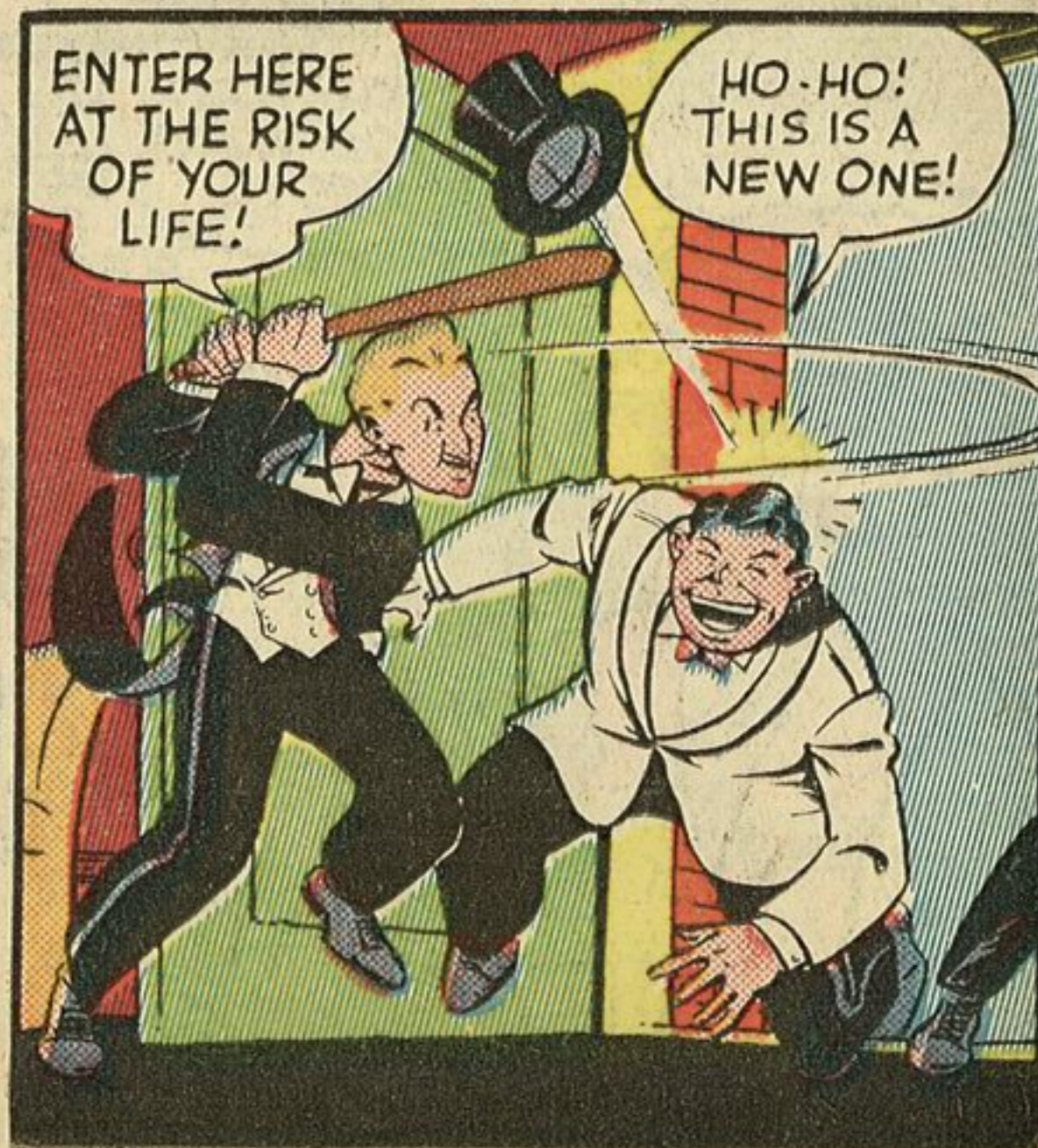
Saturday Night... and the
guests arrive at the "CRAZY
MEADOWS" estate...



REMINDS ME OF THE GAY
WEEK-ENDS AT NEWPORT AND
SOUTHAMPTON ... IN THE OLD
DAYS BEFORE I
BECAME A CRIME-
FIGHTER! AHEM!

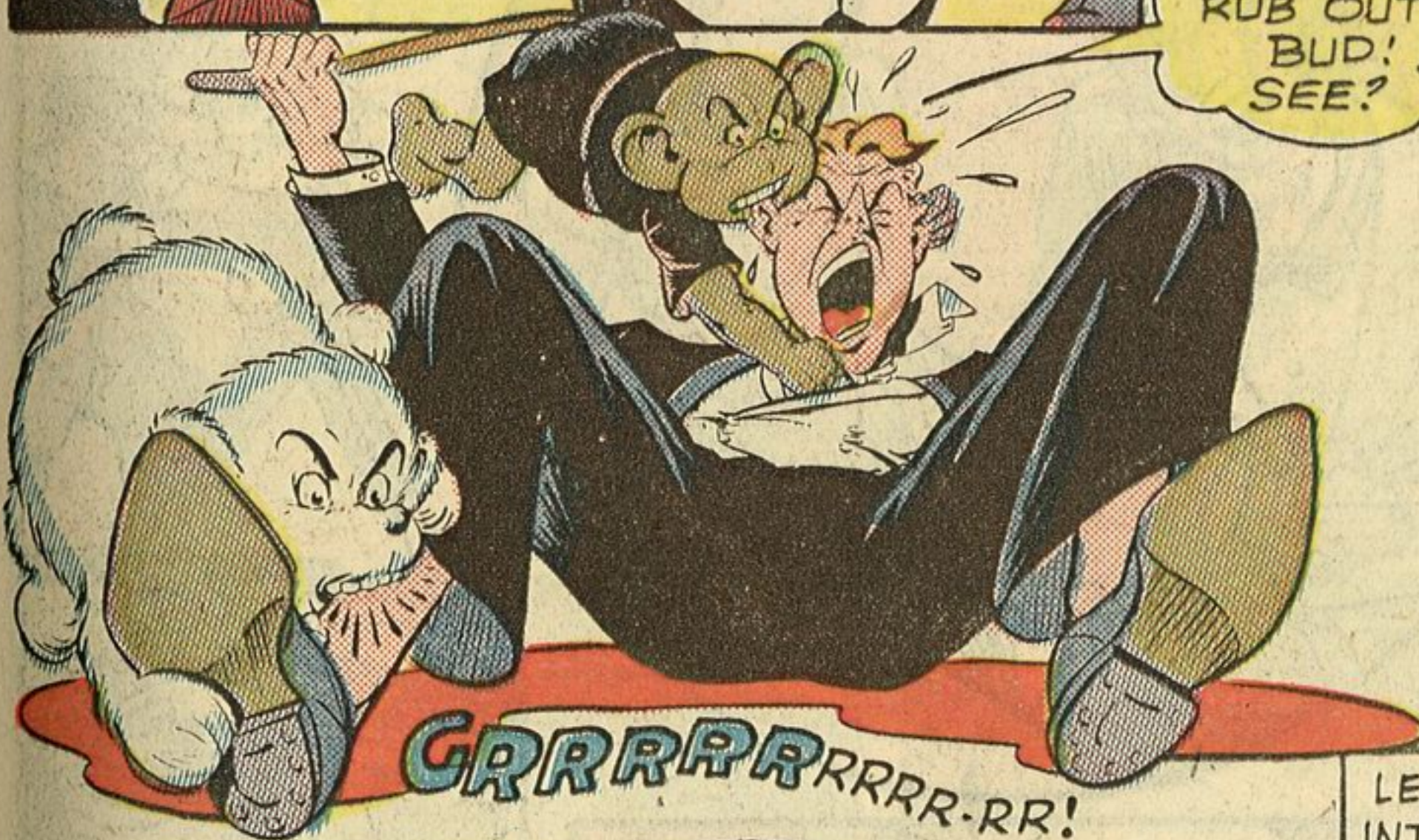
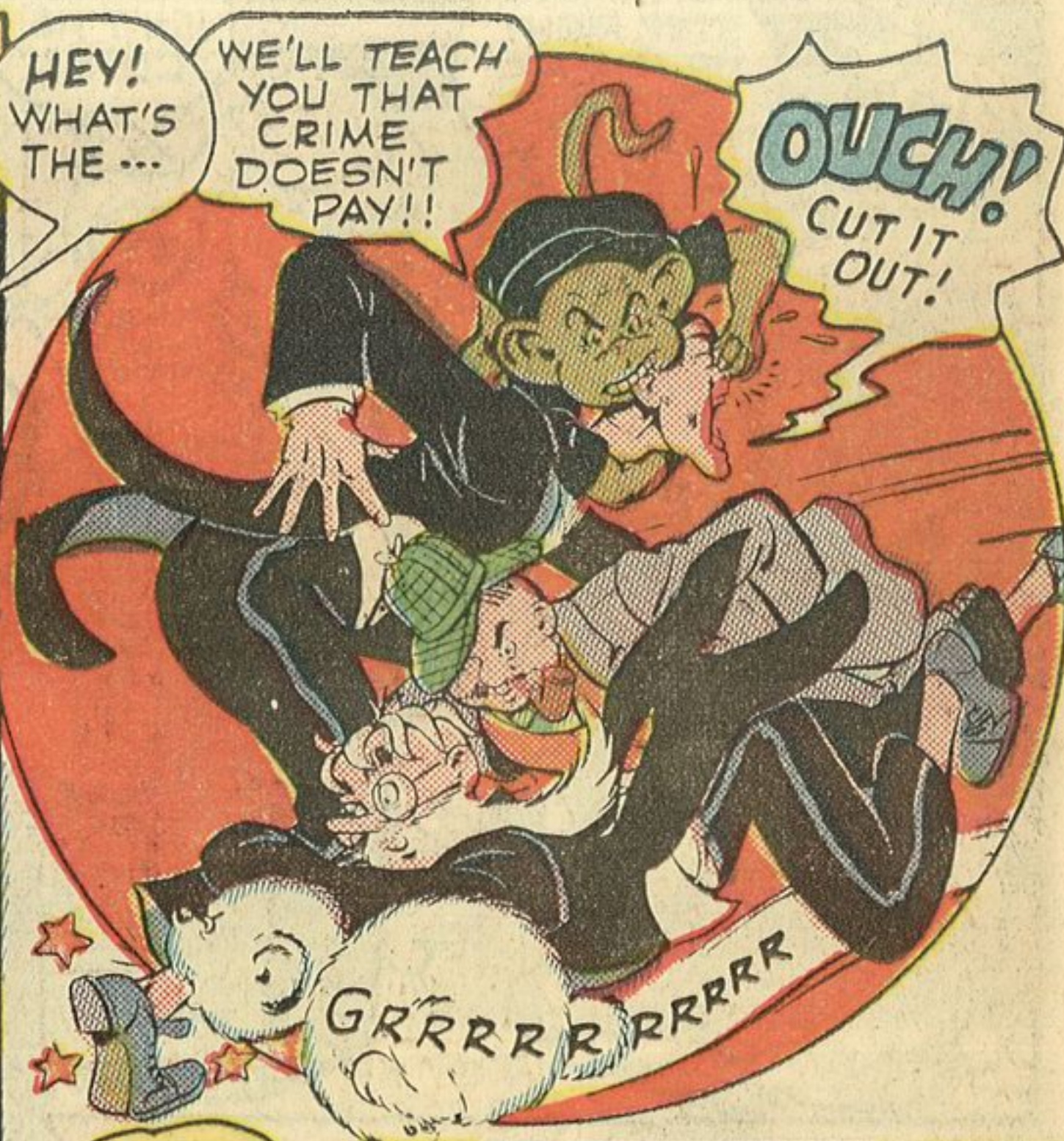
WHAT WERE YOU THEN--
THE STABLE BOY?

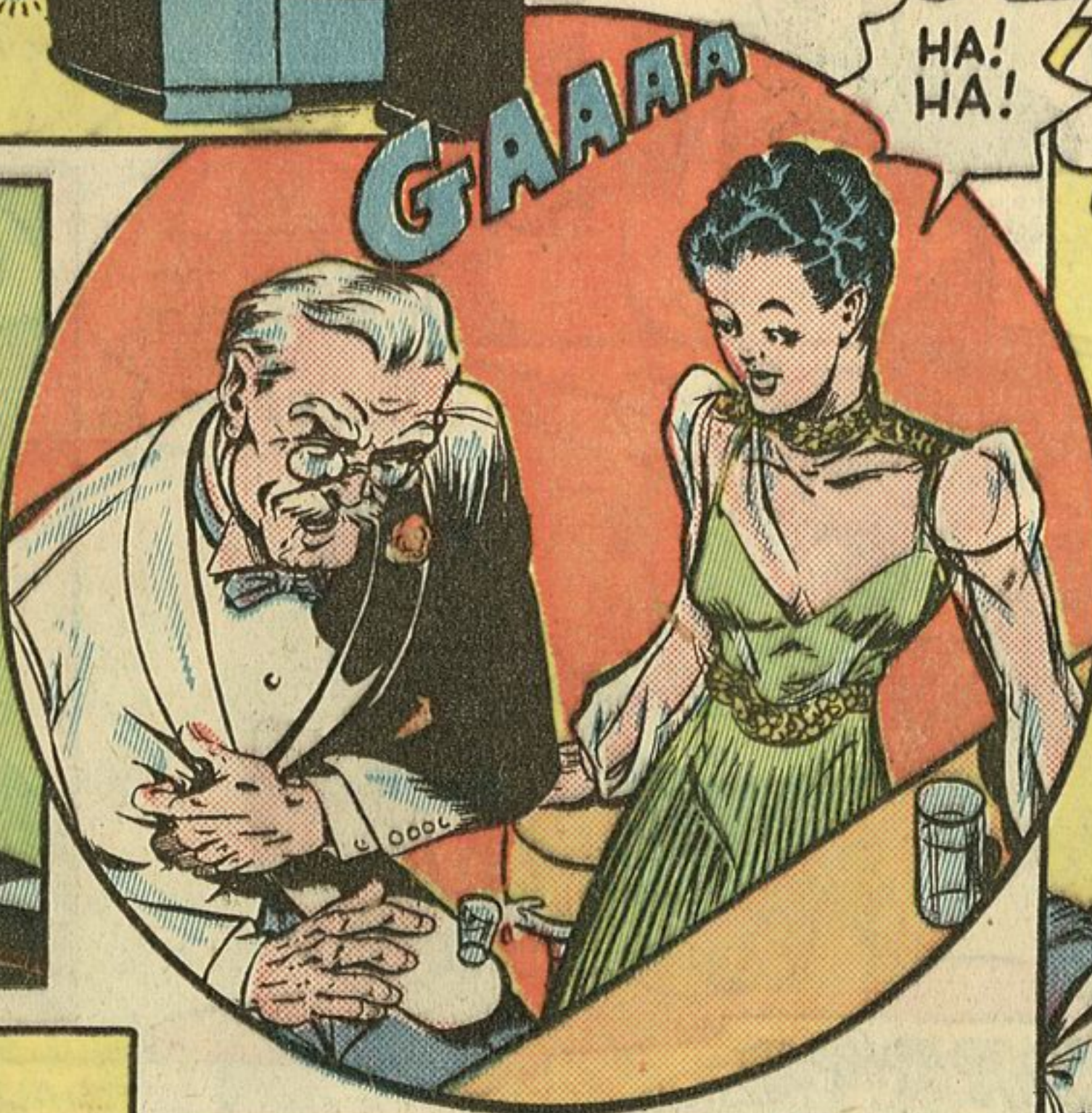
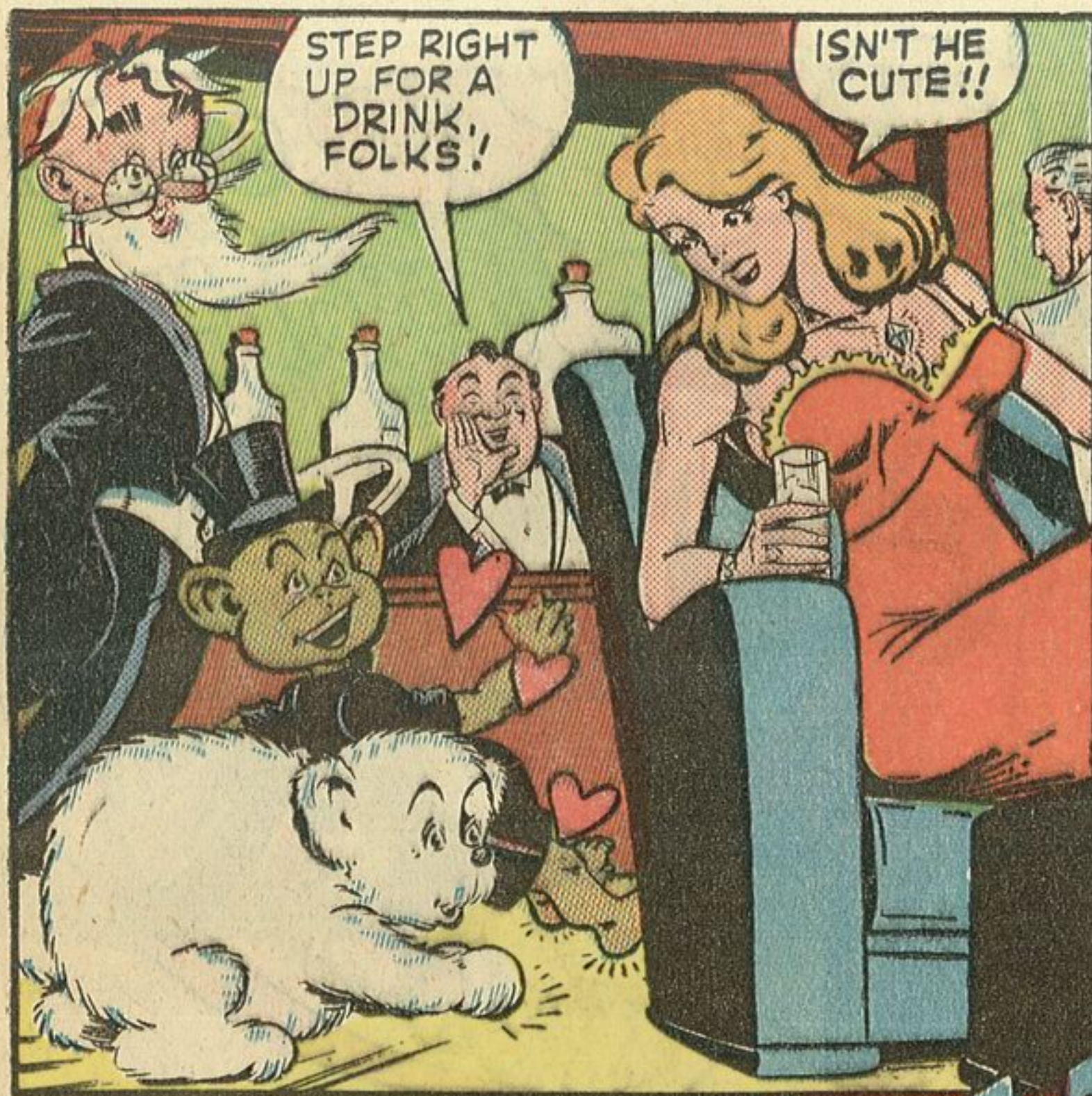
CRAZY
MEADOWS
HONK!



ENTER HERE
AT THE RISK
OF YOUR
LIFE!

HO-HO!
THIS IS A
NEW ONE!







I CAME HERE TO HAVE SOME FUN WATCHING YOU AND SNIFFER, BUT NOW IT LOOKS AS IF I'VE RUN INTO A MURDER!

ODOR OF ALMONDS! THIS WAS PRUSSIC ACID ... AND NOT A GAG!



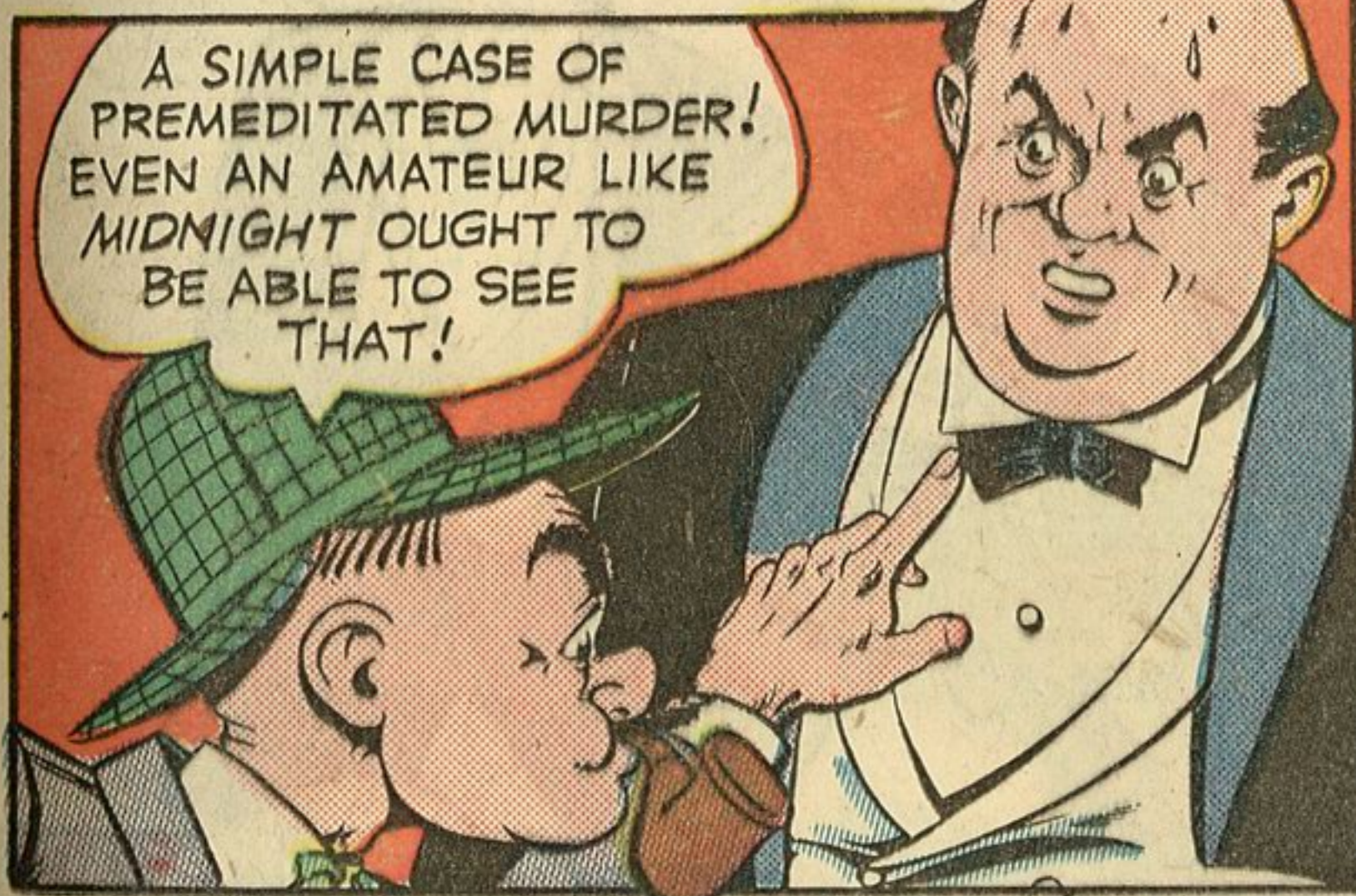
HELLO, FENLEY!... A LITTLE LATE, AREN'T YOU?

YES, I SEE BILL THOMPSON'S DEAD! TOO BAD, EH?



WHO POURED THAT DRINK, HORGAN?

I DID, OF COURSE -- BUT I ASSURE YOU...



A SIMPLE CASE OF PREMEDITATED MURDER! EVEN AN AMATEUR LIKE MIDNIGHT OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SEE THAT!



OH, JOHN ... THIS IS HORRIBLE! LET'S GO INTO ANOTHER ROOM!

OF COURSE, MY DEAR!

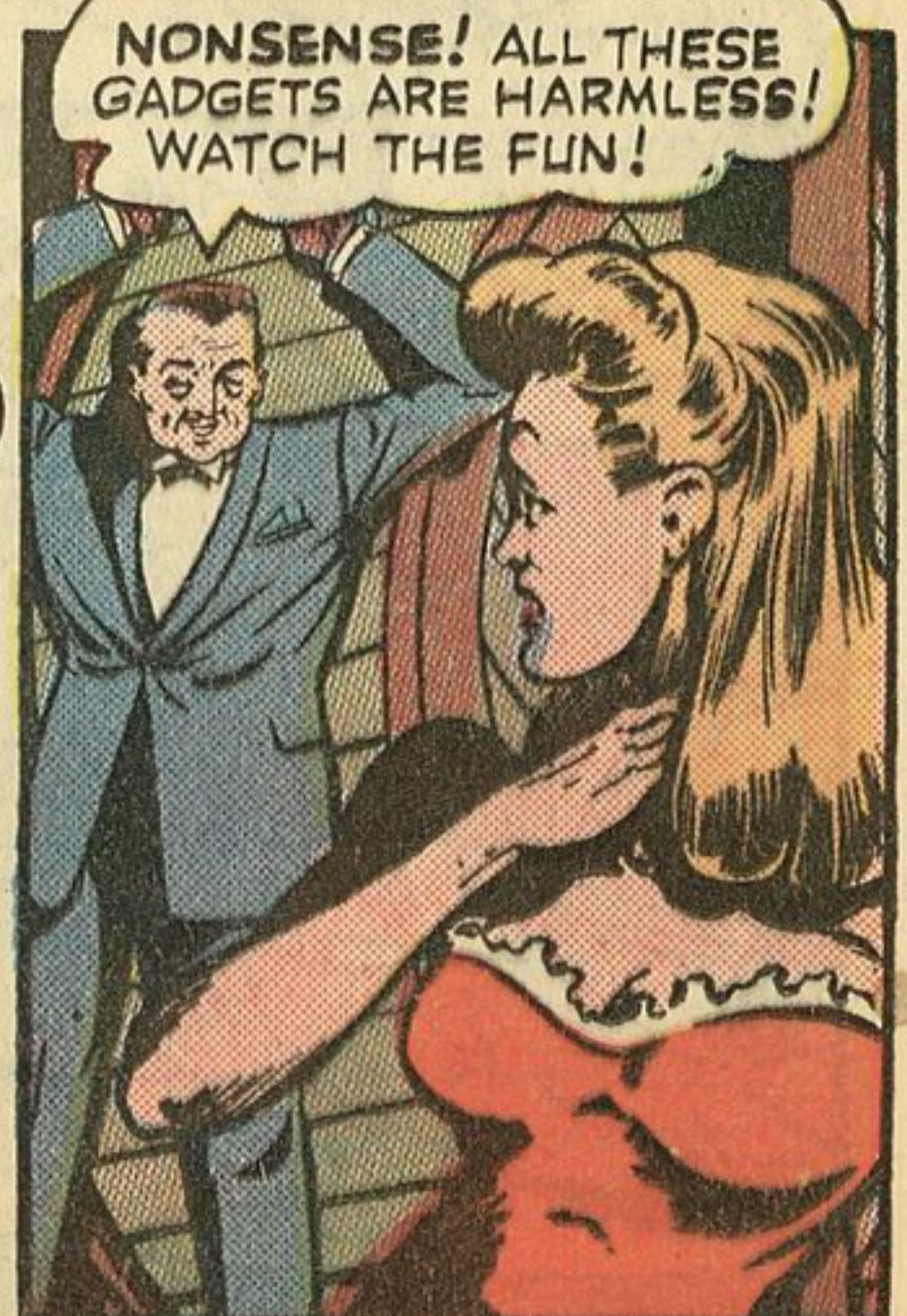


SAME OLD TORTURE CHAMBER! COME ON, DEAR! --WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN! IT'LL TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THAT GHASTLY SCENE!



A MEDIEVAL TORTURE RACK! MUST BE ONE OF J.T.'S NEW GADGETS! WATCH ME TRY IT! -- I'LL BET IT'S A RIOT!

JOHN ... MAYBE YOU OUGHT NOT TO!



NONSENSE! ALL THESE GADGETS ARE HARMLESS! WATCH THE FUN!



I GUESS YOU JUST PRESS THIS LEVER...



HA-HA! A LITTLE STRETCHING EXERCISE, I GUESS!...

CREAK!
CREAK!



I CAN'T STOP THIS THING! IT'S GOING TO CRACK MY BONES! OHHHHHH!

JOHN!
JOHN!
HELP!!!



EEEEAAHHH!
HELP!
HELP!

DID YOU HEAR THAT CRY FOR HELP?

IT CAME FROM THE TORTURE CHAMBER!



I TOLD YOU, MIDNIGHT... ALL THESE GADGETS BELONG TO HORGAN! HE BROUGHT THESE PEOPLE HERE TO KILL THEM! ALL WE NEED IS THE MOTIVE!

I'M NOT SO SURE YOU'RE WRONG, SNIFFER!



HOLY COW! THAT GUY WAS KILLED ON THE TORTURE RACK!

THE WOMAN... WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?



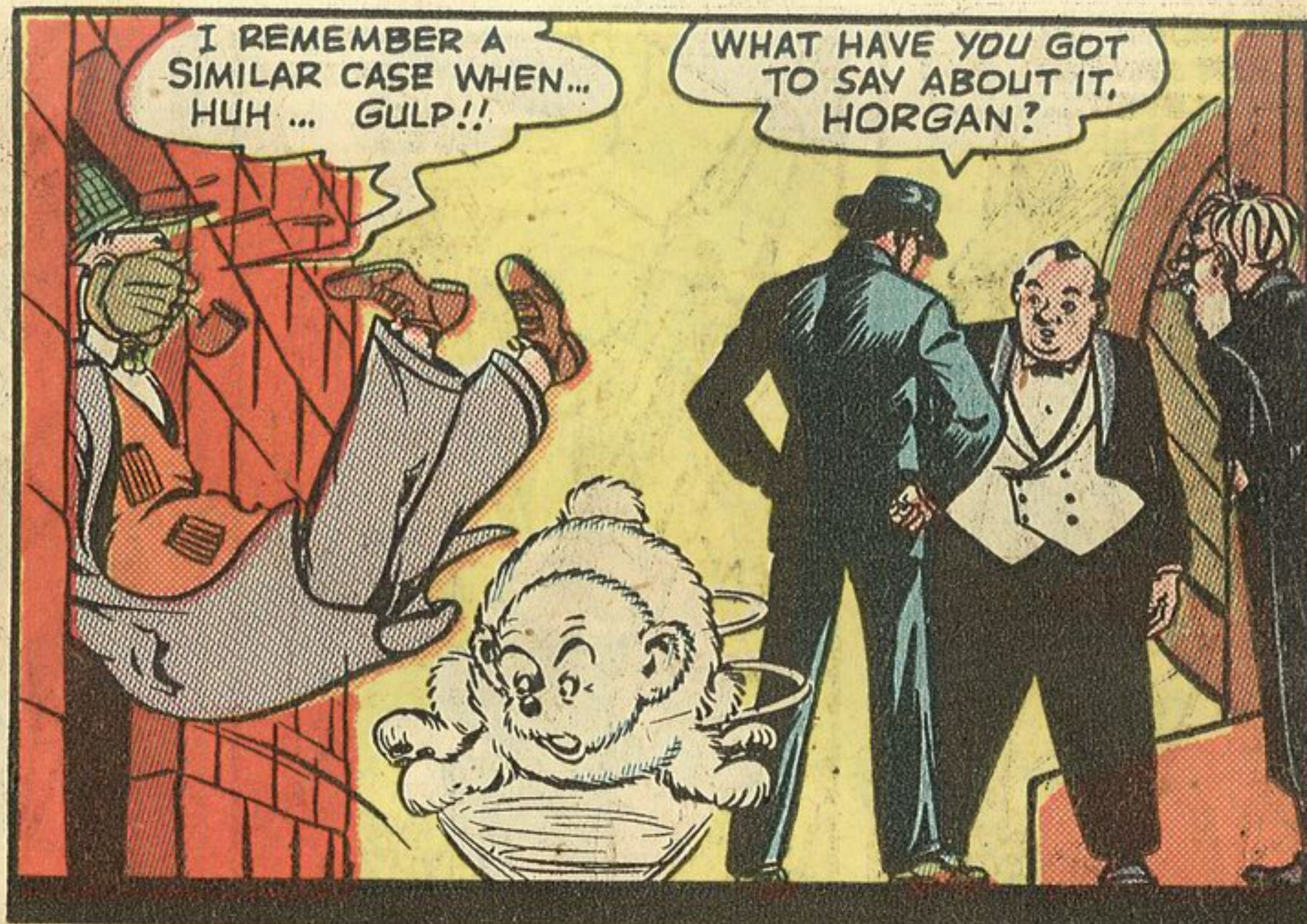
OH... POOR JOHN! ... HE SAID IT WAS HARMLESS... AND IT KILLED HIM!





WE MIGHT USE SOME GOOD OLD POLICE METHODS TO GET A CONFESSION, MIDNIGHT!

CREAK
CREAK



I REMEMBER A SIMILAR CASE WHEN... HUH ... GULP!!

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY ABOUT IT, HORGAN?

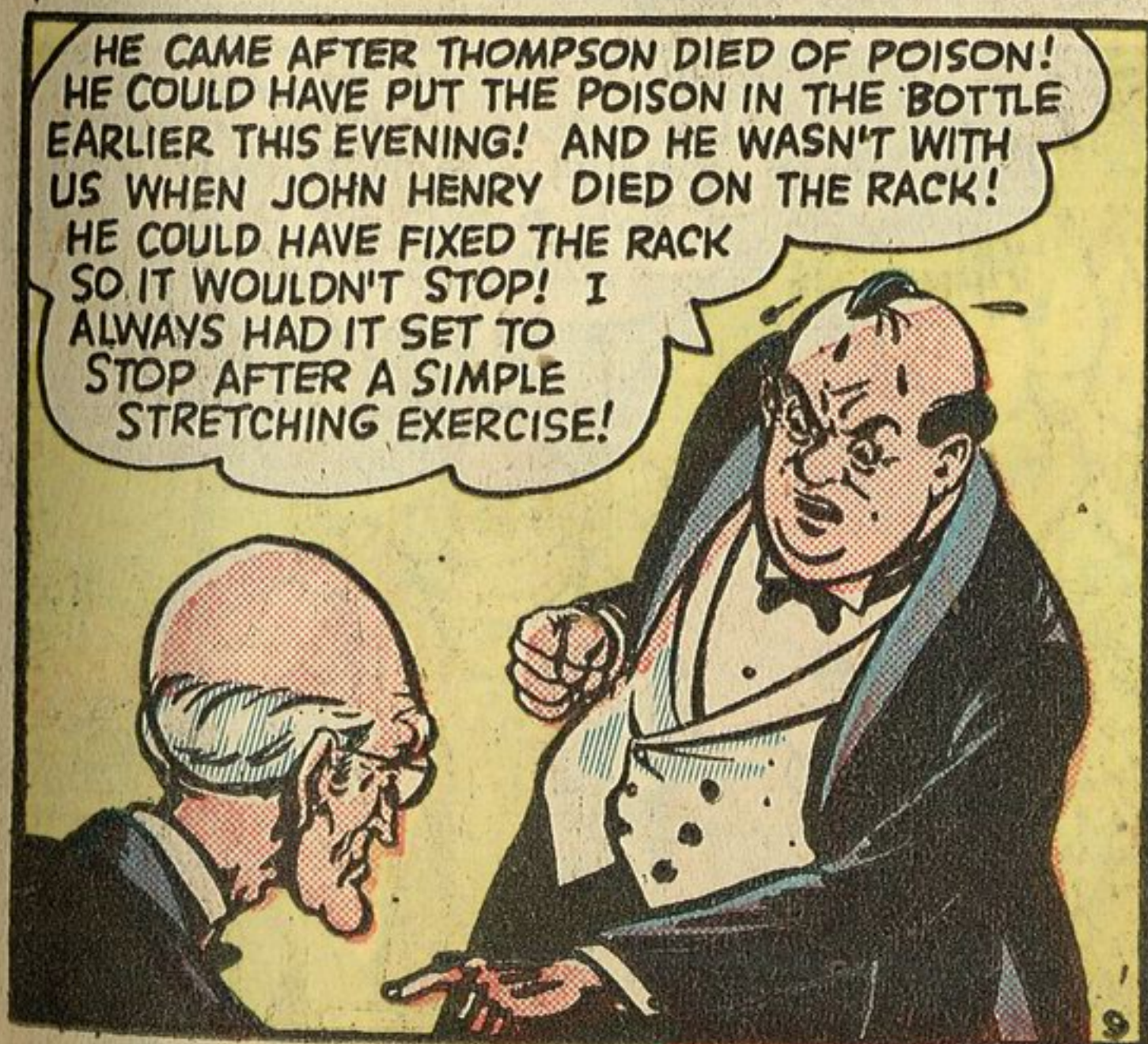


WHY... IT ... IT IS PREPOSTEROUS! THESE PEOPLE ARE MY FRIENDS! I WOULDN'T DREAM OF SUCH A THING!

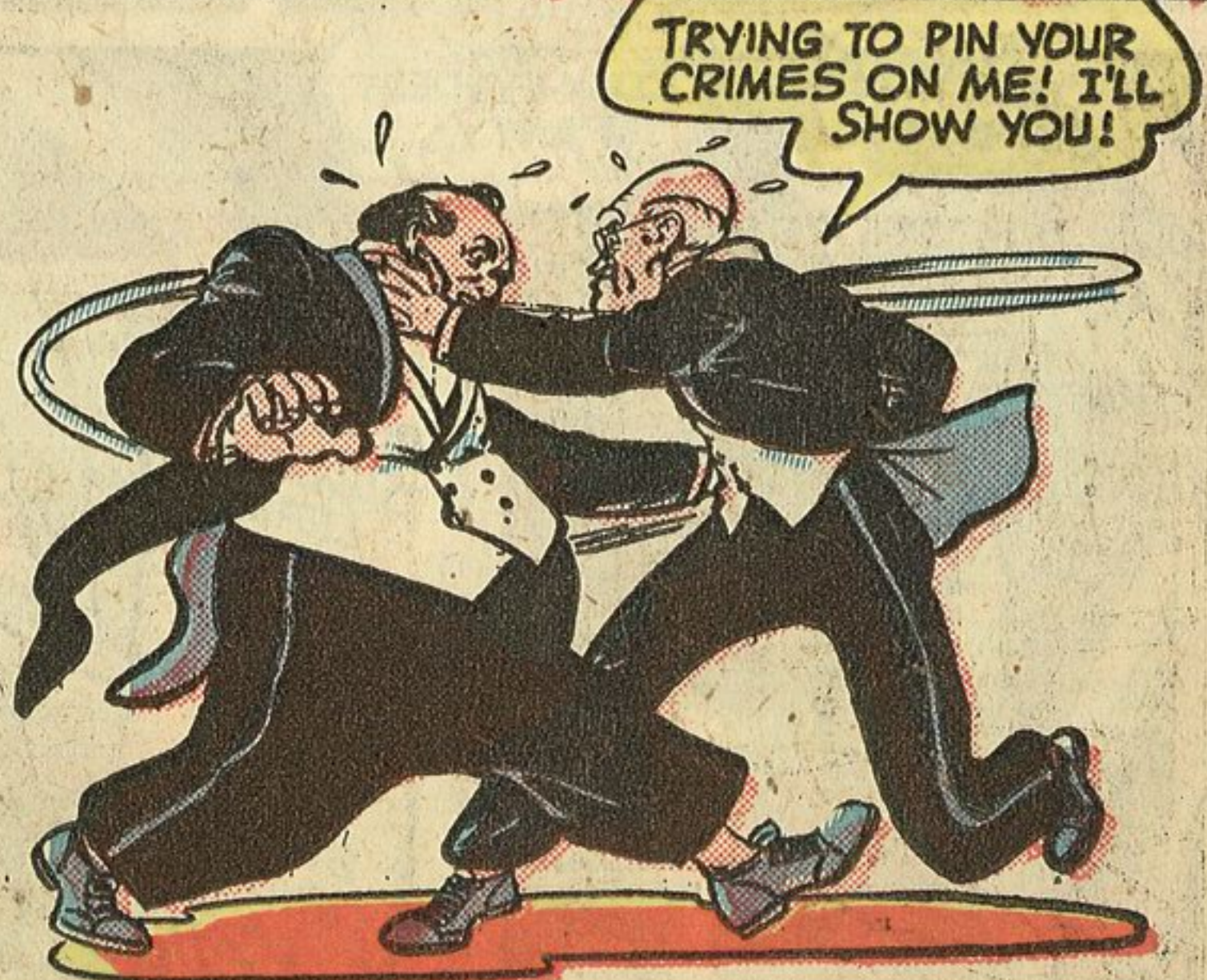
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, HORGAN! YOU HAD A MOTIVE, ALL RIGHT! YOU WERE PLENTY SORE BECAUSE WE COULDN'T GET THAT MONEY WE WANTED TO BORROW -- AND BOTH BILL THOMPSON AND JOHN HENRY WERE AMONG THOSE WHO TURNED US DOWN!



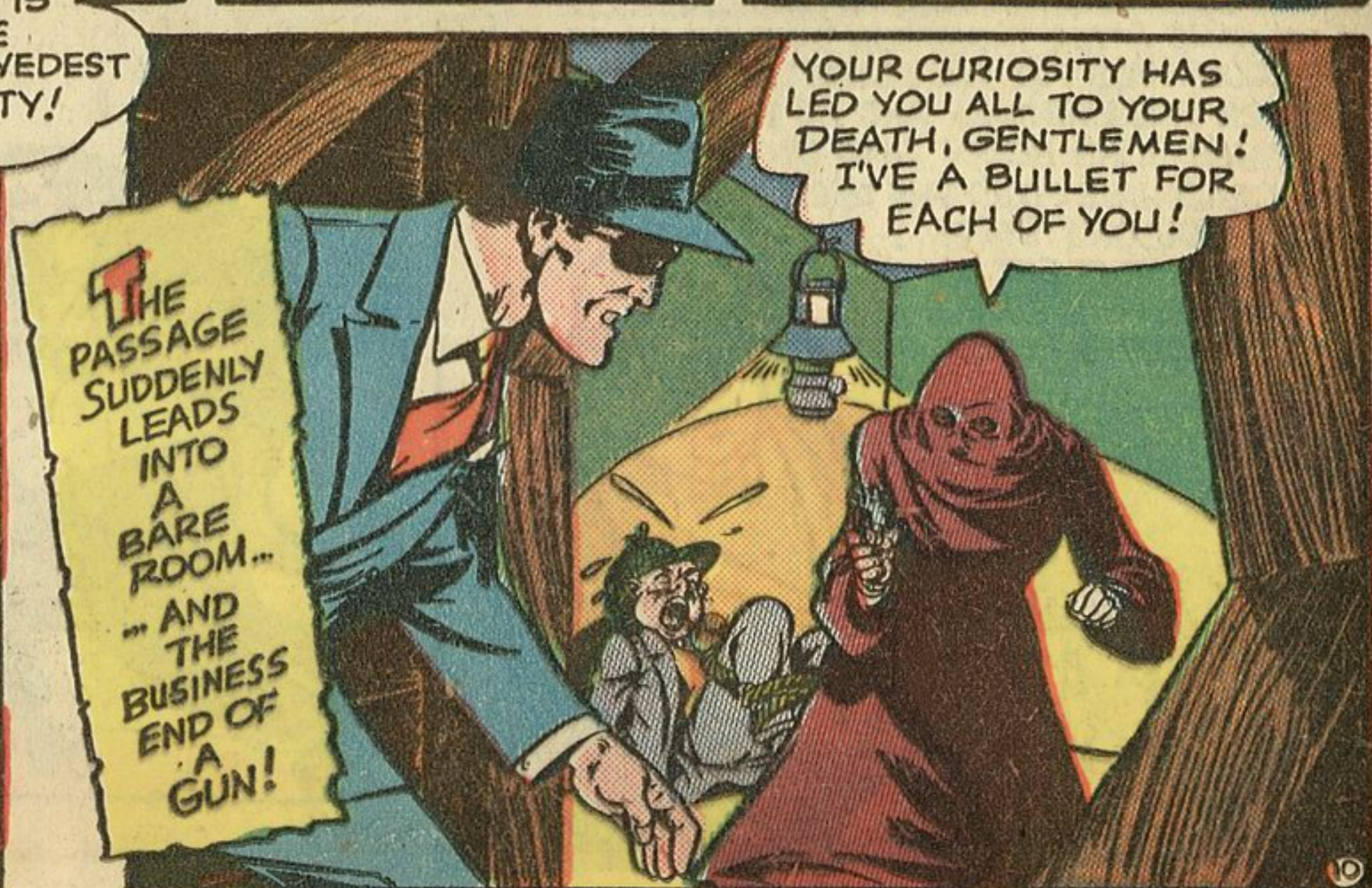
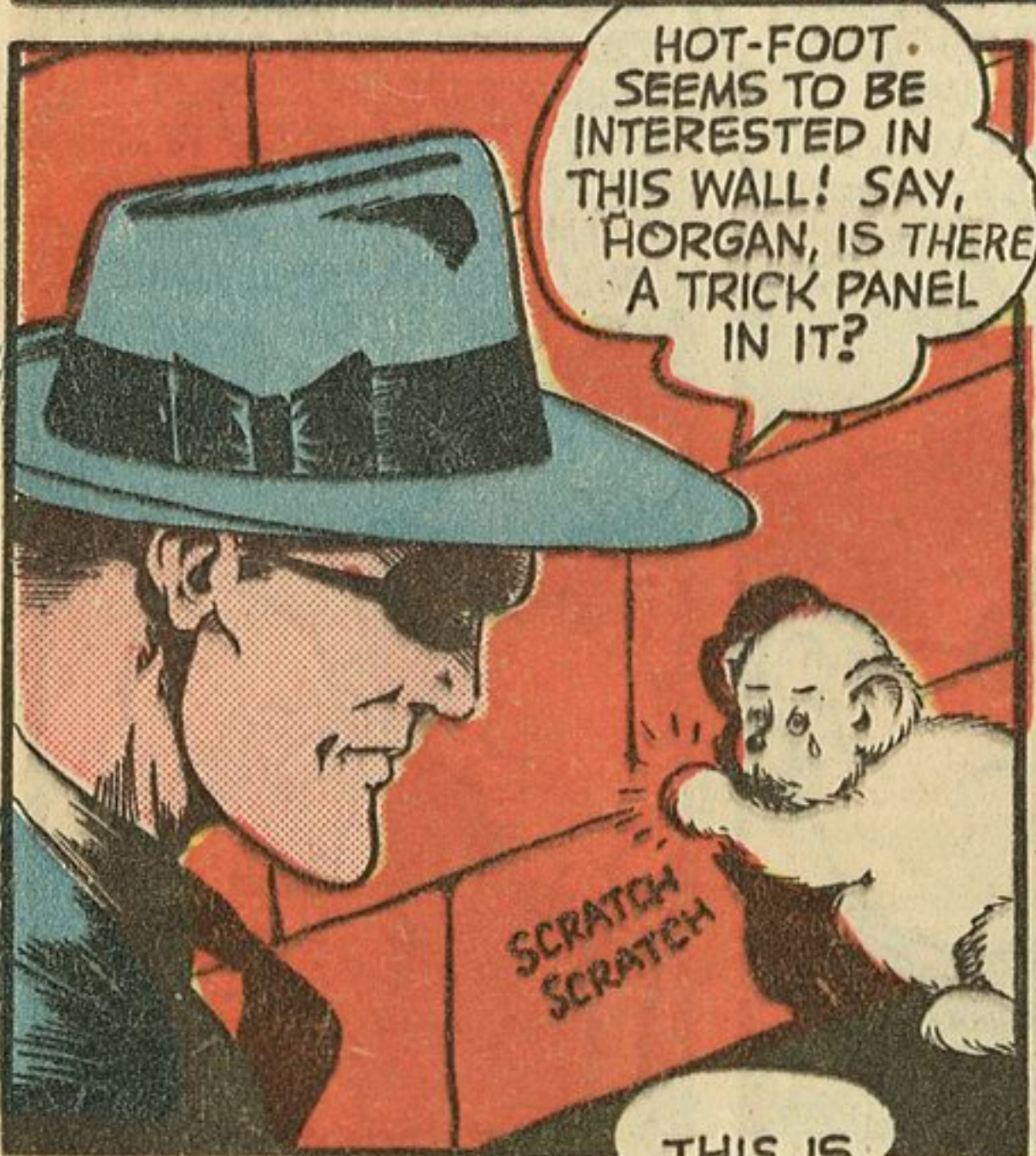
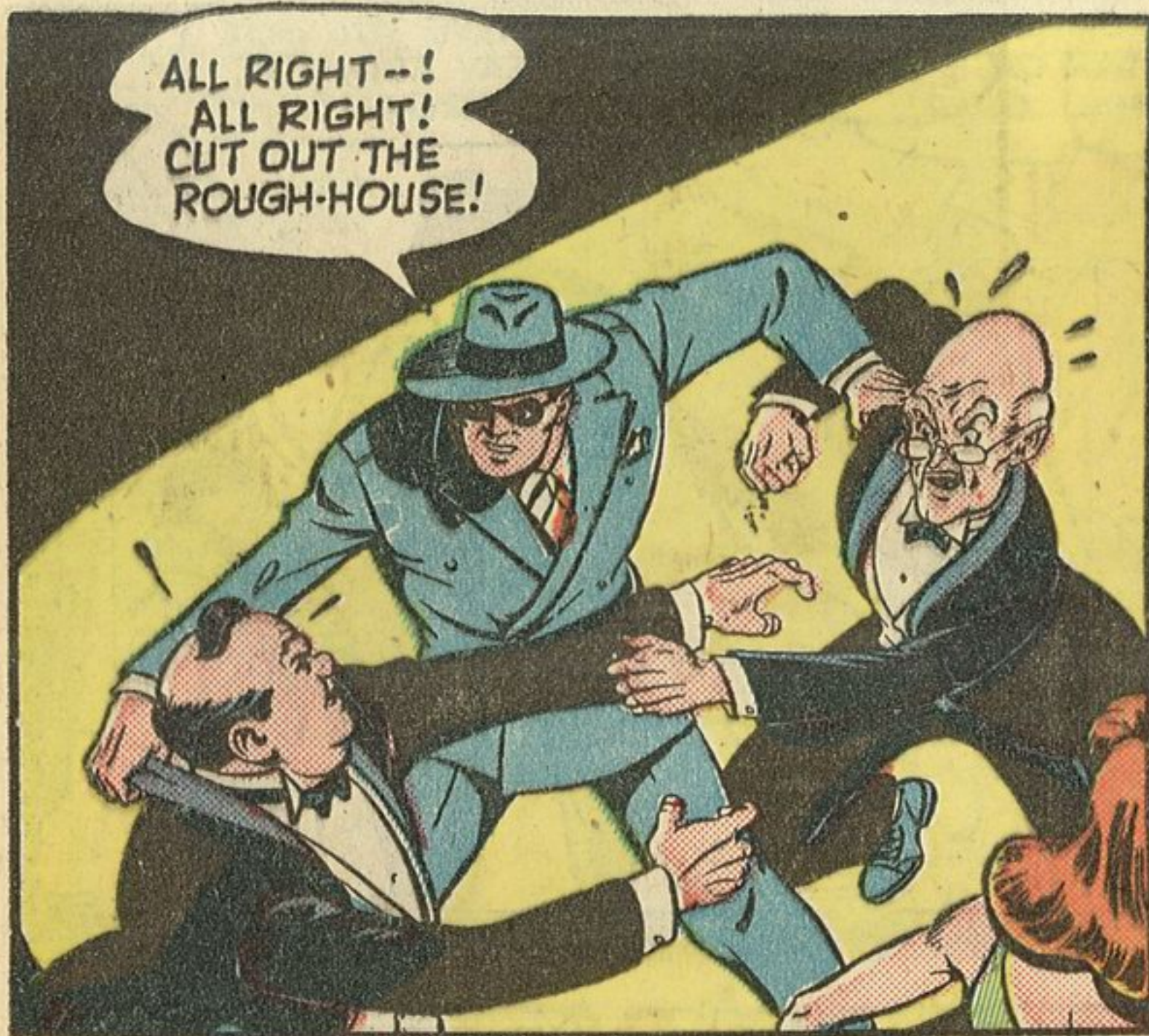
YOU TREACHEROUS SKUNK... YOU KNOW WELL ENOUGH I DIDN'T DO IT ... BUT, COME TO THINK OF IT ... YOU WERE JUST AS SORE AT THEM ... AND **YOU** COULD VERY WELL HAVE DONE IT!

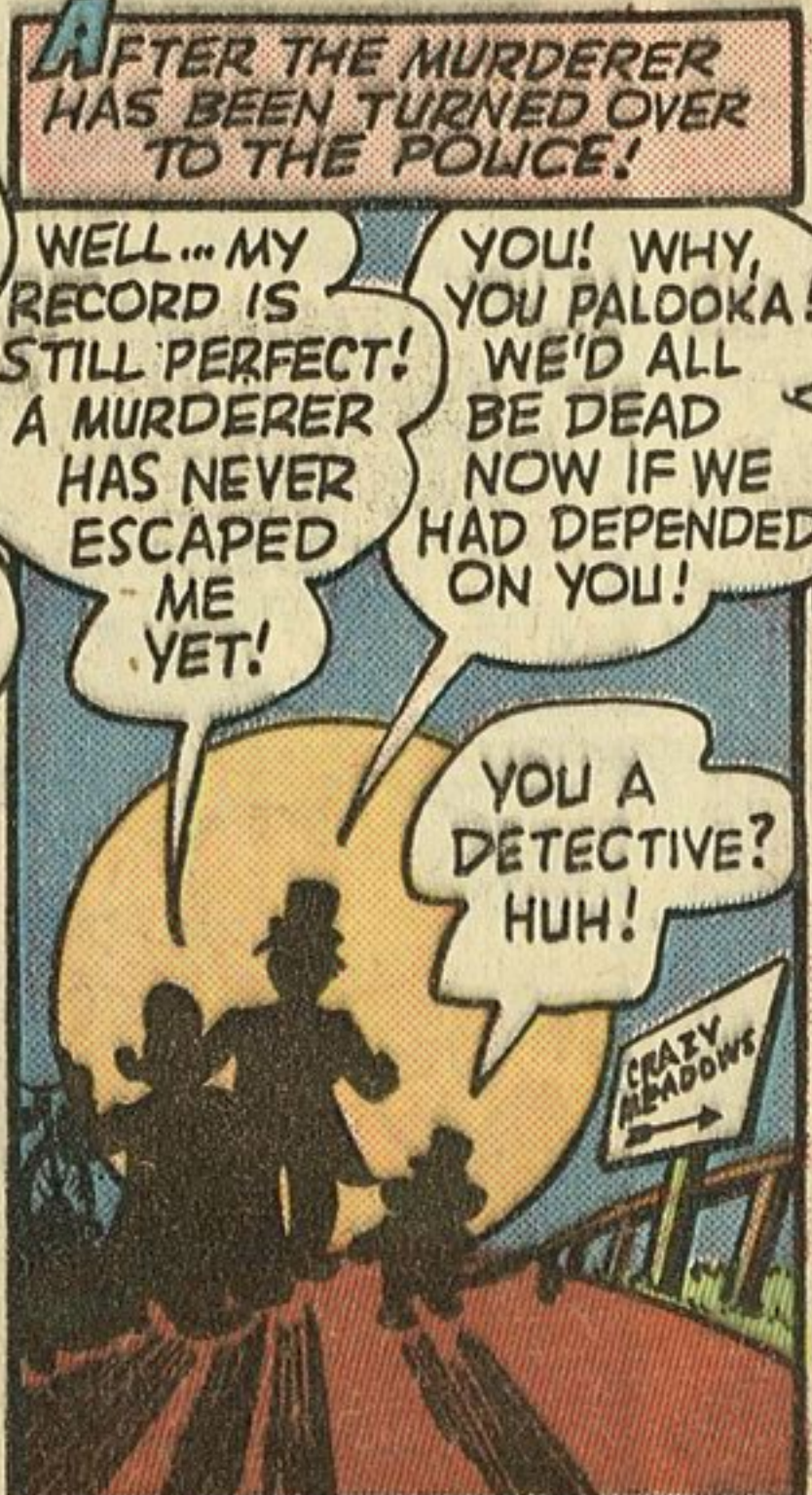
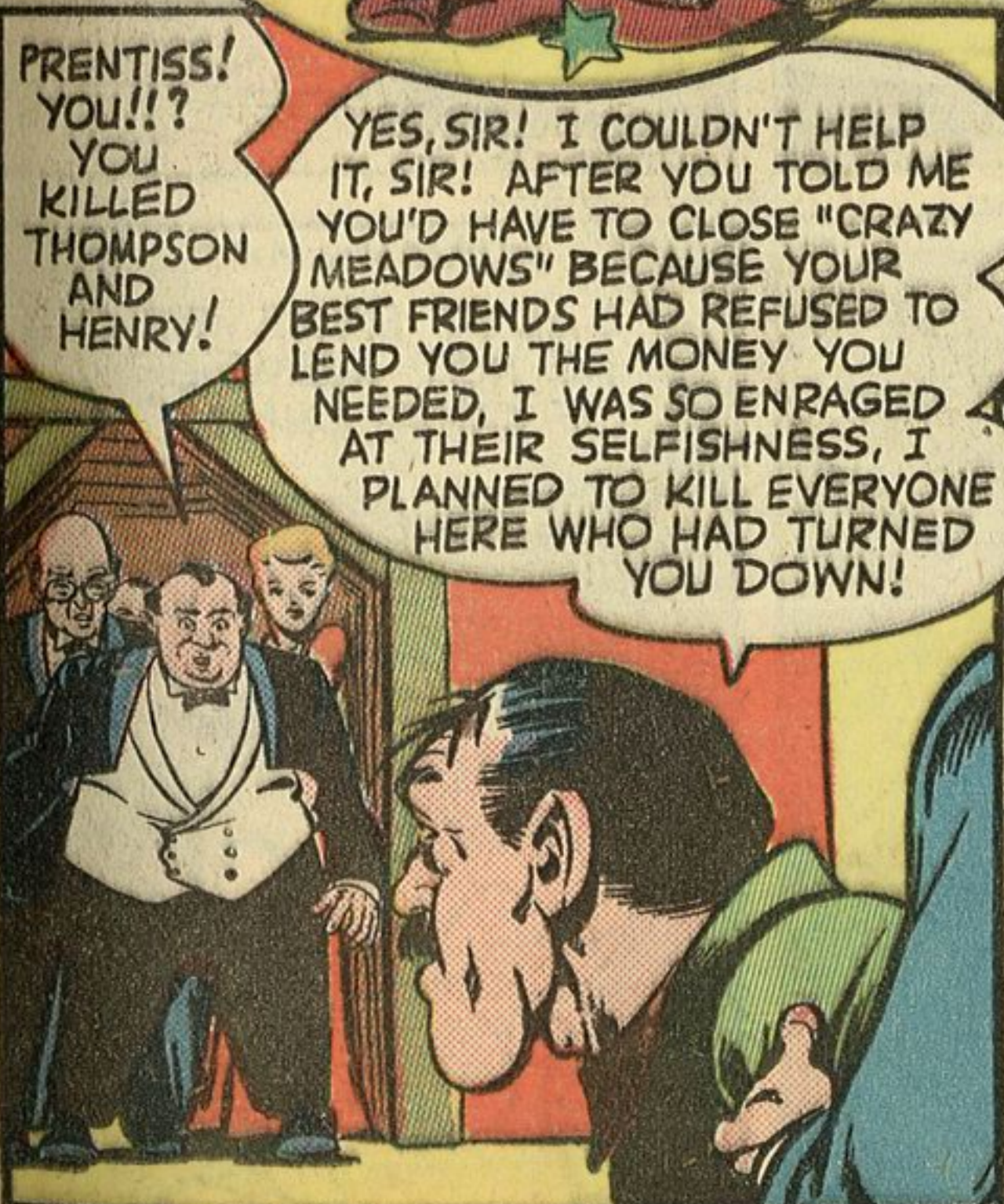
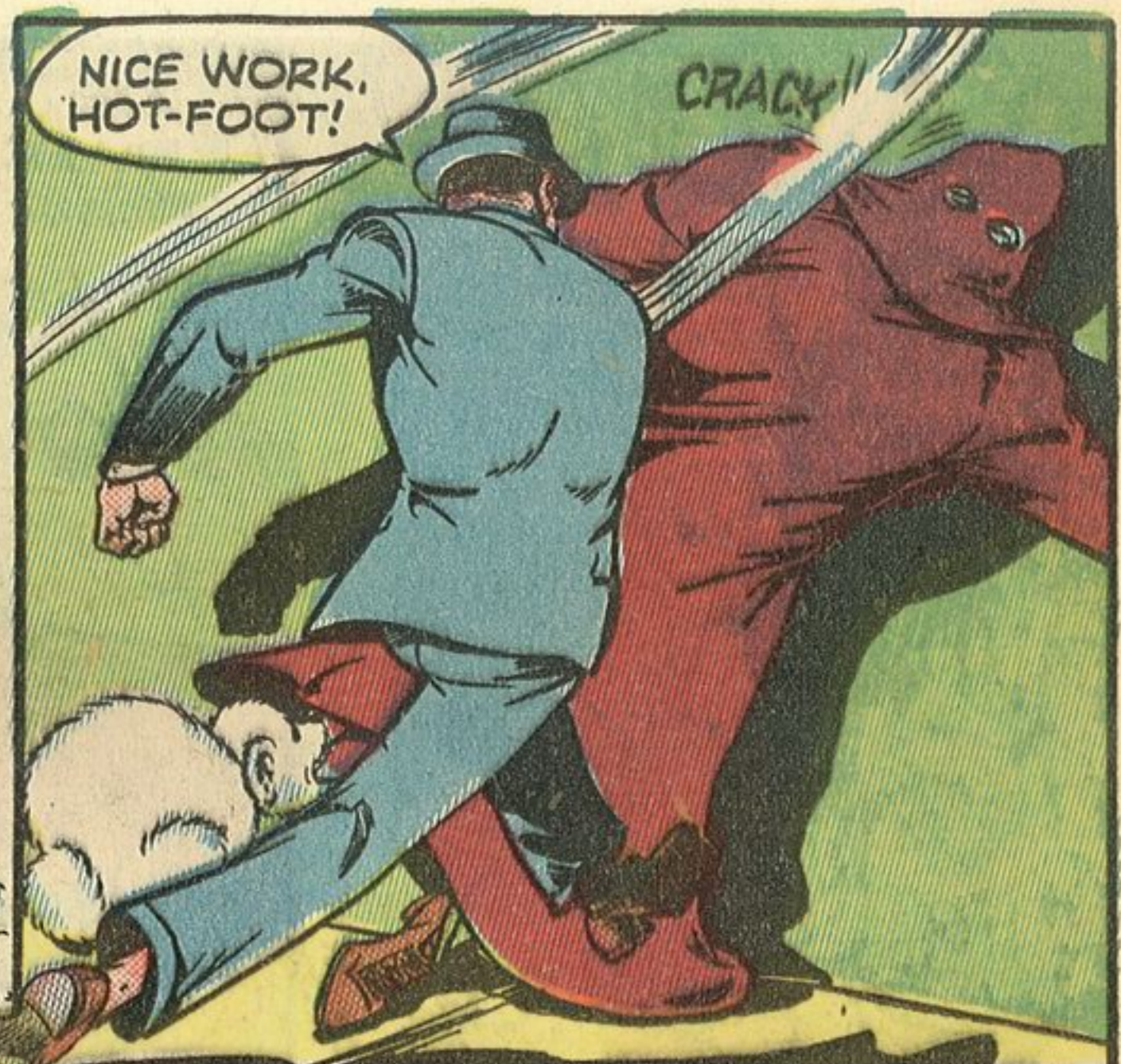
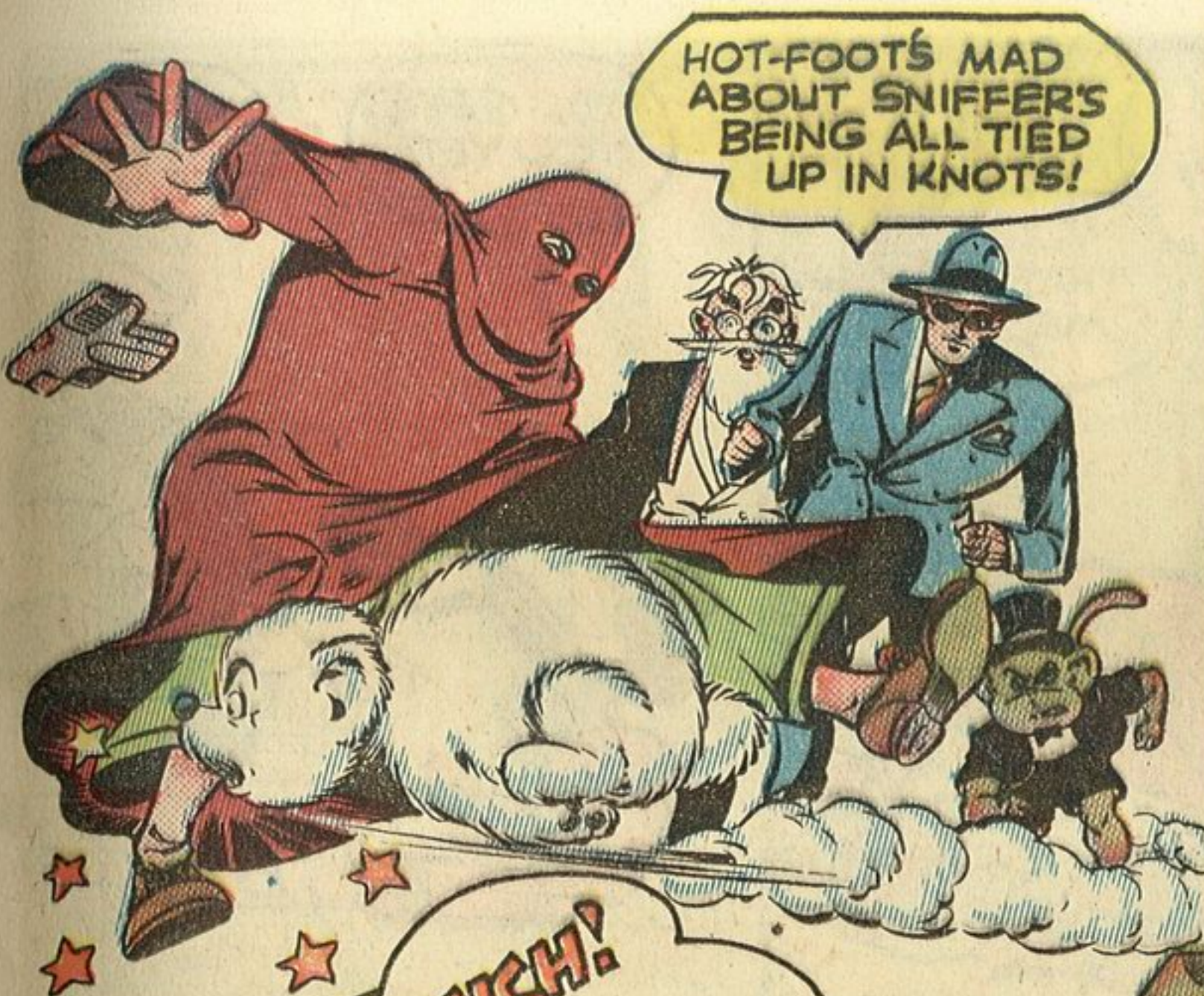


HE CAME AFTER THOMPSON DIED OF POISON! HE COULD HAVE PUT THE POISON IN THE BOTTLE EARLIER THIS EVENING! AND HE WASN'T WITH US WHEN JOHN HENRY DIED ON THE RACK! HE COULD HAVE FIXED THE RACK SO IT WOULDN'T STOP! I ALWAYS HAD IT SET TO STOP AFTER A SIMPLE STRETCHING EXERCISE!



TRYING TO PIN YOUR CRIMES ON ME! I'LL SHOW YOU!



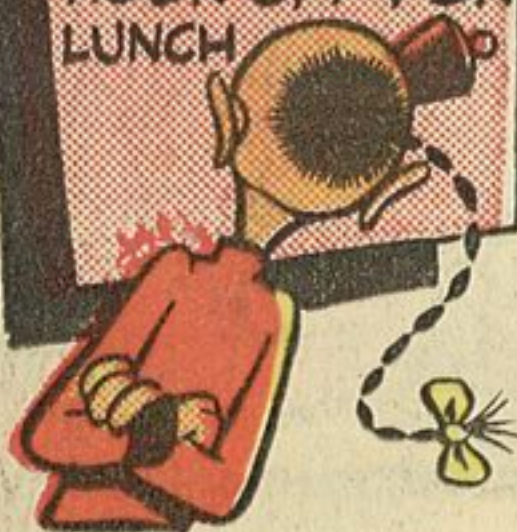


NEXT
MONTH
...
ANOTHER
RIP.
SNORTING
"Mid-
night"
IN
SMASH
COMICS!

WUW



**NOTICE TO
DETECTIVE
UNION
MEMBERS:**
FROM NOW ON
ONLY WORK
8 HOURS A
DAY, WITH ONE
HOUR OFF FOR
LUNCH



THE DETECTIVE UNION



AHAAA!
KILLER,
MCREE!

YUP,
THAT'S
ME!



I'LL GET
YOU YET!

WANNA
BET?



OH, OH!..
LUNCH HOUR!
HOW ABOUT
SOME GRUB?

YUP!

SCREECH



GOOD
STEW,
ISN'T IT?

DEEE-
LICK
FULL!

SLURP



WELL,
BACK TO
WORK
AGAIN!

YUP!

HOURS LATER



AT LAST!
GOT YA!

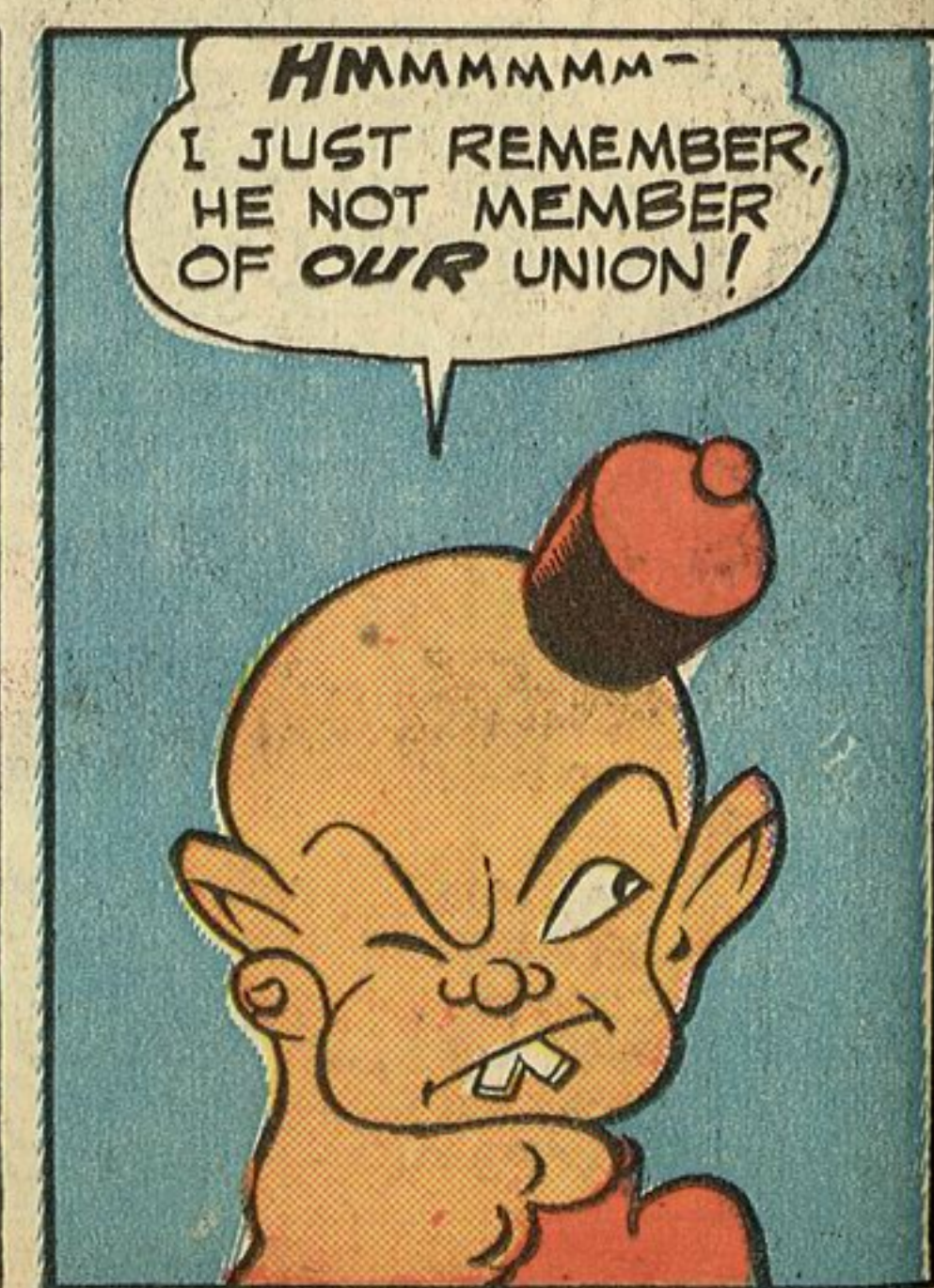
TOOT
TOOT!

AH!
QUITTIN
TIME!



SO SO LLY!..
MEET YOU
HERE TOMORROW
AND WE'LL
CONTINUE WHERE
WE LEFT
OFF!

YUP!



HMMMMMM-
I JUST REMEMBER,
HE NOT MEMBER
OF **OUR** UNION!

THE MARKSMAN



POLAND IS A LAND OF GREAT SWAMPS...SWAMPS WHICH HOLD DARK SECRETS IN THEIR SOGGY DEPTHS...DREAD SECRETS WHICH THE NAZIS WILL WANT TO FORGET WHEN THE DAY OF RECKONING COMES! AH, BUT THE DAY OF RECKONING MUST BE CLOSE, FOR THE SECRETS ARE ALREADY COMING UP TO HAUNT THE BUTCHERS WHO CALL THEMSELVES CONQUERORS... AND THE MARKSMAN, UNDYING FOE OF THE NAZI HORDE, TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THEIR PANIC TO BRING THEM SWIFT RETRIBUTION.

THE CASTLE OF BARON POVALSKI WHICH HE USES AS A SECRET BASE FOR HIS OPERATIONS AS THE MARKSMAN...

I WONDER WHO THAT CAN BE AT THIS HOUR?



STEPHANIE!
YOU HERE!



HURRY! LET ME IN! I DO NOT THINK I WAS FOLLOWED, BUT I AM NOT CERTAIN!



YOUR CASTLE IS ON THE EDGE OF THE GREAT SWAMP! I HAVE NOT VISITED IT IN A LONG TIME BUT I REMEMBER THAT IT IS VERY DESOLATE THERE! H'MMM! THE NAZIS MAY FIND IT UNCOMFORTABLE!

YES, IT IS I, THE COUNTESS STEPHANIE WINOWSKI, YOUR COUSIN! THE NAZIS HAVE TAKEN OVER OUR CASTLE AS ONE OF THEIR HEADQUARTERS! THEY KILLED MY BROTHER! I ESCAPED AND FLED HERE!

THE GERMAN SWINE! YOU CAN'T STAY HERE BUT I'LL TAKE YOU TO FRIENDS WHO WILL GIVE YOU SHELTER!



THE FOLLOWING EVENING - IN THE CASTLE BY THE GREAT SWAMP...

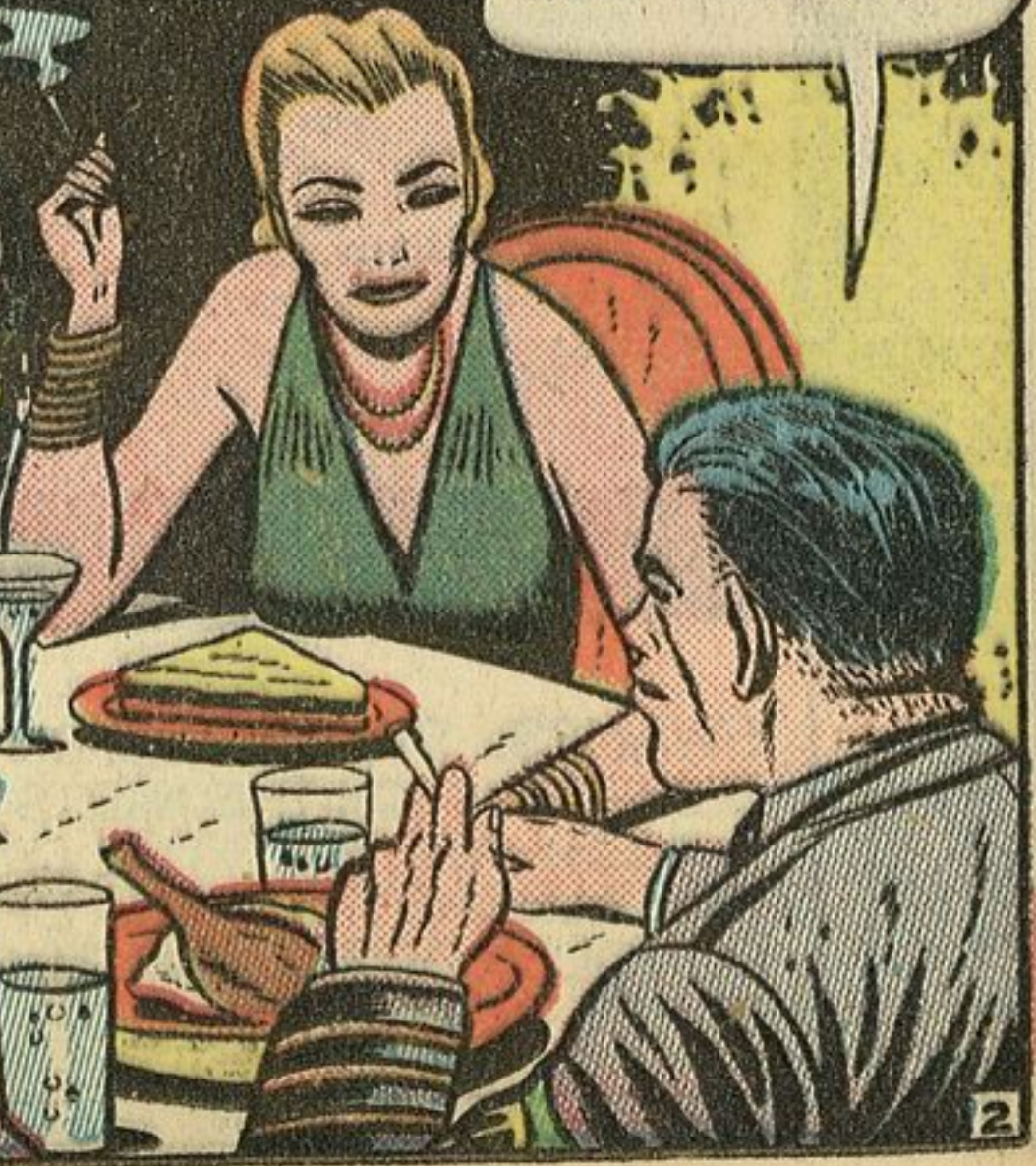
DEUTSCHLAND
UBER ALLES!

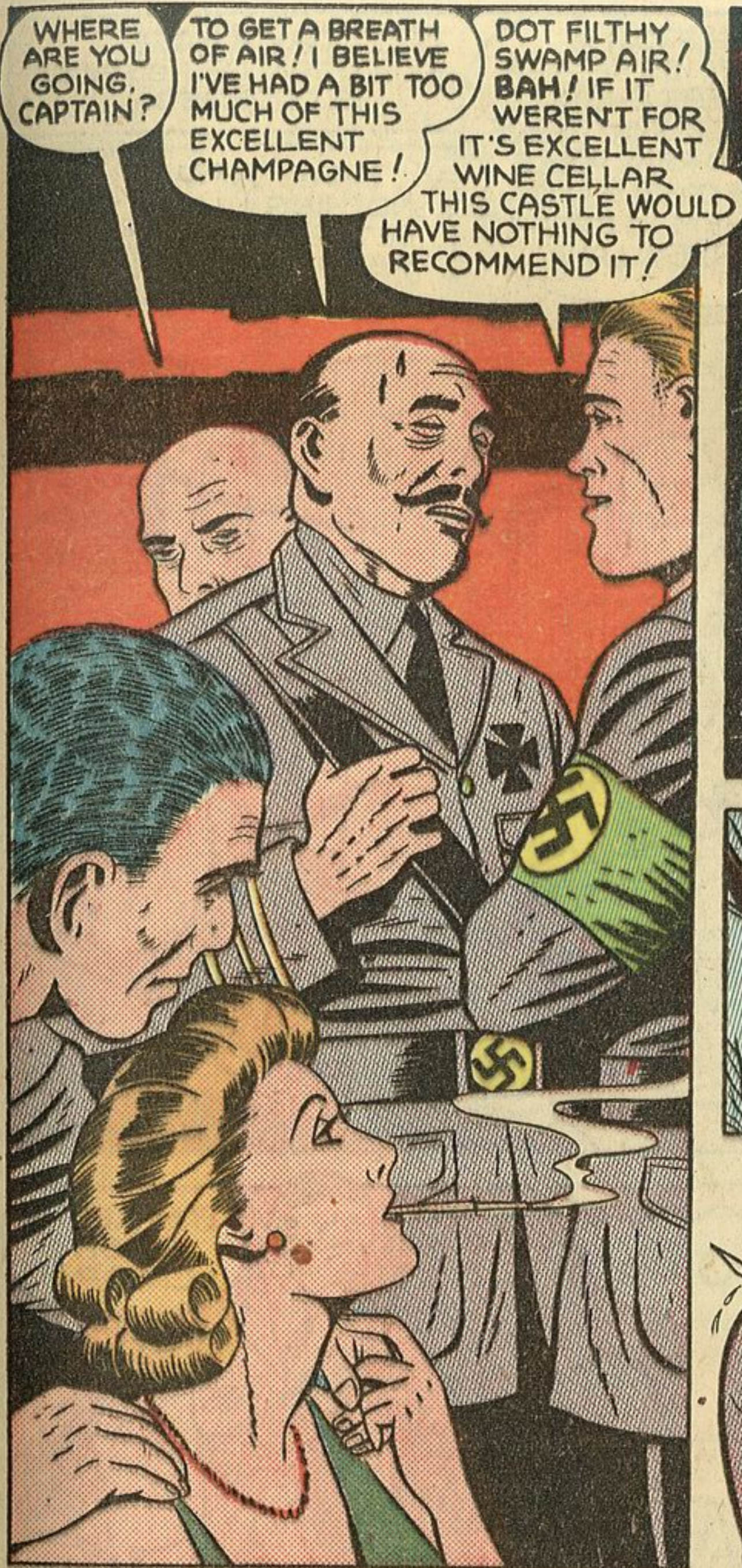


THEY TELL ME TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE DIED IN THE VILLAGE TODAY! FROM STARVATION! HAW! HAW!



TSK! TSK! WHY DON'T THEY EAT MARSH GRASS! I HEAR IT IS VERY NOURISHING!

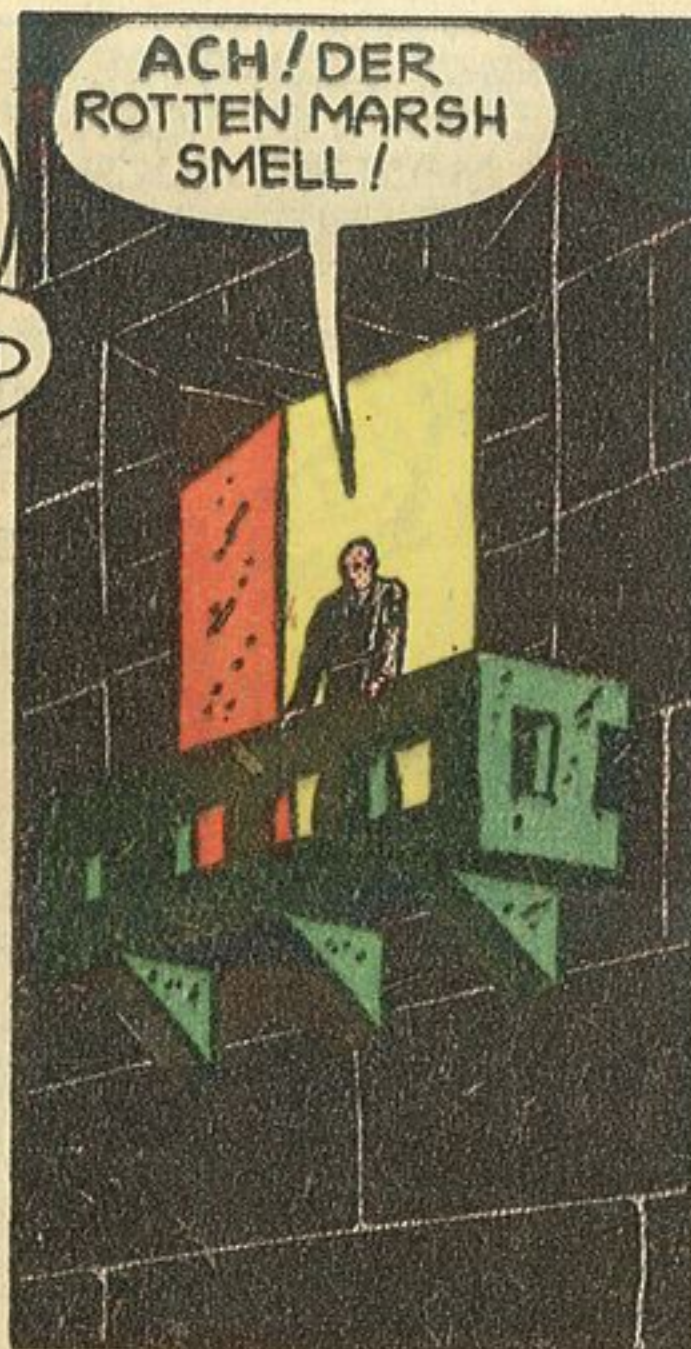




WHERE ARE YOU GOING, CAPTAIN?

TO GET A BREATH OF AIR! I BELIEVE I'VE HAD A BIT TOO MUCH OF THIS EXCELLENT CHAMPAGNE!

DOT FILTHY SWAMP AIR! BAH! IF IT WERENT FOR IT'S EXCELLENT WINE CELLAR THIS CASTLE WOULD HAVE NOTHING TO RECOMMEND IT!



ACH! DER ROTTEN MARSH SMELL!



THEY LOOK LIKE POLES! THE NERVE.. TO COME HERE!

HOW DARE YOU COME HERE, YOU POLISH PIGS! (HIMMEL, THEY LOOK LIKE THE MEN MY FIRING SQUAD EXECUTED YESTERDAY!)



WHAT AN EXCELLENT TARGET HE MAKES- FRAMED IN THAT LIGHT!



THEY ARE DISAPPEARING LIKE GHOSTS! GUARD! GUARD!

-AAGH!

CAPTAIN SCHANTZ! THERE'S AN ARROW THROUGH HIM! IT'S THE MARKSMAN'S WORK!

CLOSE DER WINDOW QUICK! HE MAY STILL BE AROUND!

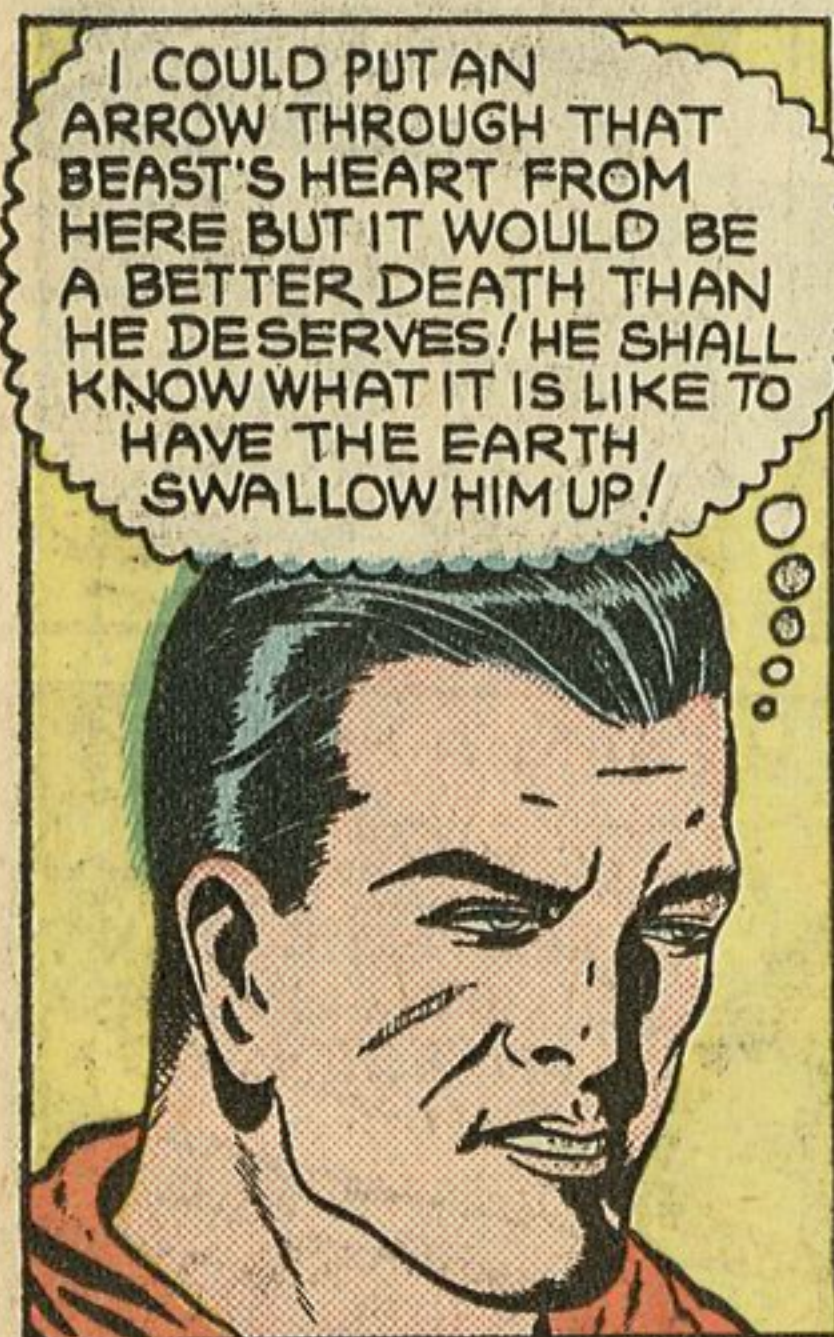


GHOSTS! I SAW THE GHOSTS OF THE POLES WE KILLED, IN THE MARSH! AAGHH!

BAH! SUCH RUBBISH FROM A GERMAN OFFICER! IT ISS BETTER A MAN MIT SUCH IDEAS SHOULD DIE! BUT HE WAS DRUNK! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN REAL POLES AROUND THE CASTLE! I'LL TEACH THEM TO BREAK OUR CURFEW LAW!

NEXT DAY, A MASS EXECUTION OF HOSTAGES IS ORDERED..

HAW! HAW! NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN TO WATCH THE EARTH SWALLOW THEM UP!



I COULD PUT AN ARROW THROUGH THAT BEAST'S HEART FROM HERE BUT IT WOULD BE A BETTER DEATH THAN HE DESERVES! HE SHALL KNOW WHAT IT IS LIKE TO HAVE THE EARTH SWALLOW HIM UP!

THE DRINKING AND EATING BOUTS CONTINUE AT THE CASTLE...



WH-O-O-O-O!

THAT SOUND! WHAT IS IT!

IT MAKES MY FLESH CREEP!



WHO-O-O!!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

IT COMES FROM THE SWAMP!

THE POLES WE EXECUTED TO-DAY! BUT IT CAN'T BE! THEY MUST BE GHOSTS!

GHOSTS!!



SUDDENLY...

JOIN THE GHOSTS,
NAZI MURDERERS! YOU ARE
NOT FIT TO WALK THE
EARTH WITH LIVING
MEN!

-AAGH!

IT'S THE MARKSMAN!
BUT I DON'T SEE ANY
GHOSTS! SOMEBODY
YELLED GHOSTS!

KILL DOT
MARKSMAN!
KILL HIM!

AS DAYS GO BY, TERROR GRIPS THE
HEARTS OF THE NAZI OFFICERS AND
THEY FEAR TO GO NEAR AN OPEN WINDOW...

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND IT/
EVERY OTHER DAY, SOME OF
OUR MEN THINK THEY SEE
GHOSTS IN THAT CURSED SWAMP.
AND THEN SUDDENLY THEY HAVE
THE MARKSMAN'S ARROWS
THROUGH THEIR
HIDES!

I THINK I'LL
ASK FOR A
TRANSFER!
THIS
SWAMP AIR
DOES NOT
AGREE WITH MY
RHEUMATISM!



BUT THE UNKNOWN DRAWS
HUMAN BEINGS LIKE A MAGNET.

CAREFUL
OF DER
WINDOW,
COLONEL!

I CANNOT
HELP IT! SOME-
THING SEEMS TO
DRAW ME TO THE
WINDOW! COULD BE
DOT IT IS MY DESIRE
TO KILL DER
MARKSMAN!

AND THEN...

HERMANN!
H-E-R-M-A-N-N!

HERMANN! SOMEBODY
IS CALLING HERMANN!
DOT'S ME! UND
DER VOICE! NO!
NO... IT CAN'T
BE... IT CAN'T
BE...

H-E-R-M-A-N-N!!

HILDA! BUT SHE'S DEAD!
IT'S HER GHOST! I CAN'T
LET HER HAUNT ME!
I MUST STOP HER!
I MUST!





SHE HATED ME! I MADE HER COMMIT SUICIDE WHEN I LEARNED SHE WAS NON-ARYAN! BUT I WILL NOT LET HER HAUNT ME! I'LL DO SOMETHING NOW!

HE'S GONE MAD!

GOOD! HE'S COMING AFTER ME!



I AM A GERMAN OFFICER! I WILL NOT BE INTIMIDATED BY A GHOST!

YES, FOLLOW ME, HERMANN! FOLLOW YOUR DEAD WIFE!



DO AS SHE SAYS, HERMAN! SHE IS THE GHOST OF THE WIFE YOU DESTROYED! FOLLOW HER!

THE MARKSMAN!

HERMANN!



FOLLOW THE GHOST OF YOUR WIFE, COLONEL VON KOLLNER OR WOULD YOU RATHER FIND AN ARROW IN YOUR BLACK HEART?!

OW!



NO! DON'T SHOOT! PLEASE! I'LL OBEY!



SUDDENLY ONE OF THE DENSE CLOUDS OF MIST LOOMS UP BEFORE THE COLONEL...AND THE GHOST IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT...

SHE IS GONE! BUT THE MARKSMAN WILL KILL ME IF I DO NOT FOLLOW HER! I MUST FIND HER!



HILDA! WHERE ARE YOU?

HERE, HERMANN, HERE!



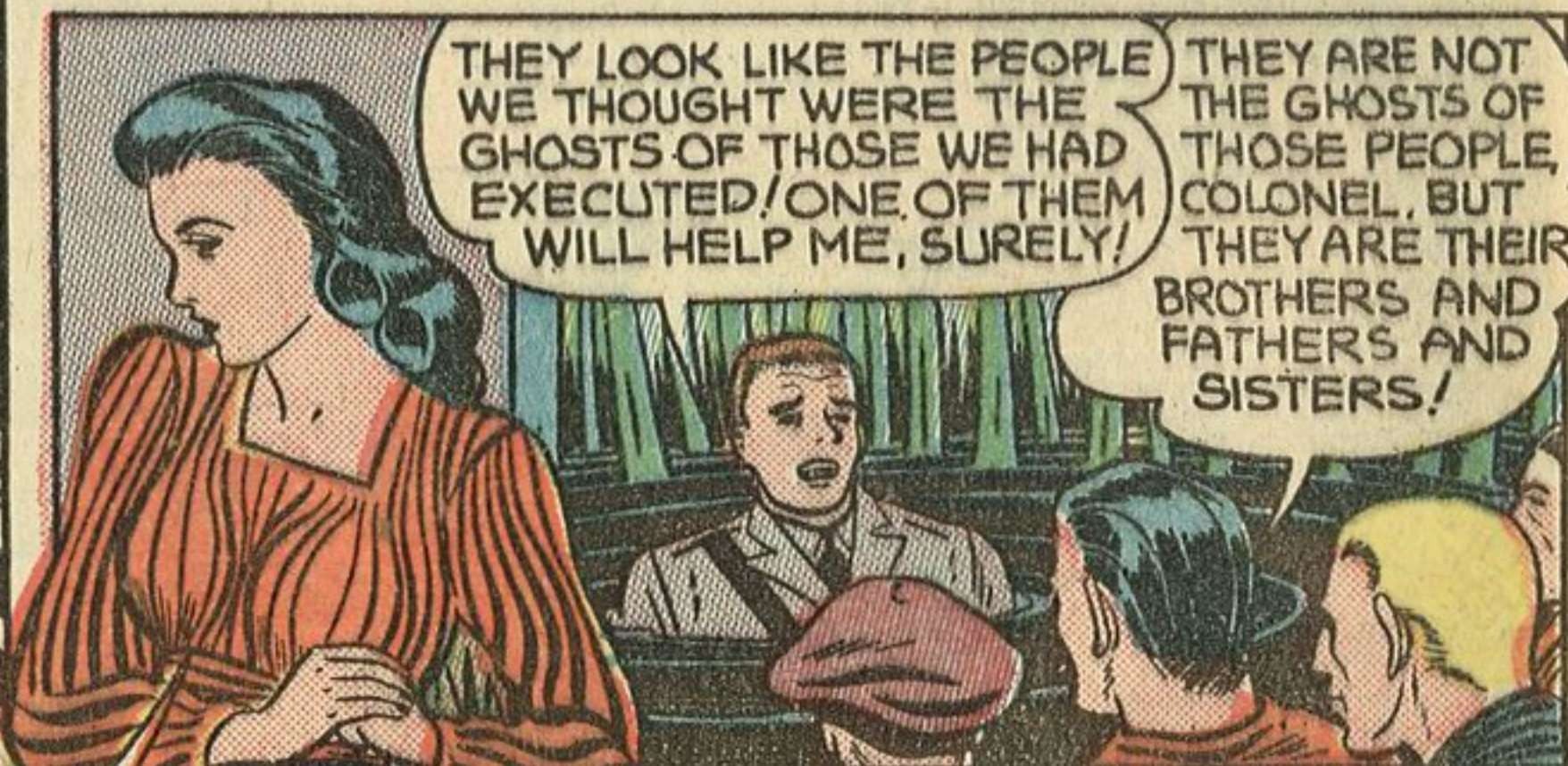
QUICKSAND!
HELP!
HILDA!
HELP!

ANOTHER STEP THROUGH THE
DENSE FOG AND COLONEL VON
KOLLNER'S FEET ARE SUCKED
DOWN BY QUICKSAND...



A GHOST
CANNOT
HELP YOU,
COLONEL
VON
KOLLNER!

MARKSMAN!
HELP ME! I WILL SEE
TO IT THAT YOU GET AN
AMNESTY FROM DER
FUEHRER HIMSELF!
I WILL MAKE YOU
RICH!



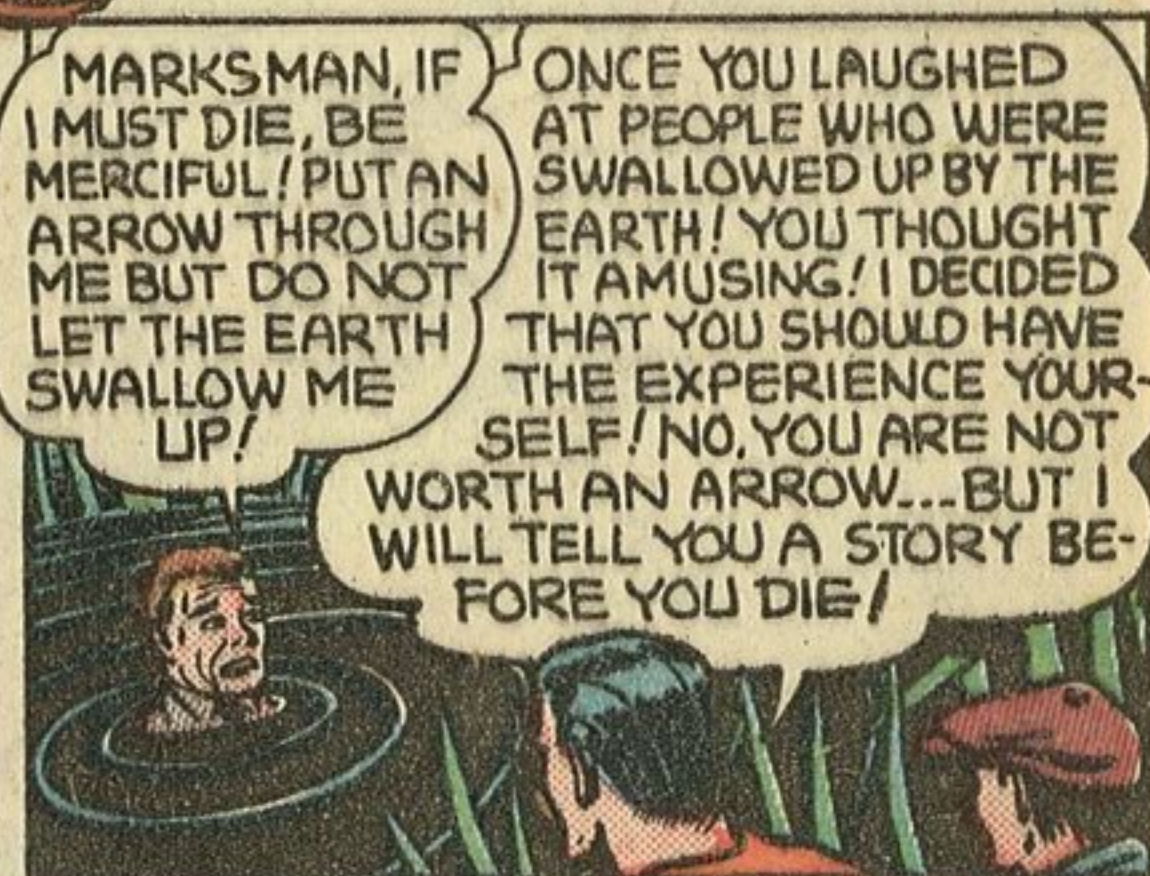
THEY LOOK LIKE THE PEOPLE
WE THOUGHT WERE THE
GHOSTS OF THOSE WE HAD
EXECUTED! ONE OF THEM
WILL HELP ME, SURELY!

THEY ARE NOT
THE GHOSTS OF
THOSE PEOPLE,
COLONEL, BUT
THEY ARE THEIR
BROTHERS AND
FATHERS AND
SISTERS!



HILDA! YOU
WERE MY WIFE!
TELL HIM TO
HELP ME!

I AM NOT YOUR WIFE! I AM THE
WOMAN WHOSE CASTLE YOU
STOLE AND WHOSE BROTHER
YOU KILLED! BESIDES HOW
CAN A GERMAN OFFICER
BELIEVE IN SUCH THINGS
AS GHOSTS?



MARKSMAN, IF
I MUST DIE, BE
MERCIFUL! PUT AN
ARROW THROUGH
ME BUT DO NOT
LET THE EARTH
SWALLOW ME
UP!

ONCE YOU LAUGHED
AT PEOPLE WHO WERE
SWALLOWED UP BY THE
EARTH! YOU THOUGHT
IT AMUSING! I DECIDED
THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE
THE EXPERIENCE YOUR-
SELF! NO, YOU ARE NOT
WORTH AN ARROW... BUT I
WILL TELL YOU A STORY BE-
FORE YOU DIE!



WITH THE USE OF THE ILLUSIVE
MISTS OF THE SWAMP WE LURED YOUR
MEN TO THEIR DEATH BY MAKING
THEM BELIEVE IN GHOSTS! WITH THE
AID OF A PICTURE AND A DESCRIPTION
OF YOUR WIFE, SENT BY THE GERMAN
UNDERGROUND, WE HAVE BROUGHT
YOU TO JUSTICE! WE, AN
INFERIOR PEOPLE!

GLUG-

A SHORT TIME
LATER...



I HAVE HEARD
THAT THE NAZIS HAVE
DECIDED YOUR HOUSE IS
NOT SUITABLE FOR THEIR
HEADQUARTERS! SOON
ALL OF EUROPE WILL BE
UNSUITABLE
FOR THEM!

ESPIONAGE

BLACK X
in
"TRAITOR'S DOOM"

KILL BLACK X!!! SUCH ARE THE FRANTIC ORDERS ISSUED BY AXIS LEADERS AS BLACK X THREATENS THEIR ACTIVITIES! BLACK X WALKS INTO A DASTARDLY AMBUSH -- MACHINE-GUNS CLATTER -- BULLETS FIND THEIR MARK -- BUT BLACK X IS NOT DEAD!!

SEE WITH YOUR OWN EYES HOW HE ESCAPES AND BRINGS TO JUSTICE A ROYAL TRAITOR!!

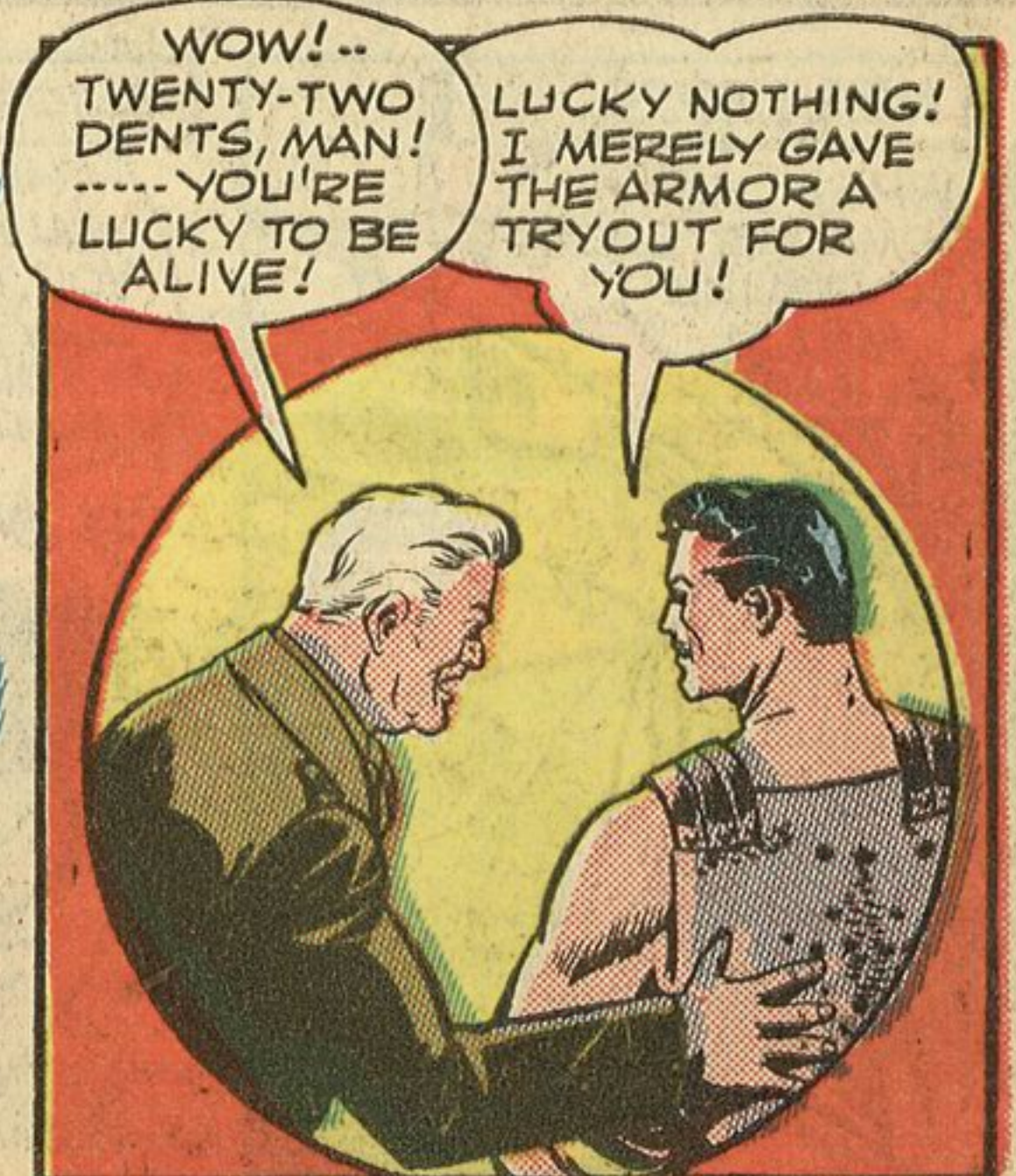
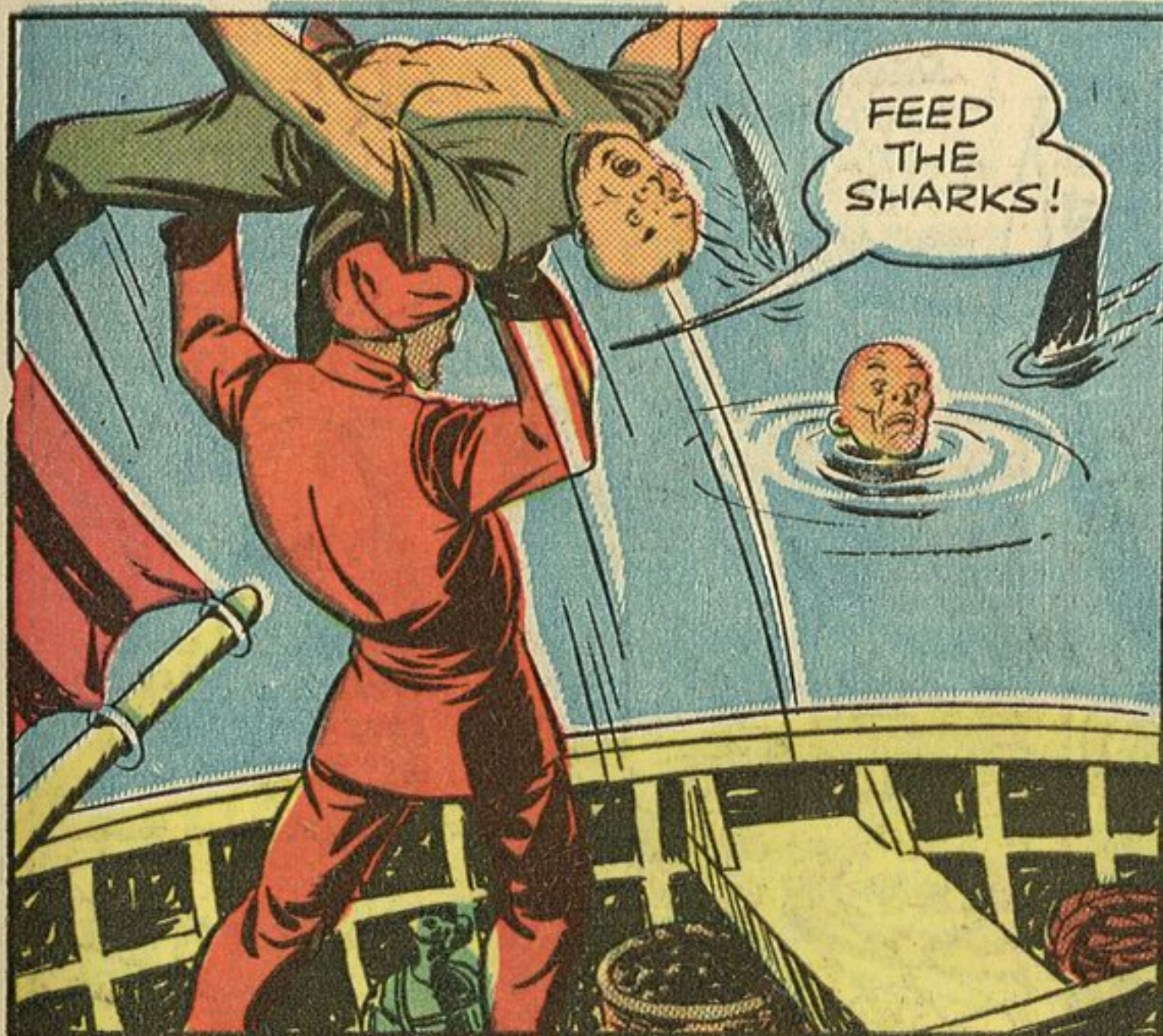
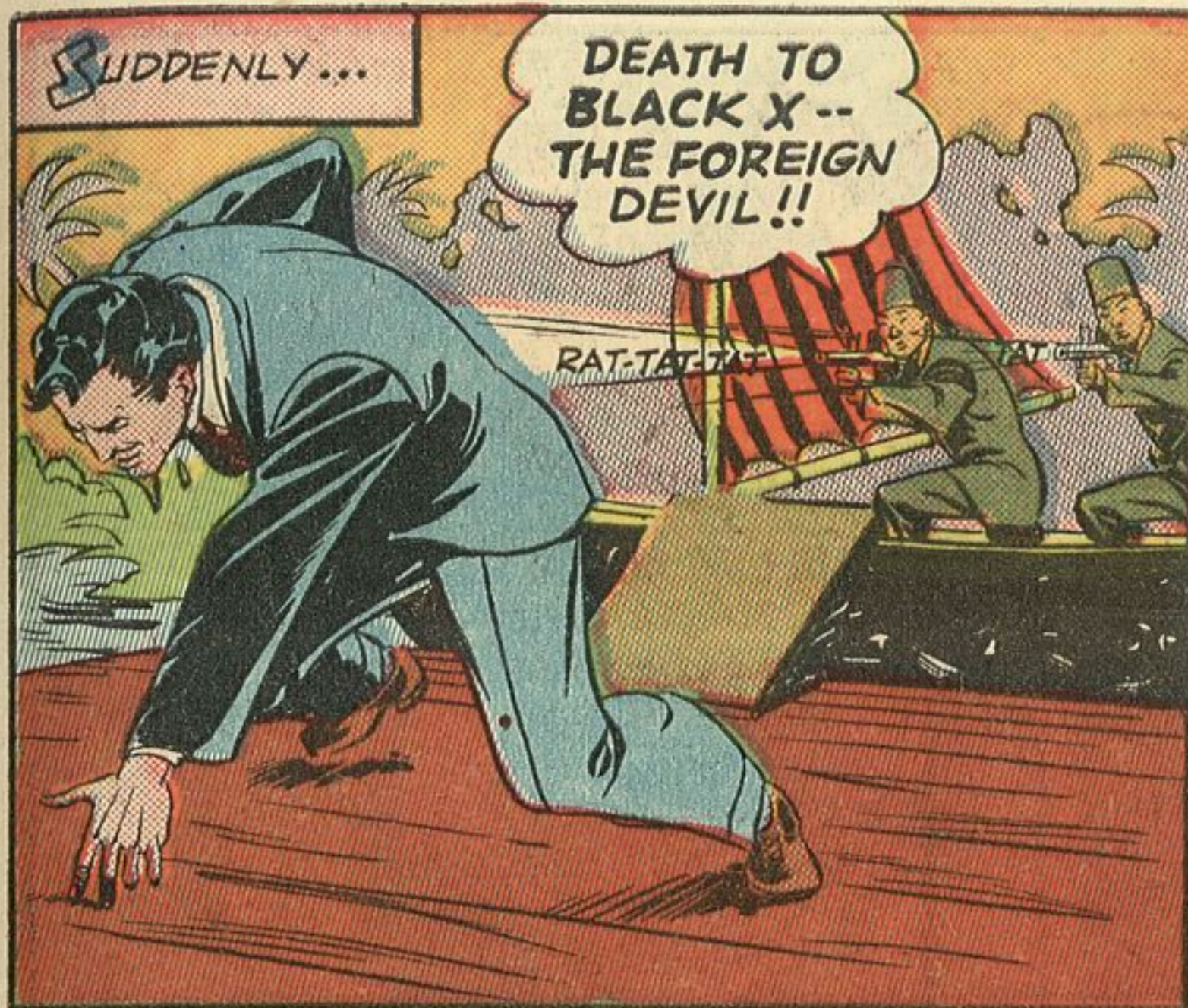
BLACK X RETURNS TO HIS HOME BASE FROM A DANGEROUS MISSION....

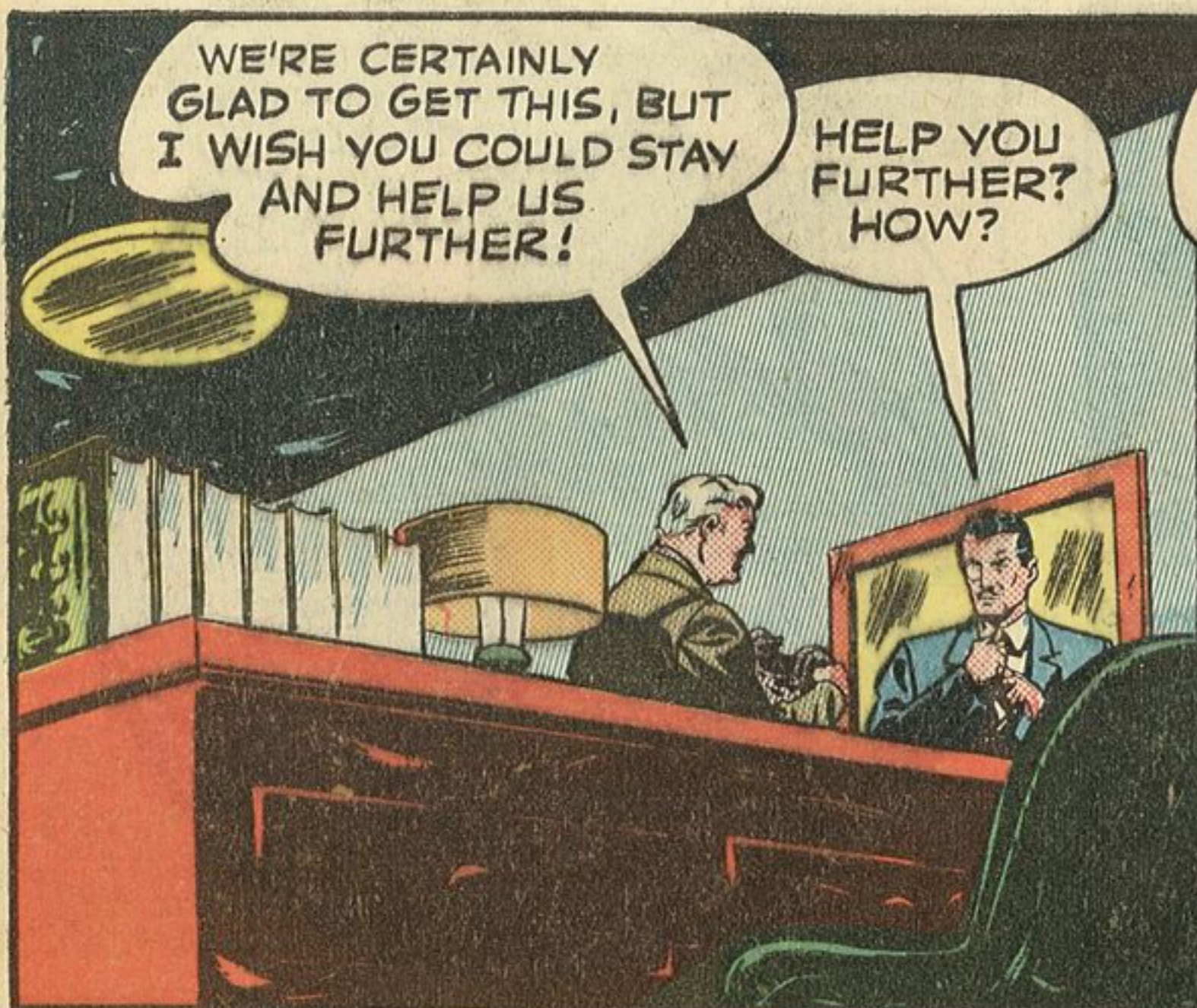
GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK!

HIYA, FELLOWS!

I KNEW HE'D COME THROUGH!







WE'RE CERTAINLY GLAD TO GET THIS, BUT I WISH YOU COULD STAY AND HELP US FURTHER!

HELP YOU FURTHER? HOW?



WELL, WE SUSPECT THAT ENEMY AGENTS ARE QUITE ACTIVE HERE-- FIND OUT WHO THEY ARE ... AND WHAT DEVILTRY THEY ARE UP TO!

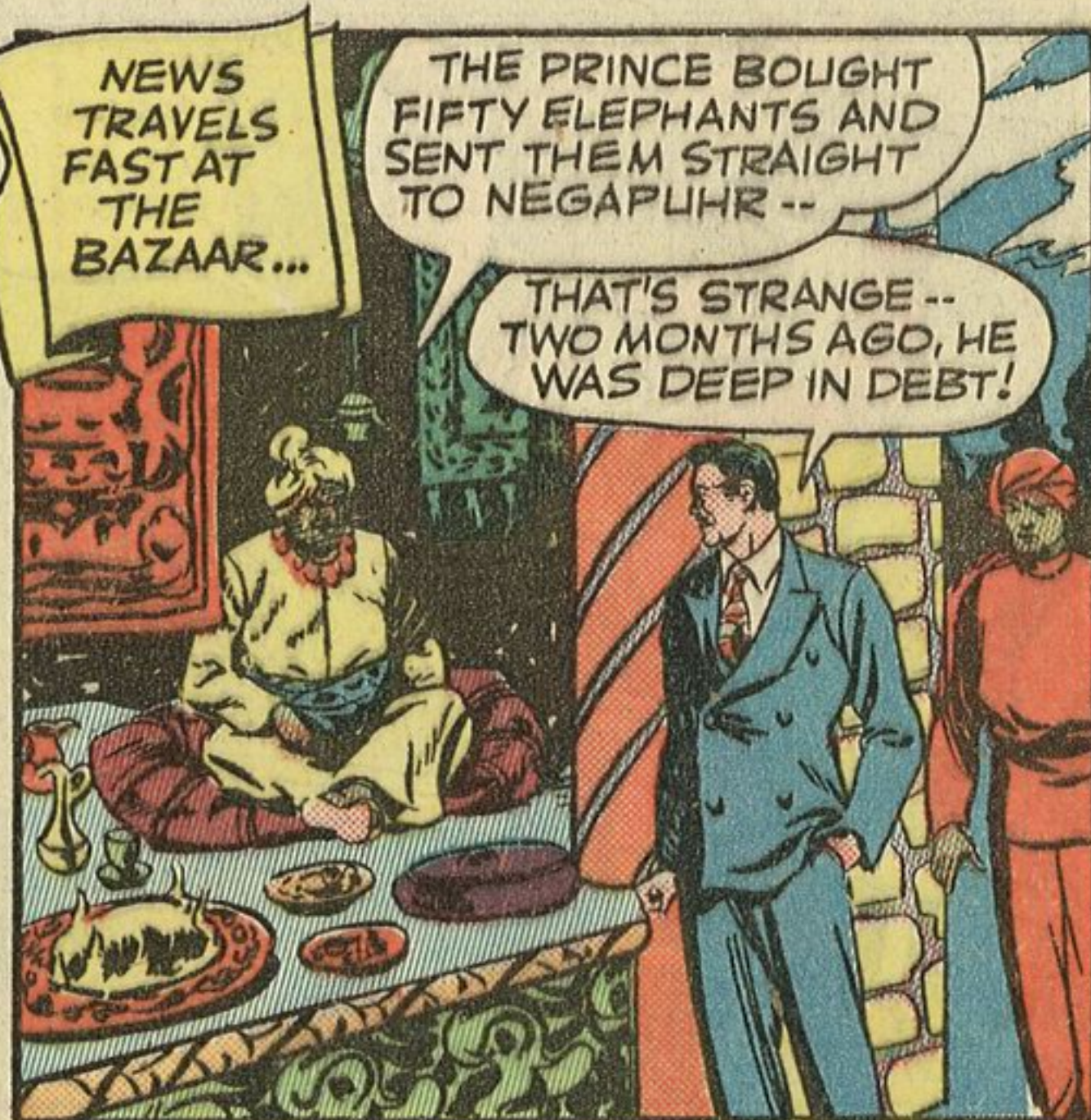
RIGHTO, SIR! I'LL START CHECKING AT ONCE!



MEANWHILE... AGENTS ARE ACTIVE!

BLACK X HAS JUST ARRIVED-- TRACK HIM DOWN AND KILL HIM!

ACH! NOT THAT, SIR!-- YOU ARE SENDING ME TO MY DOOM!



NEWS TRAVELS FAST AT THE BAZAAR...

THE PRINCE BOUGHT FIFTY ELEPHANTS AND SENT THEM STRAIGHT TO NEGAPUHR--

THAT'S STRANGE-- TWO MONTHS AGO, HE WAS DEEP IN DEBT!



A NEAR MISS!

WHAT THE--! SOMEONE SEEMS TO DISLIKE ME!



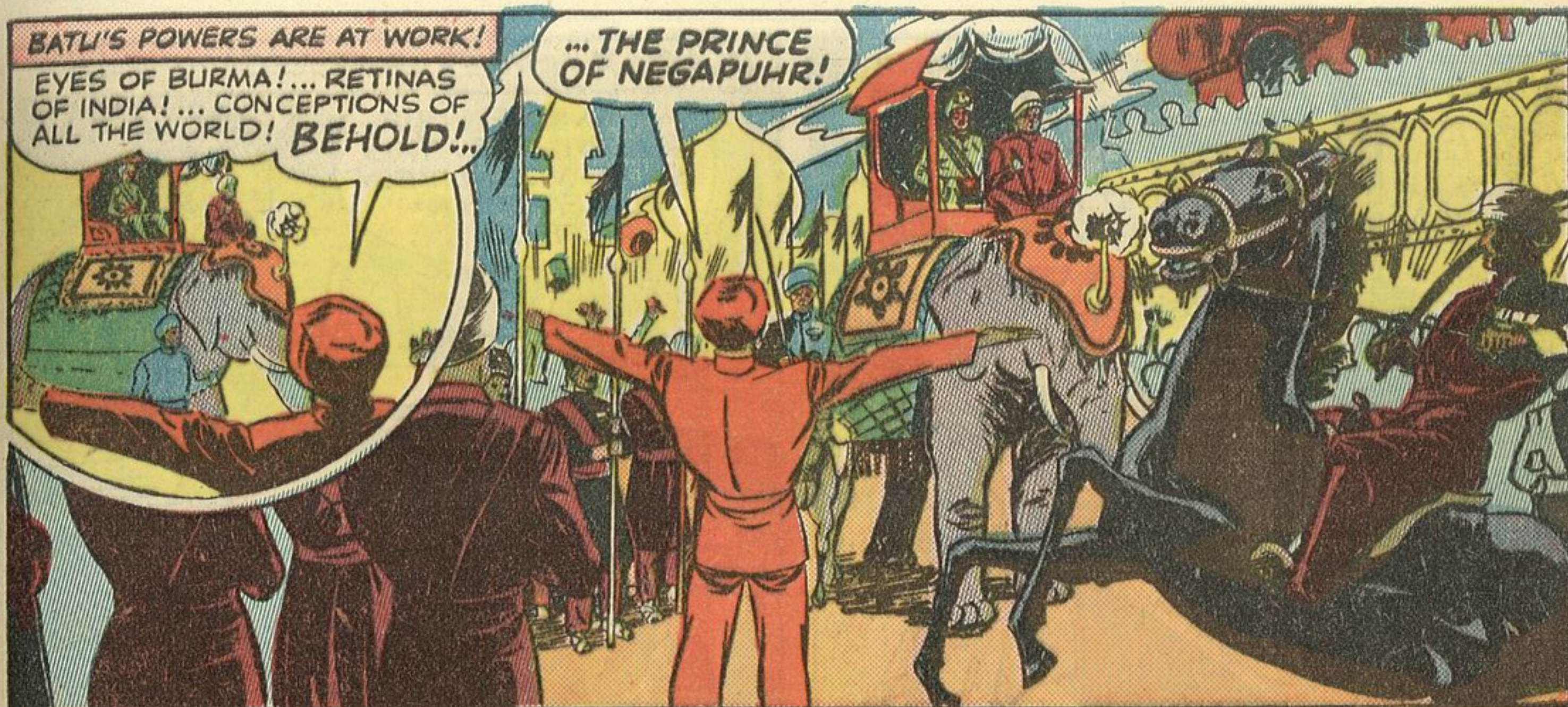
QUICK DISGUISE IS NEEDED....

THEY KNOW YOU AND FEAR YOU, MASTER! MAY I CLOAK YOU IN ILLUSION?

GOOD IDEA, BATU! DO YOUR HOKUS-POKUS, AND I'LL APPEAR AS THE PRINCE OF NEGAPUHR!



MASTER... BATU OBEYS COMMAND!



BATLI'S POWERS ARE AT WORK!
EYES OF BURMA!... RETINAS
OF INDIA!... CONCEPTIONS OF
ALL THE WORLD! **BEHOLD!...**

...THE PRINCE
OF NEGAPUHR!



HERE IS MR. ARCHIBALD HAW. RUMOR HAS
IT THAT HE IS THE ILL REPUTED HALF-
BROTHER OF LORD HAW HAW.

YOUR GRACIOUS
HIGHNESS ARRIVES
UNEXPECTEDLY!

LET THAT MAN
INTO MY EXALTED
PRESENCE!



YOUR ROYAL
GRACE, I BRING
GOOD
TIDINGS!

WHEN BUDDHA
SMILES, THE
SUN
SHINETH!



YOUR HIGHNESS, I'M PERMITTED
TO PAY YOU TEN MILLION RUPEES
GOLD FOR YOUR SECRET
AIRPORT AND RADIO
STATION! THE MONEY
IS READY FOR YOU
AT MY OFFICE!

THANKS,
MY FRIEND!
THAT IS INDEED
GOOD NEWS!



WE'LL TAKE
OVER
TOMORROW...
---WHA...?!!

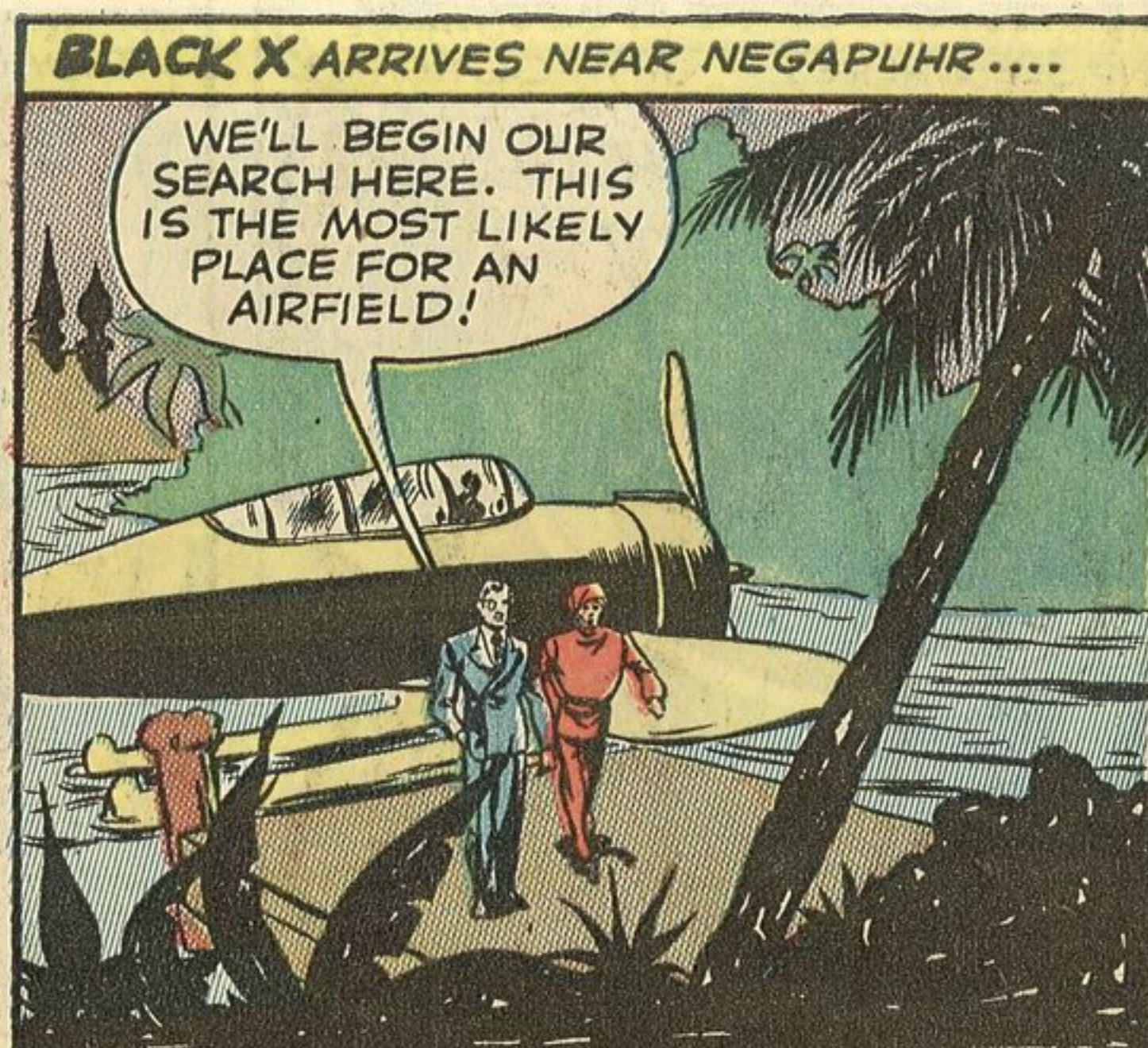
AH!... BUT I'LL
TAKE **YOU** OVER
NOW! BATU, LET'S
CORRECT THIS
GOOD MAN'S
IMPRESSION!



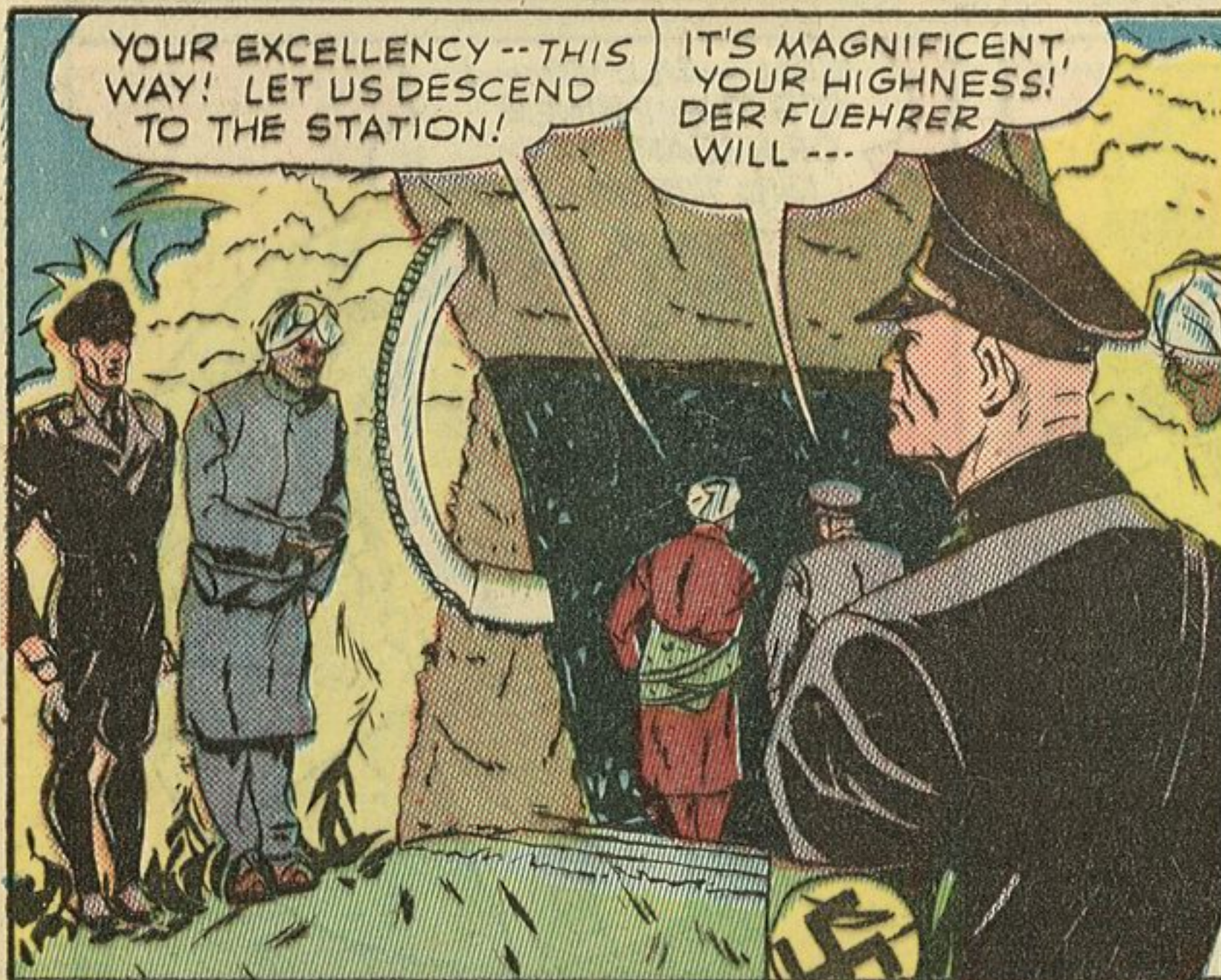
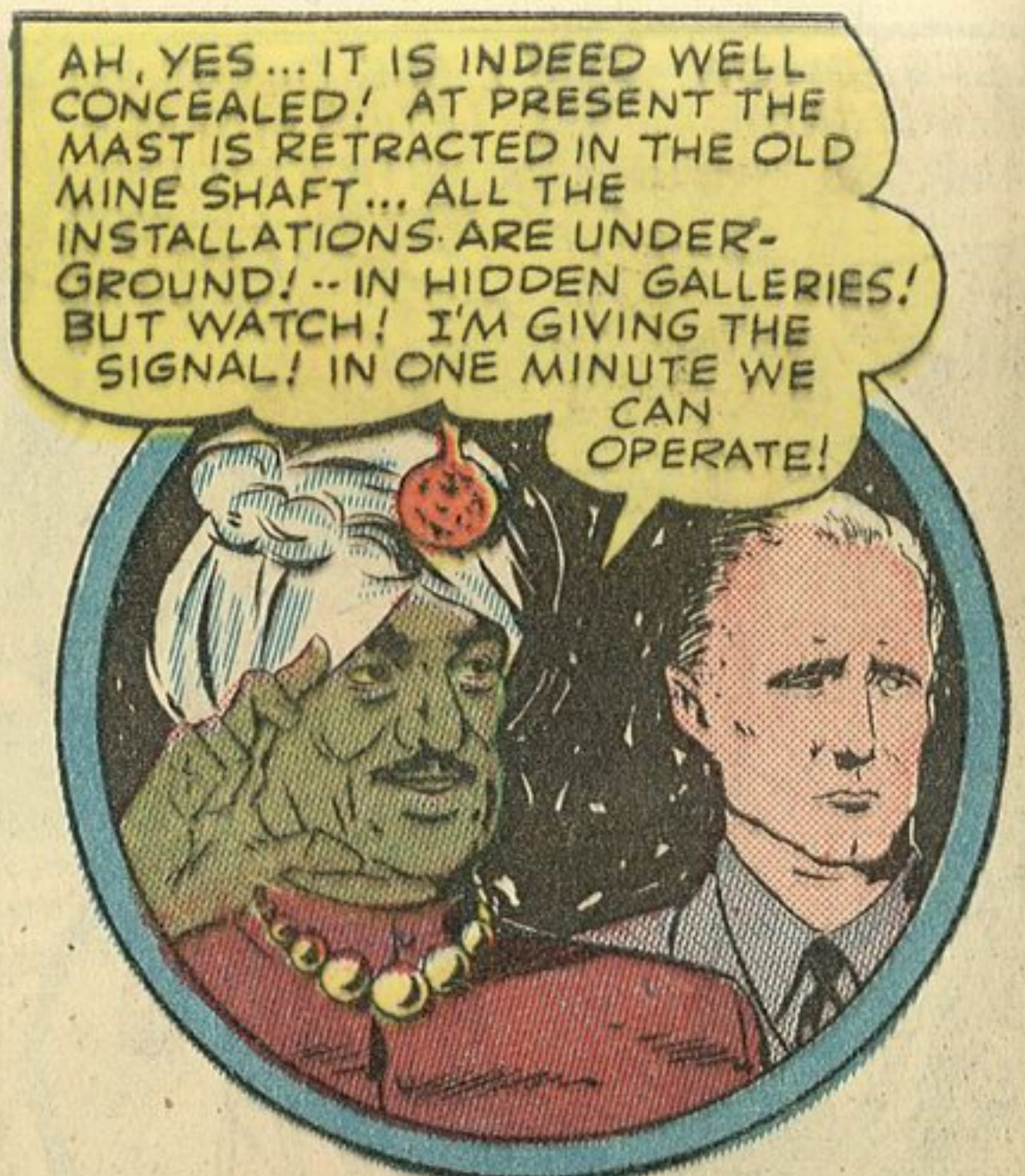
THE ILLUSION VANISHES!

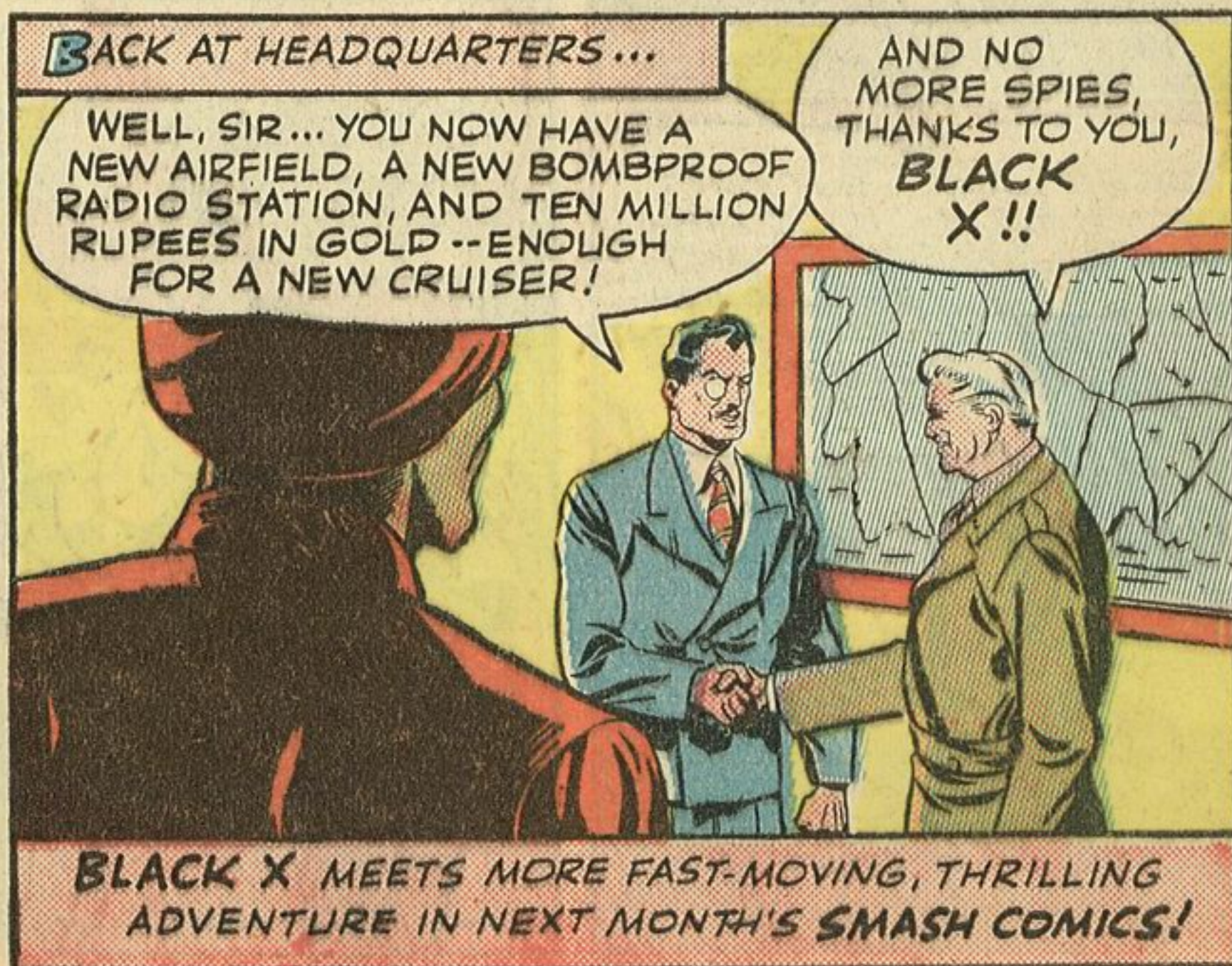
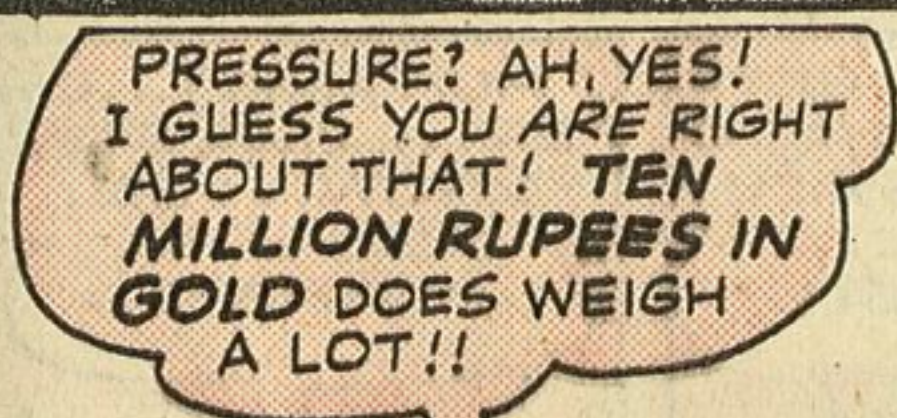
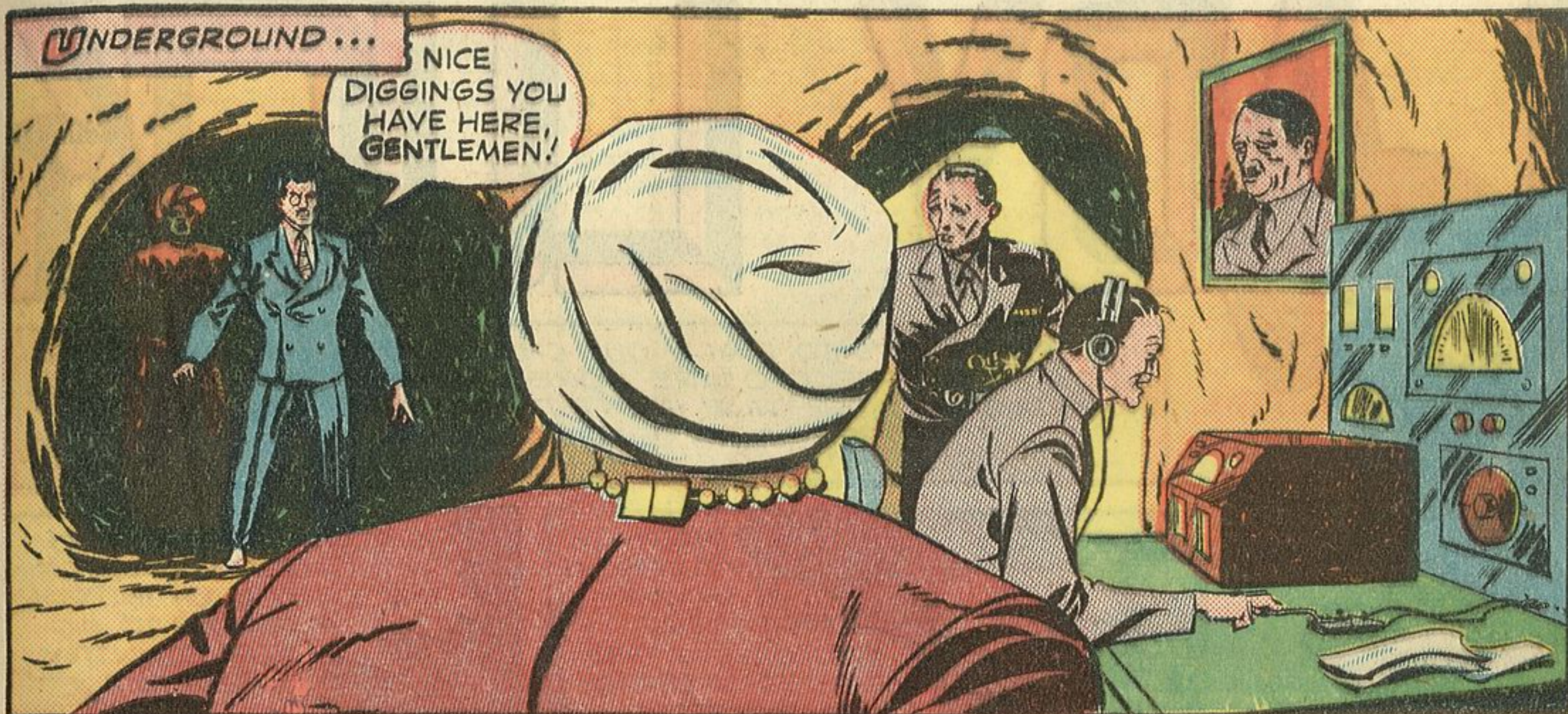
LET'S TAKE HIM TO
HEADQUARTERS
AND SEARCH
HIM!

BY THE
POWERS OF
DARKNESS, IT'S
BLACK X!









LADY LUCK



IN HER EFFORTS TO STAMP OUT CRIME, LADY LUCK AND HER BODYGUARD, PEECOLO, ARE SORELY TRIED TO KEEP FROM THE PUBLIC HER TRUE IDENTITY, BRENDA BANKS, POPULAR SOCIETY GIRL....



FRIENDS AND CITIZENS... WITH OUR NATION AT GRIPS WITH THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY, WE STILL MUST COPE WITH A **RAT WITHIN**, GNAWING AT THE ROOTS OF OUR DEMOCRACY.. **CRIME!**



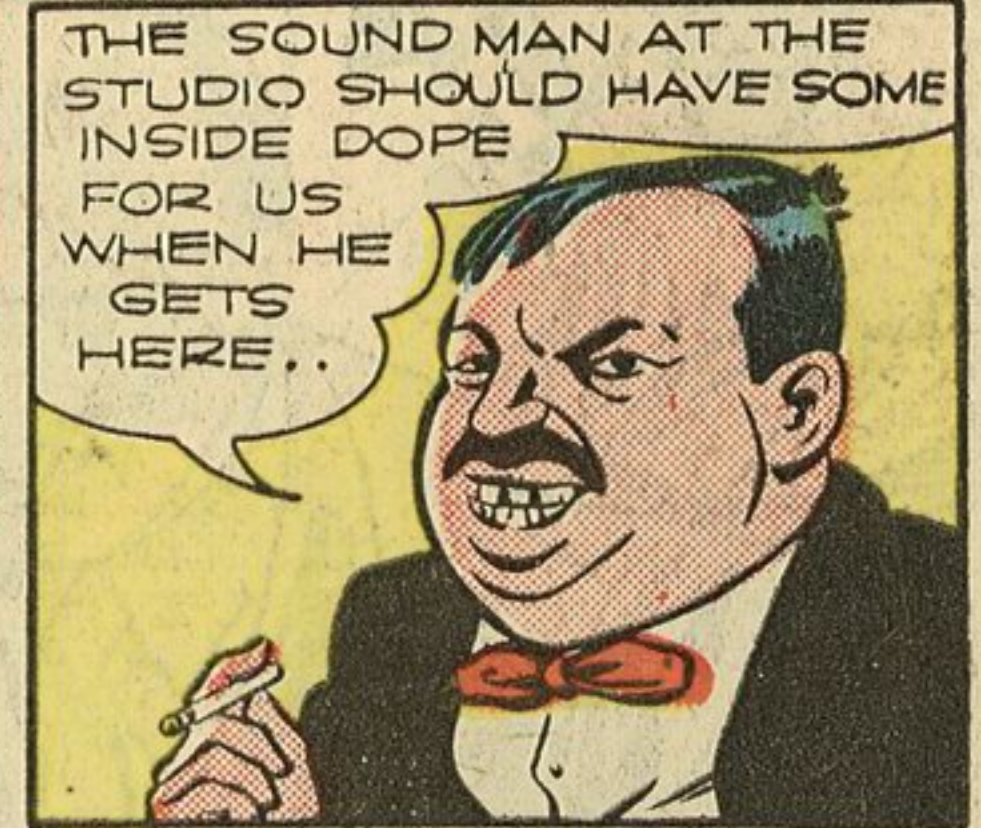
SITTING IN THE STUDIO WITH ME ARE GIRLS OF THE **LADY LUCK PATROL**.. PLEDGED TO AID OUR COUNTRY AGAINST THE **JACKALS** WITH-OUT AND THE **RATS** WITHIN..



..THE FOREMOST RAT IN OUR CITY.. **TONY NITRO**.. POLITICAL STRING PULLER..

TURN IT OFF! THAT DAME'S GOTTA BE STOPPED!

WHADDA GONNA DO, TONY?



THE SOUND MAN AT THE STUDIO SHOULD HAVE SOME INSIDE DOPE FOR US WHEN HE GETS HERE..



WASN'T LADY LUCK'S TALK MARVELOUS.

BUT ISN'T IT ODD THAT SHE AND BRENDA ARE NEVER PRESENT TOGETHER??



PEECOLO KNOWS THEM BOTH.. WHY DON'T THEY EVER MEET, PEECOLO?

IF WE CAN GET HIM OUT OF THAT LOVE-SICK STUPOR... .. **PEECOLO!**



HUH?..ME?...OH, ER... I'MA DON' KNOW... ER.. PORHAPS.. ..PORHAPS..



..ER.. PORHAPS BRENDA AND LADY LUCK DO NOT LIKE EACH OTHER, SI?



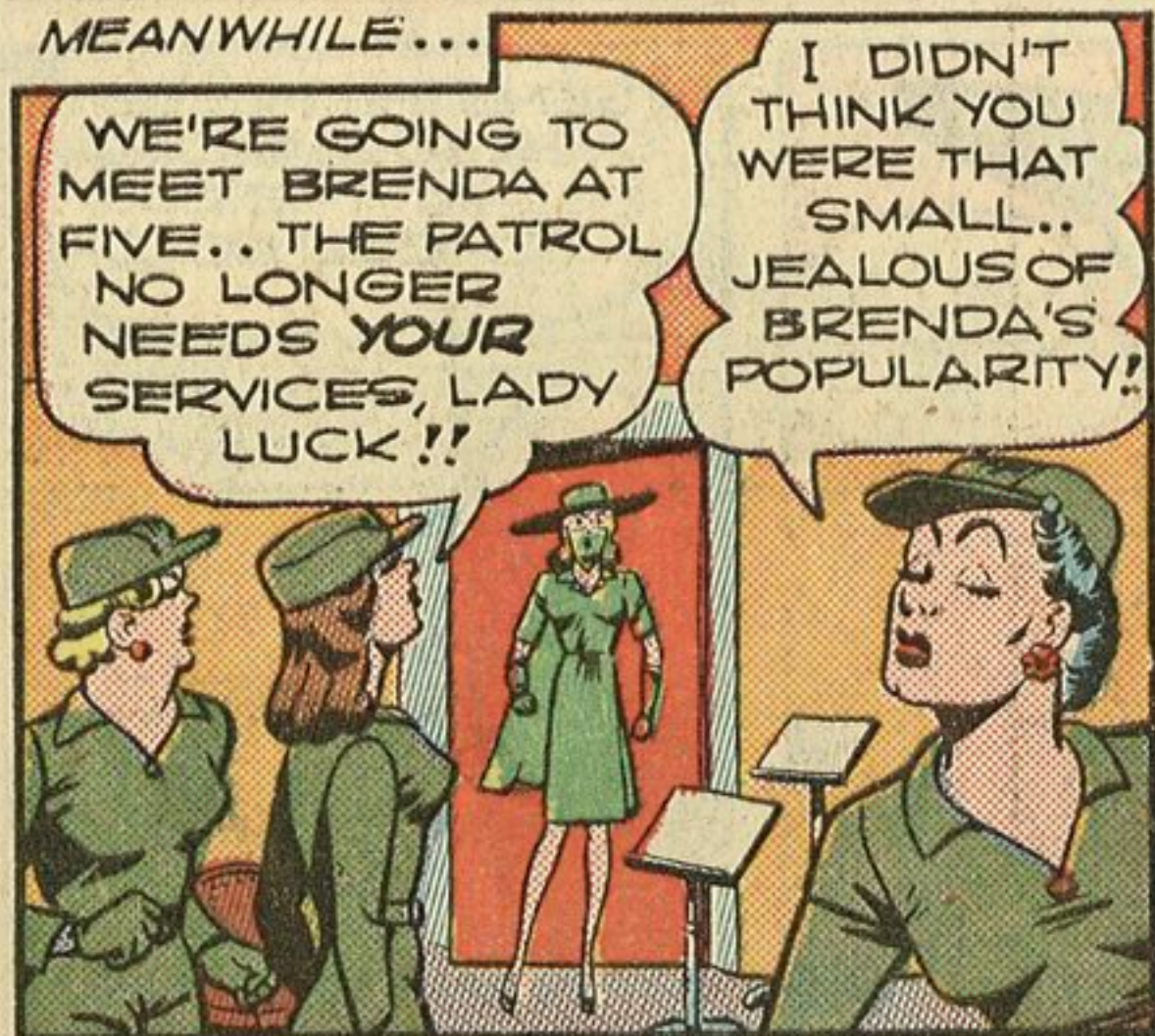
AH, HERE YOU ARE.. ANY NEWS, KILOMAN?

YOU BET! LADY LUCK AND BRENDA BANKS ARE SNAPPIN' AT EACH OTHER ..AIN'T THAT NICE?



PERFECT! WE CAN CAPITALIZE ON THAT! LOOK.. THIS NOTE'LL GET BRENDA BANKS TO COME TO OUR HIDEOUT.. THEN WE'LL **RUB HER OUT.** AND THE FINGER WILL POINT TO LADY LUCK!!

MEANWHILE...



WE'RE GOING TO MEET BRENDA AT FIVE.. THE PATROL NO LONGER NEEDS **YOUR** SERVICES, LADY LUCK!!

I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE THAT SMALL.. JEALOUS OF BRENDA'S POPULARITY?



WHY..? WHAT..? WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN TELLING THEM, PEECOLO? NOW HOW CAN I RESTORE THEIR CONFIDENCE IN ME?



ON REACHING HOME, THE DISGUISED HEIRESS FINDS A NOTE AWAITING HER..

Miss Banks:
You want to get even with Lady Luck?
Come to Diamond Hill at Old School Road
a Friend



HMM! LOOKS LIKE THE CRIMINAL ELEMENT HAS WIND OF IT, TOO! FINE! LET'S GO, PEECOLO!



HERE WE ARE! YOU GO AND TEAR LOOSE THE IGNITION WIRES IN THEIR CAR, WHILE LADY LUCK PAYS A SURPRISE CALL!



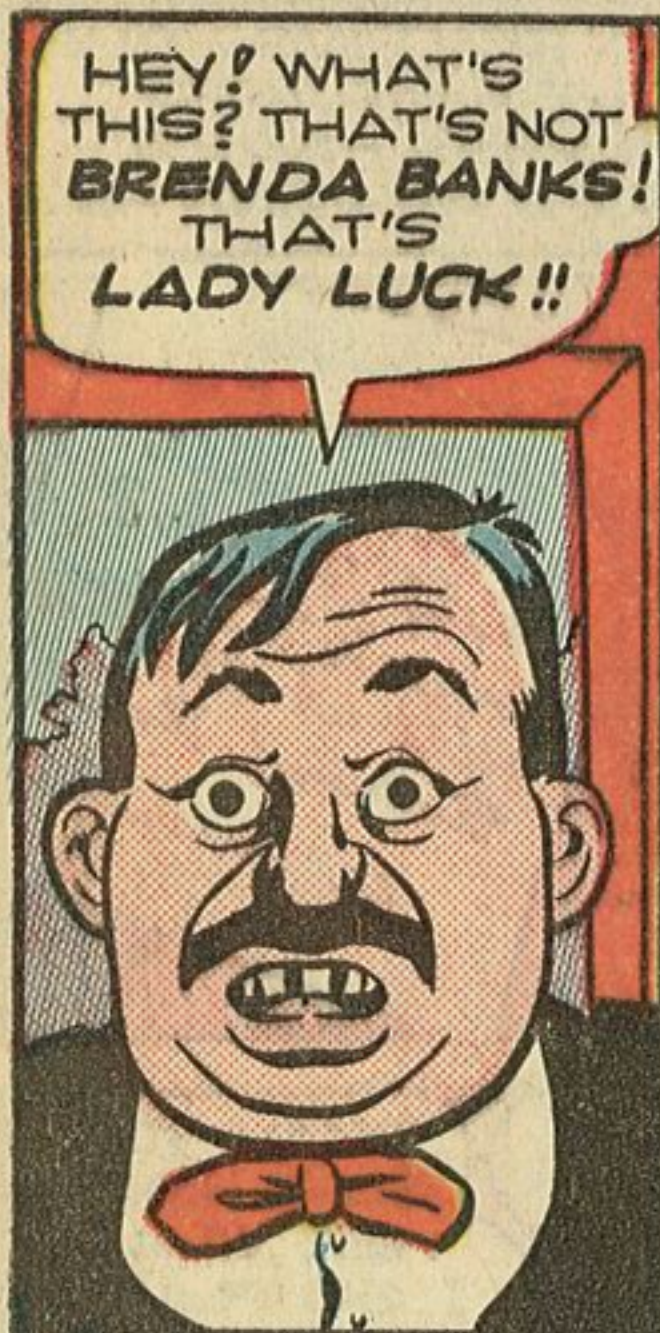
HERE SHE IS, NITRO!

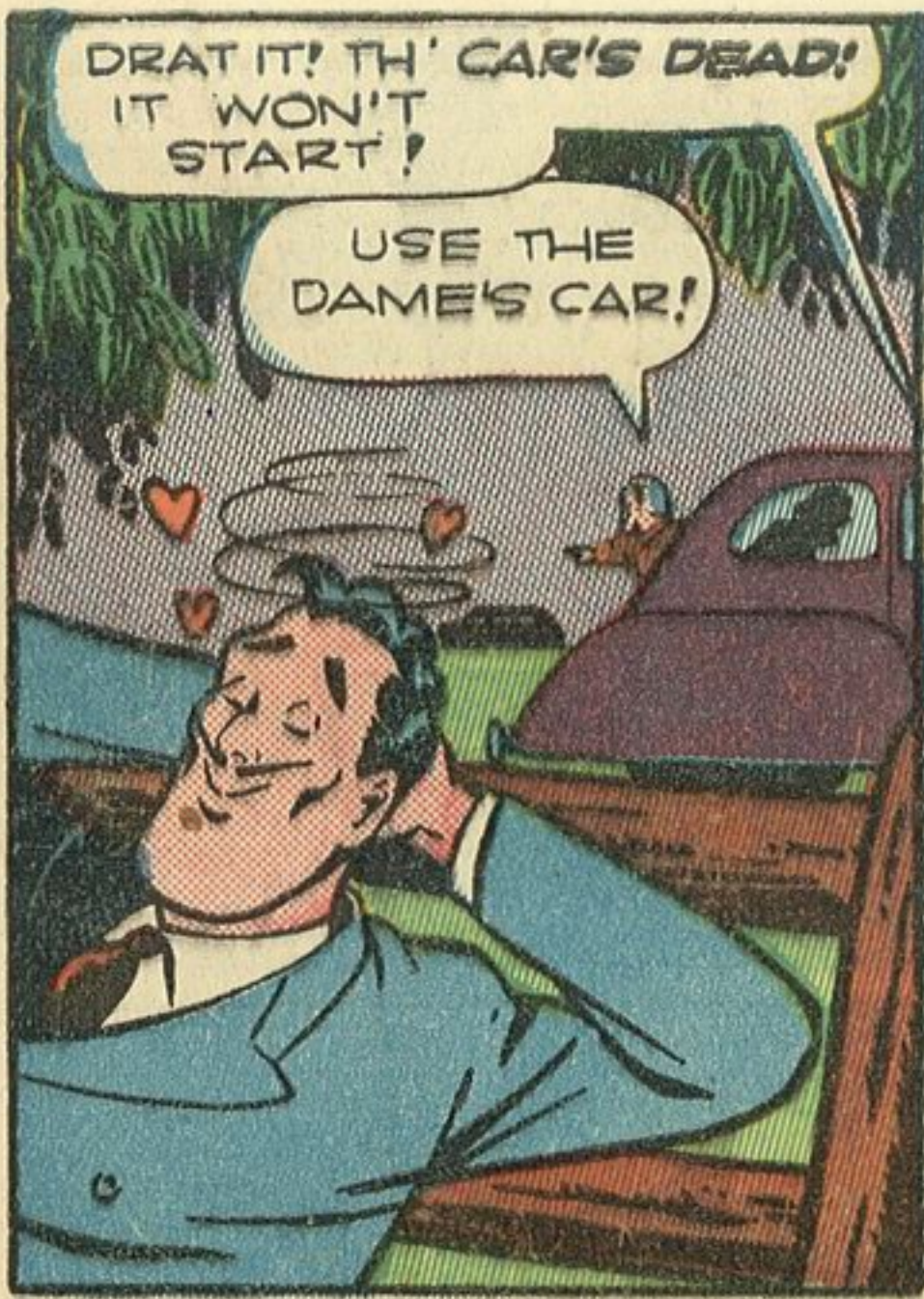
OKAY, YOU GUYS HANDLE HER WHILE I GO PLANT THIS BOMB IN HER MOTOR..

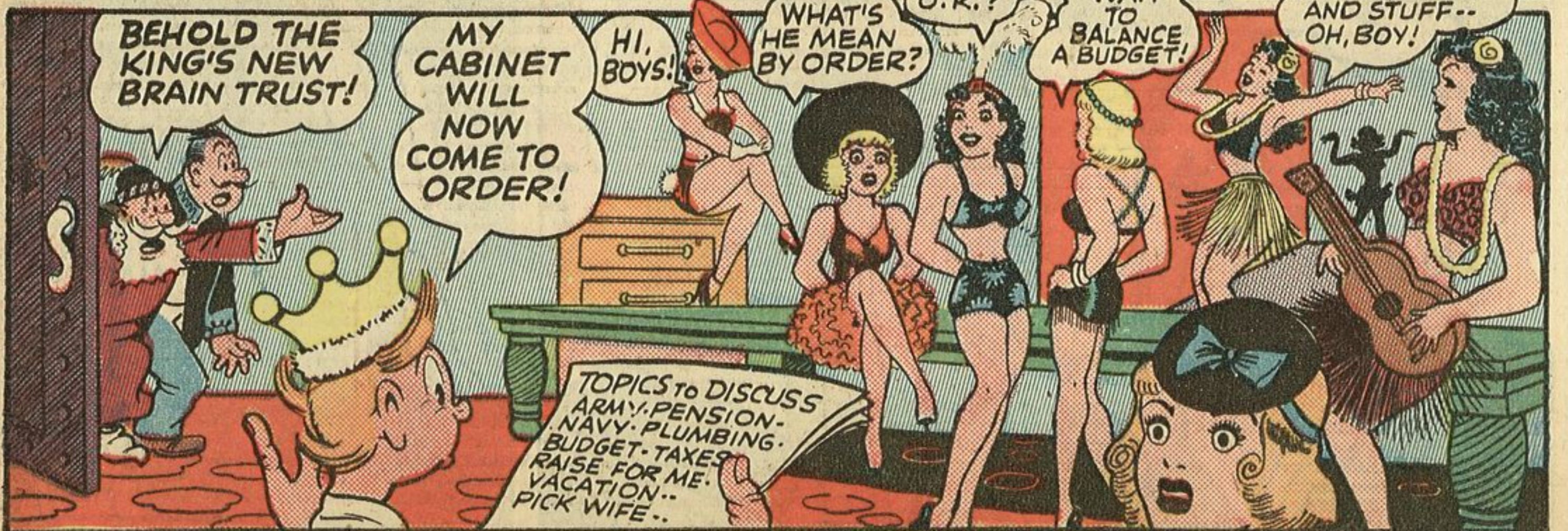
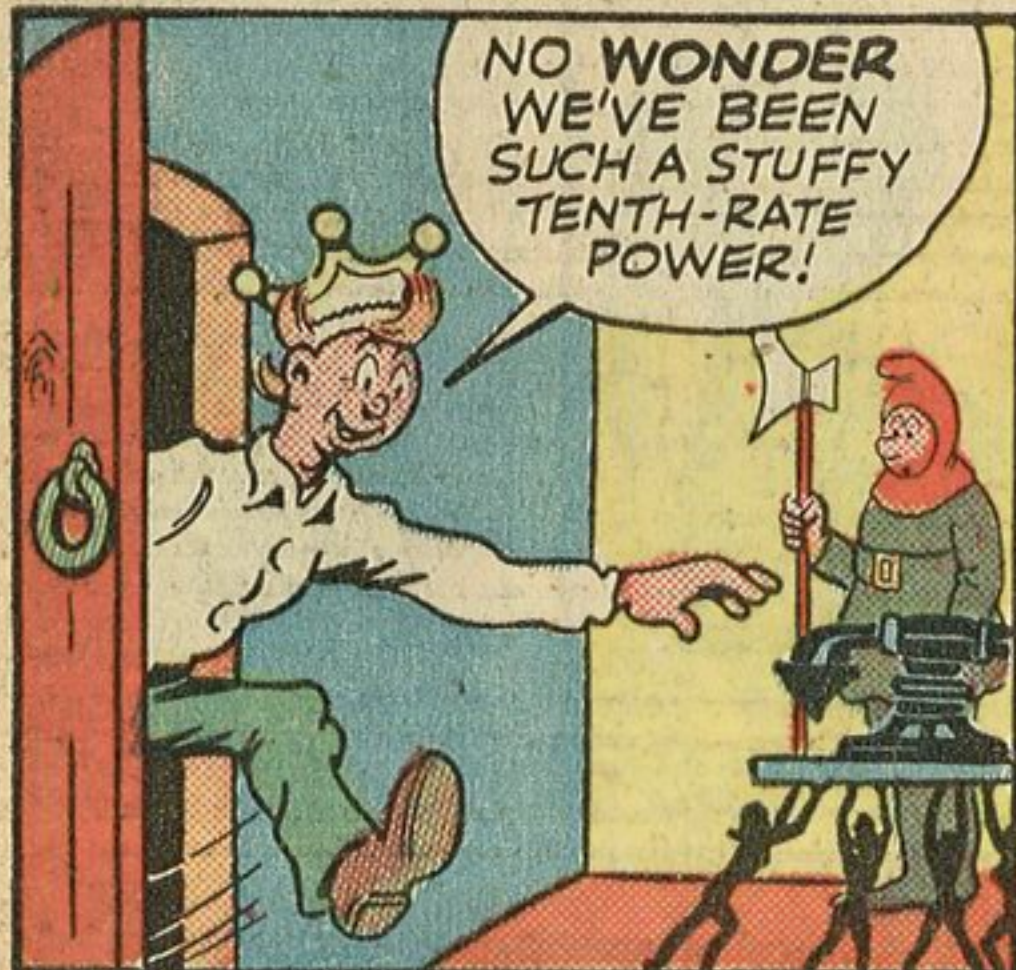
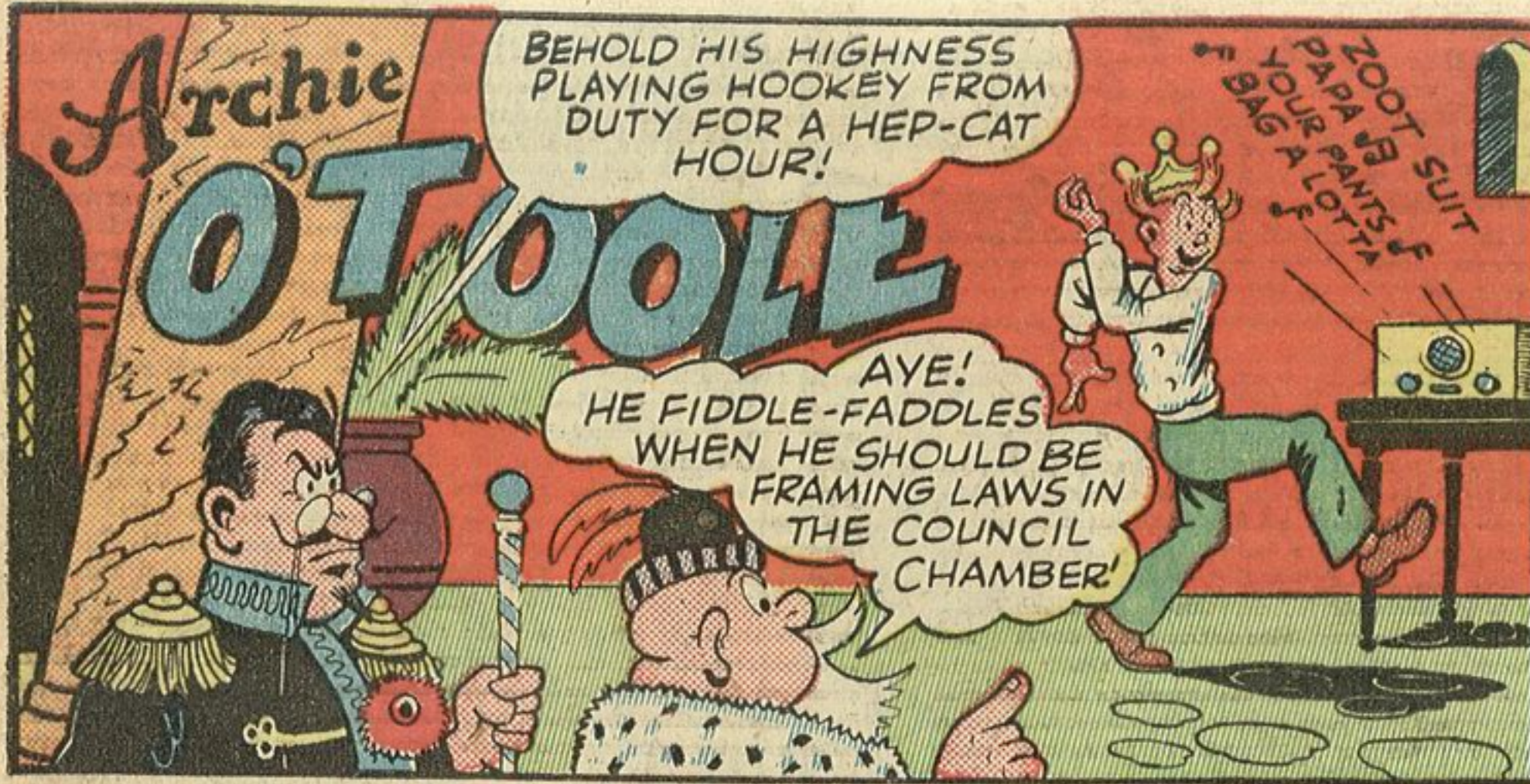


NOBODY EES RON THEES BOGGY AFTER I'MA FEEEX!

BOY, WHEN SHE STEPS ON HER STARTER, THERE WON'T BE NOTHIN' BUT **JUNK** LEFT ON THIS SPOT!



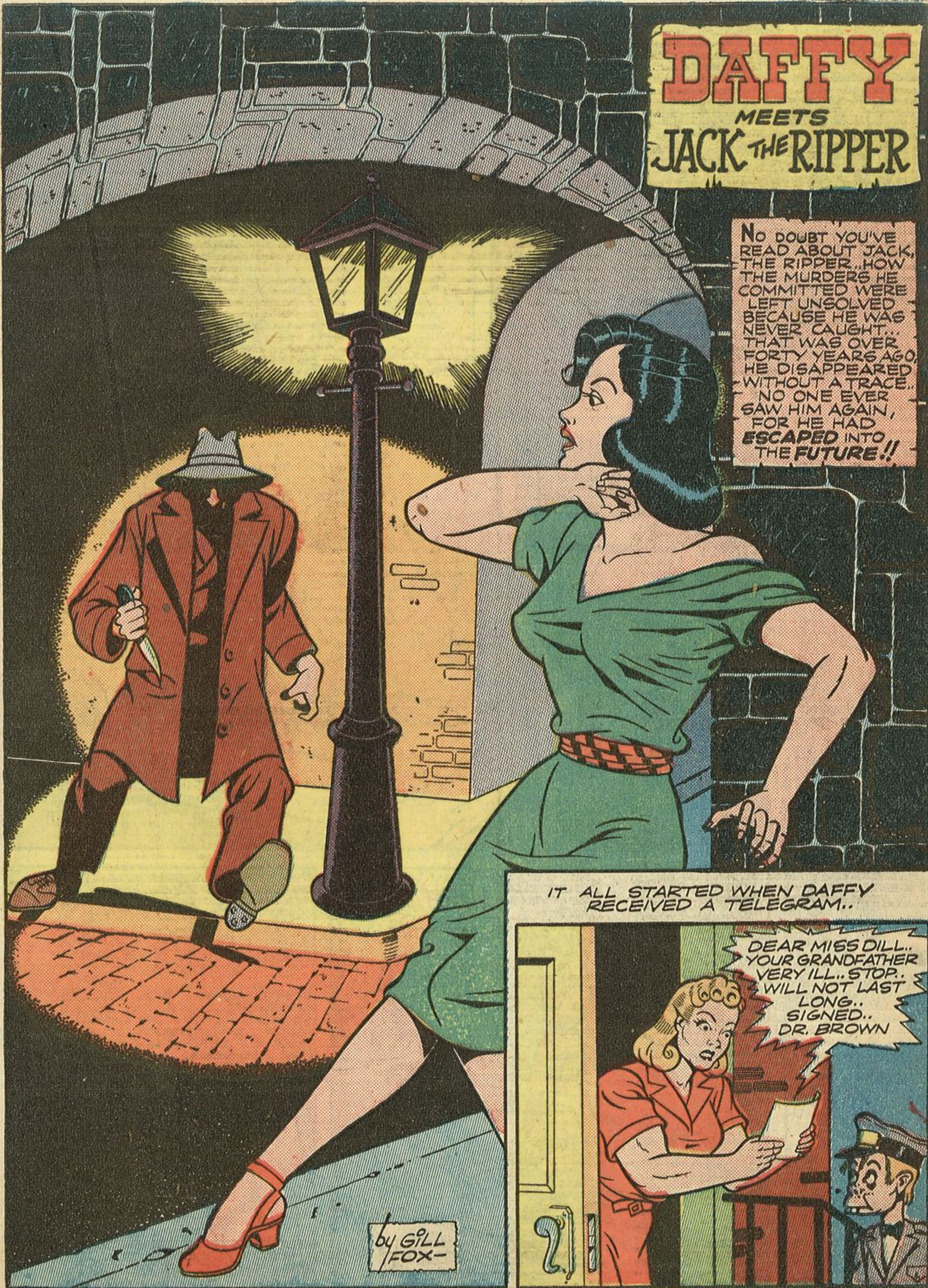




DAFFY

MEETS
JACK THE RIPPER

NO DOUBT YOU'VE READ ABOUT JACK, THE RIPPER..HOW THE MURDERS HE COMMITTED WERE LEFT UNSOLVED BECAUSE HE WAS NEVER CAUGHT.. THAT WAS OVER FORTY YEARS AGO.. HE DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE.. NO ONE EVER SAW HIM AGAIN, FOR HE HAD **ESCAPED** INTO THE **FUTURE!!**

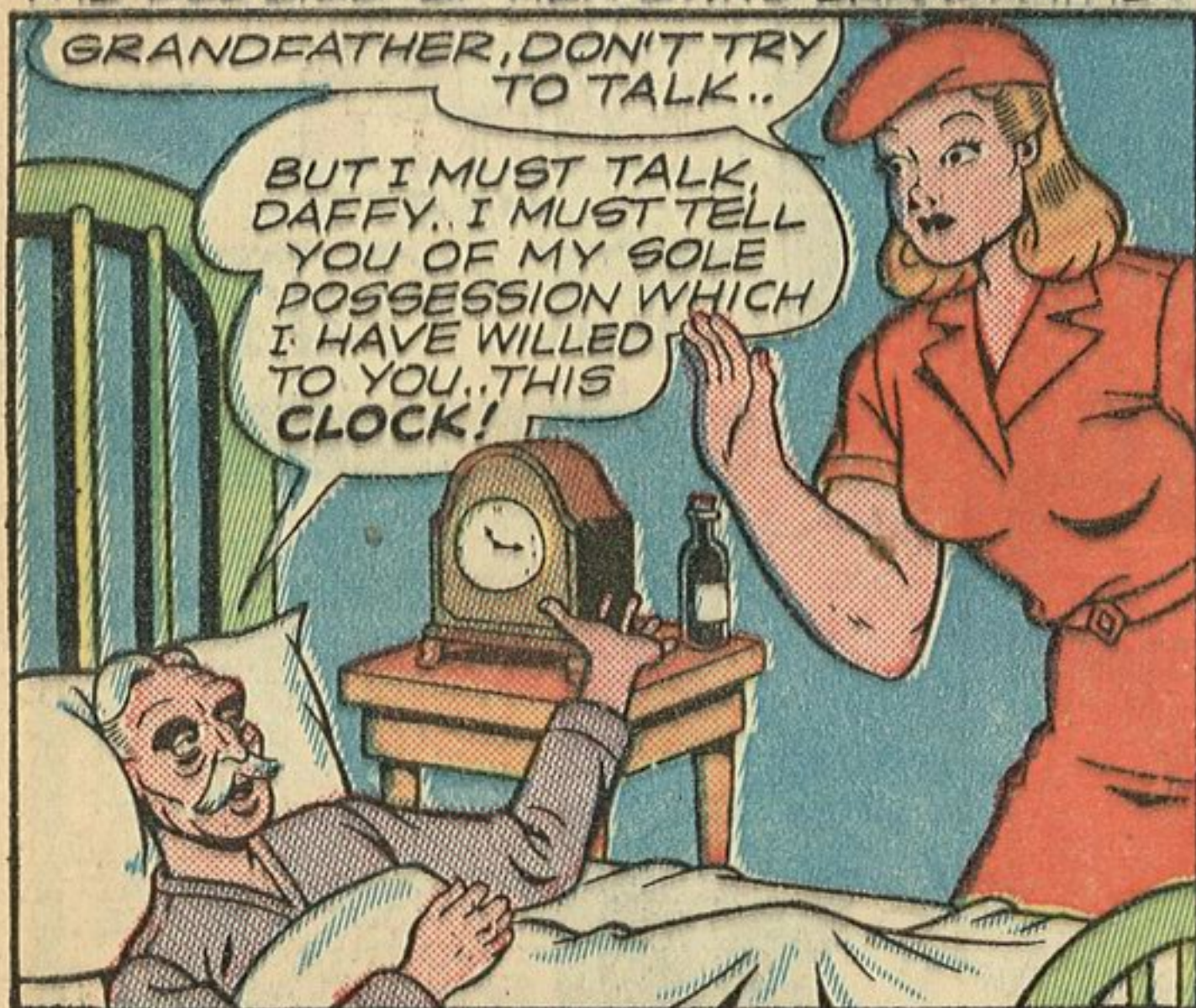


IT ALL STARTED WHEN DAFFY RECEIVED A TELEGRAM..

DEAR MISS DILL..
YOUR GRANDFATHER
VERY ILL.. STOP..
WILL NOT LAST
LONG..
SIGNED..
DR. BROWN

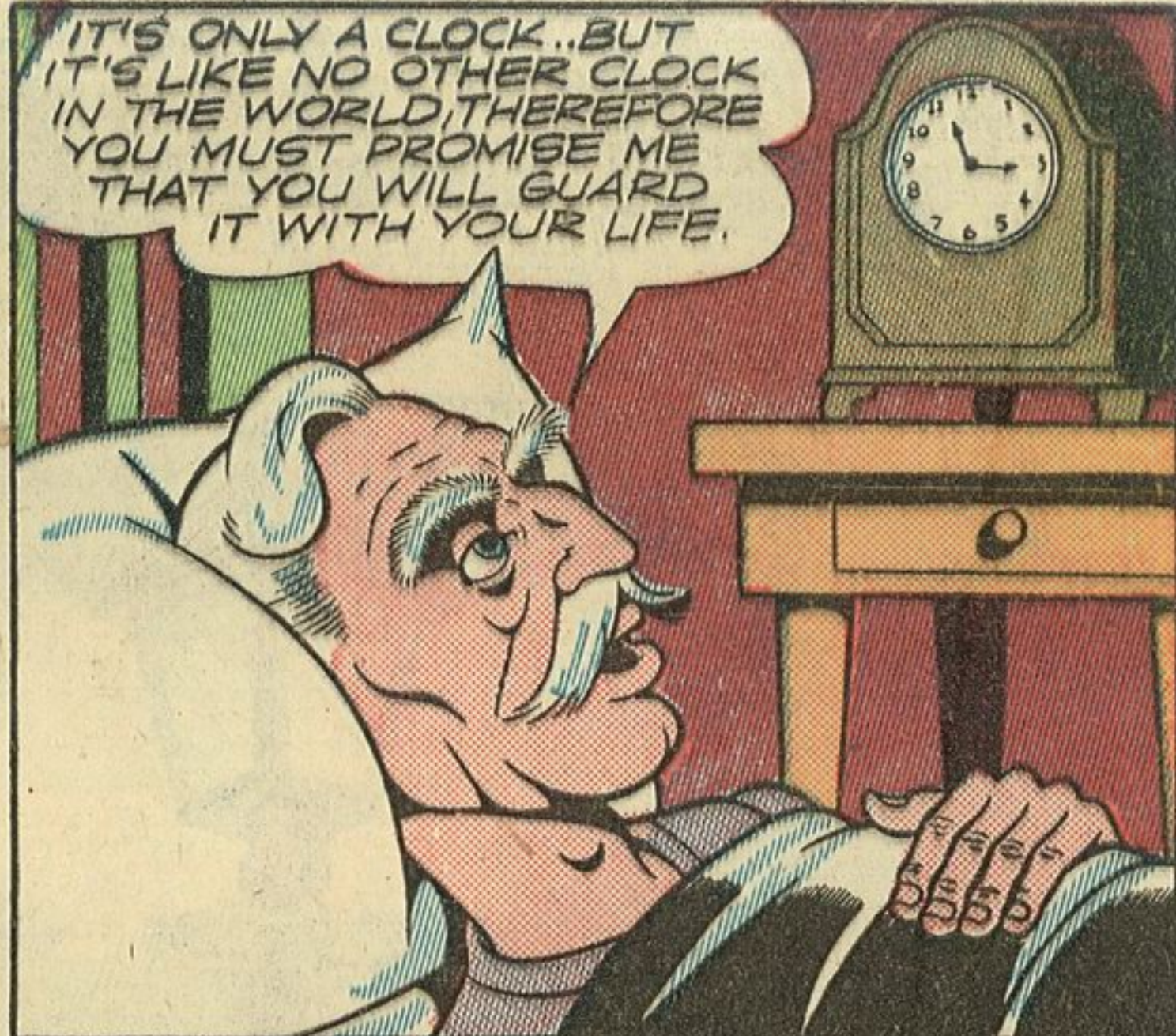
by GILL
FOX-

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, DAFFY REACHES THE BEDSIDE OF HER DYING GRANDFATHER



GRANDFATHER, DON'T TRY TO TALK..

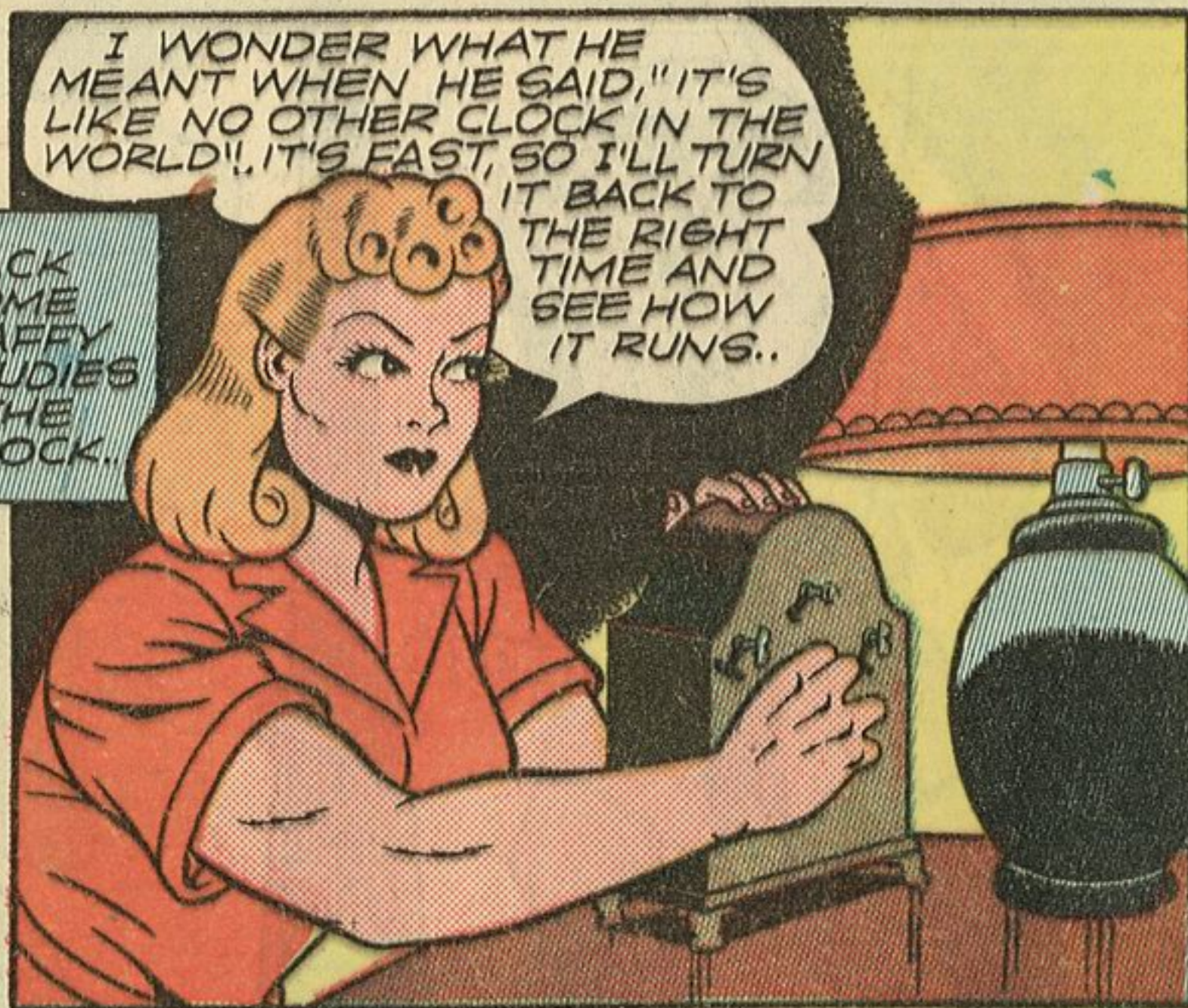
BUT I MUST TALK, DAFFY. I MUST TELL YOU OF MY SOLE POSSESSION WHICH I HAVE WILLED TO YOU.. THIS CLOCK!



IT'S ONLY A CLOCK.. BUT IT'S LIKE NO OTHER CLOCK IN THE WORLD, THEREFORE YOU MUST PROMISE ME THAT YOU WILL GUARD IT WITH YOUR LIFE.



I PROMISE, GRANDPA, BUT WHAT HE'S DEAD!



I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT WHEN HE SAID, "IT'S LIKE NO OTHER CLOCK IN THE WORLD". IT'S FAST, SO I'LL TURN IT BACK TO THE RIGHT TIME AND SEE HOW IT RUNS..

BACK HOME DAFFY STUDIES THE CLOCK..



WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS DAFFY REALIZES THAT HER SURROUNDINGS HAVE CHANGED..

WHY, THOSE MEN ARE DRESSED IN CIVIL WAR UNIFORMS!

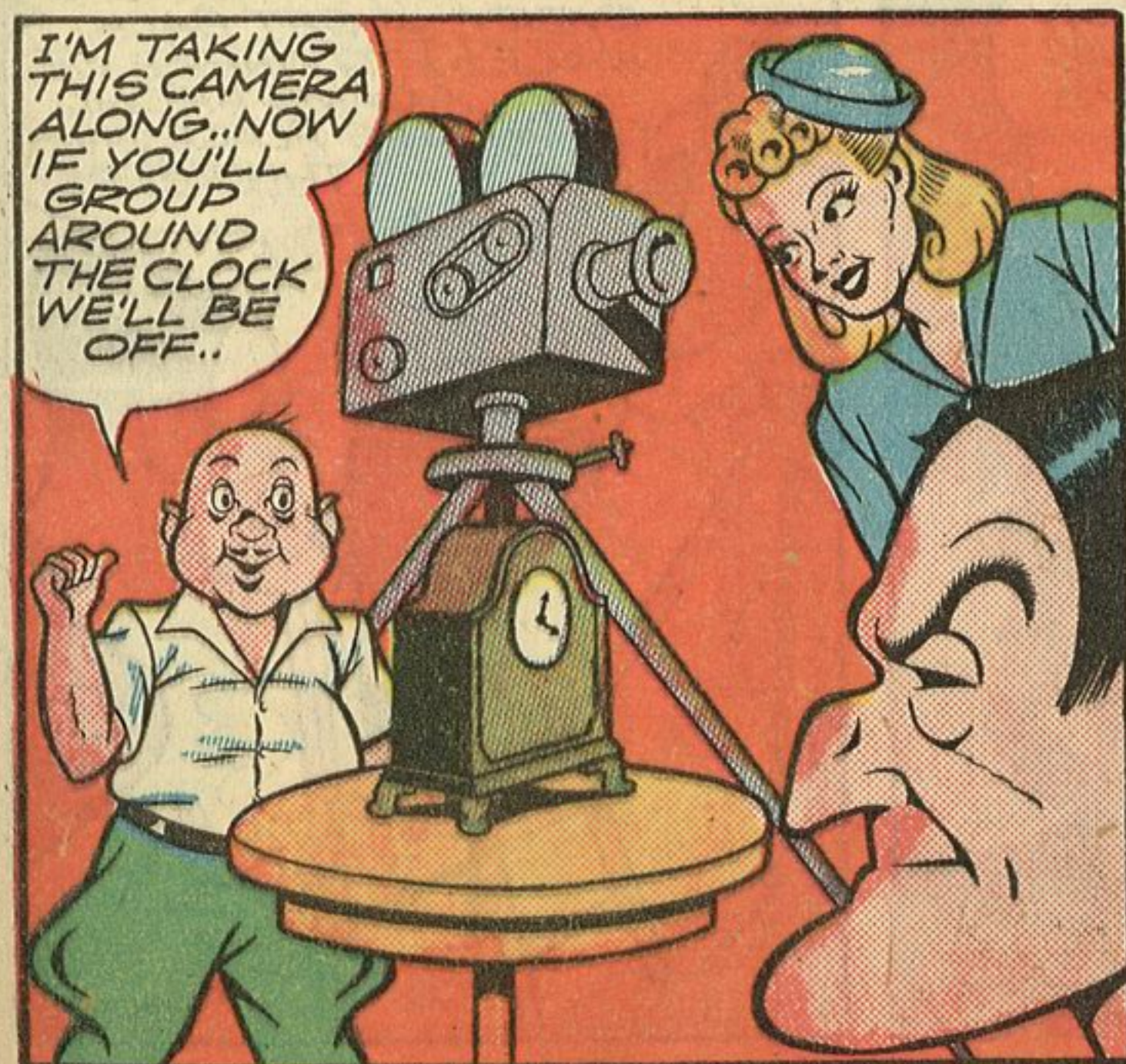
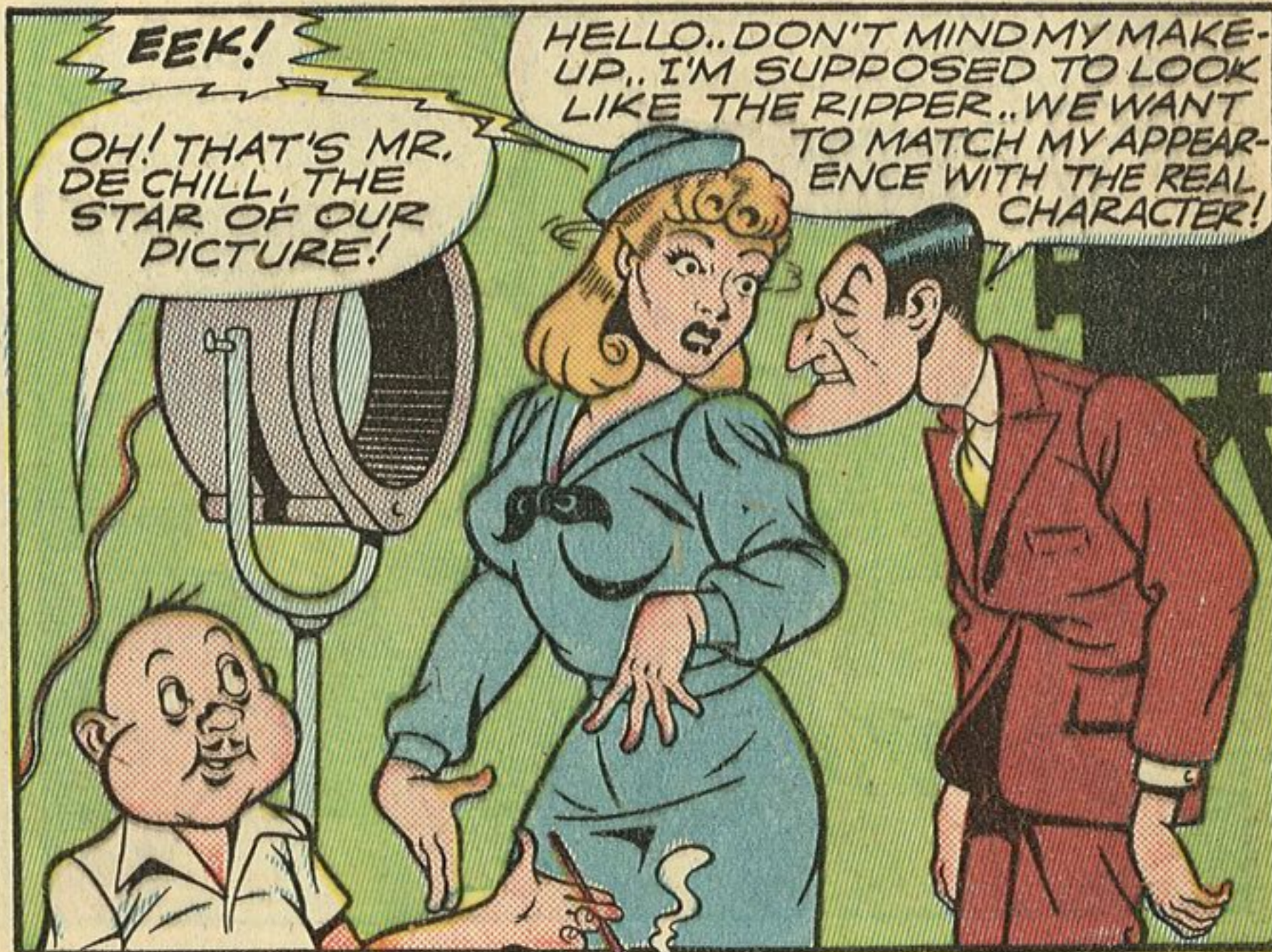
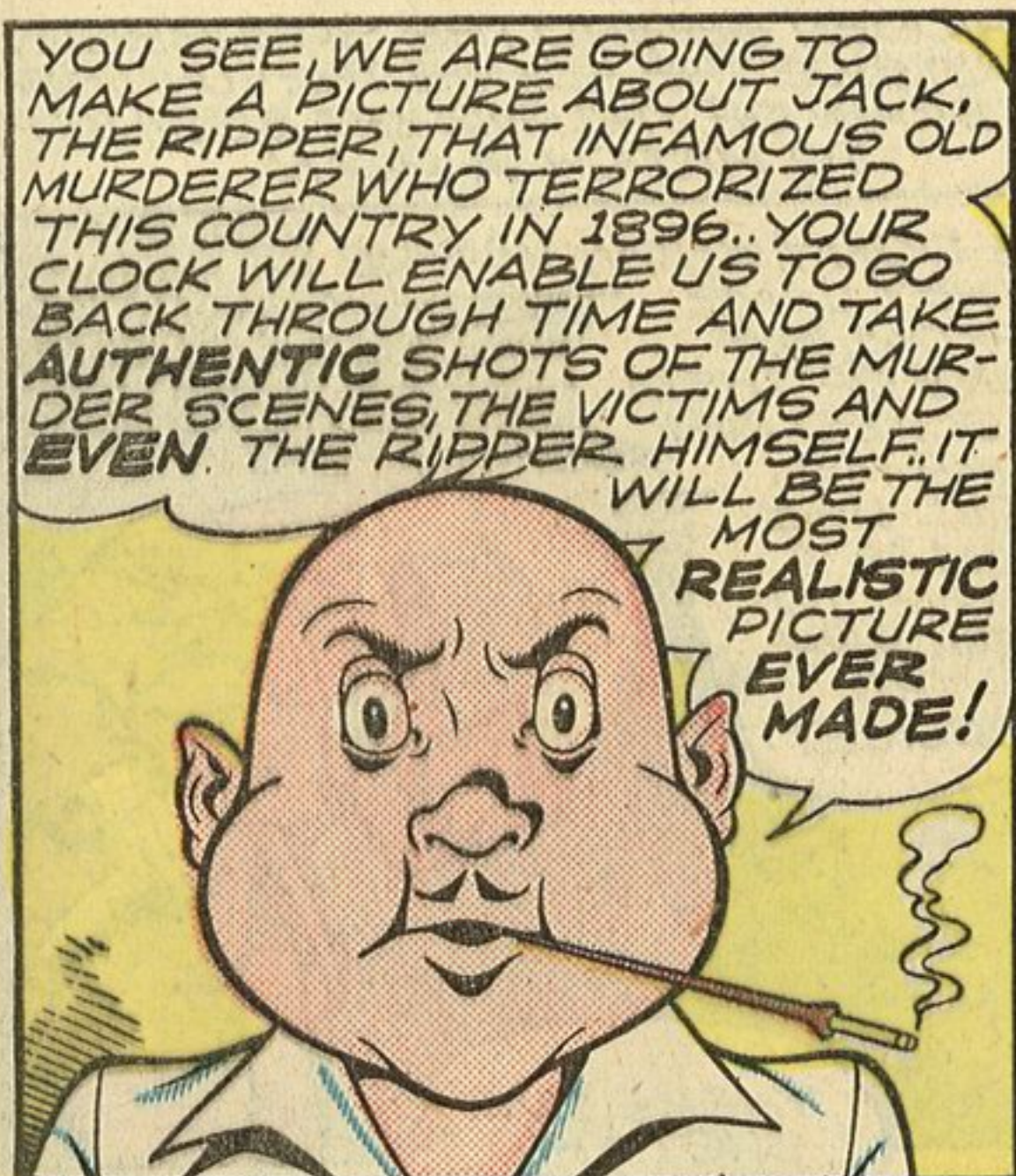


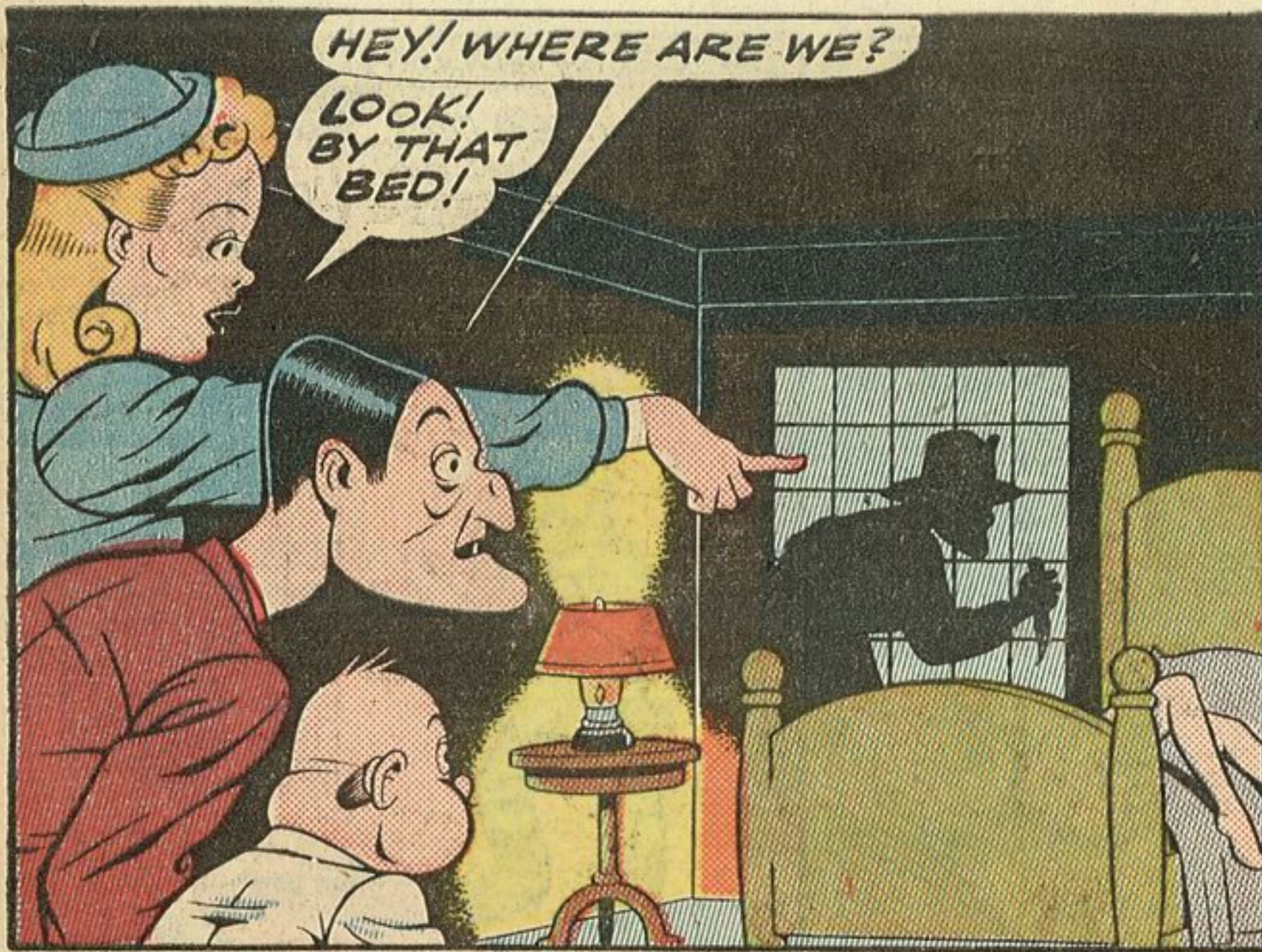
SAY WHERE'D THET GAL COME FROM?

NOW I KNOW WHAT GRANDPA MEANT.. THIS CLOCK IS A TIME MACHINE! FOR EVERY 12 HOURS IT'S TURNED BACK, YOU GO 75 YEARS INTO THE PAST.. I'LL TURN IT FORWARD AND GET BACK TO THE PRESENT!



UPON HER RETURN TO THE PRESENT, THE STORY OF DAFFY'S AMAZING CLOCK IS SPREAD ALL OVER THE NEWSPAPERS, SO IT IS NO SURPRISE WHEN DAFFY RECEIVES A VISITOR...





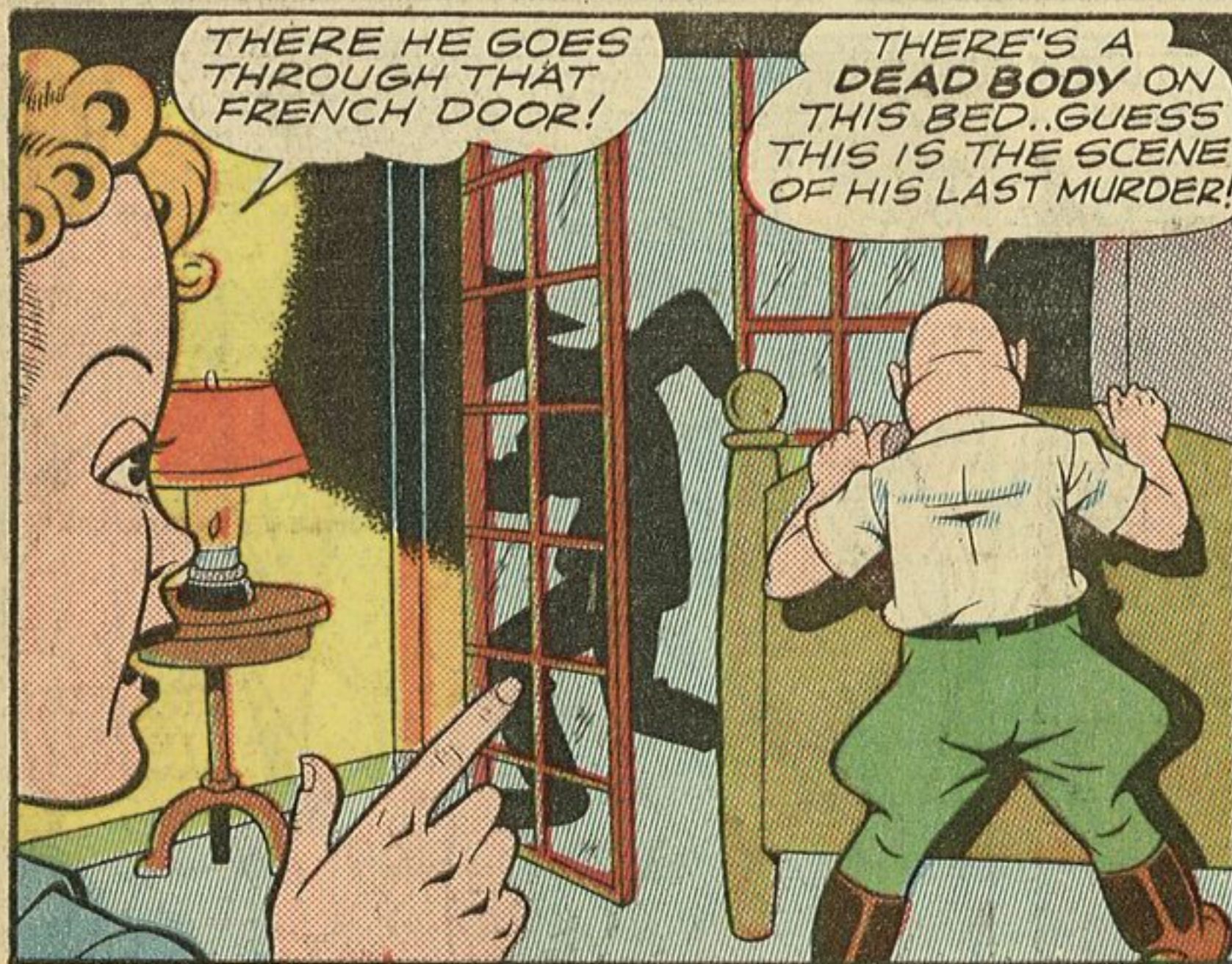
HEY! WHERE ARE WE?

LOOK!
BY THAT
BED!



A MAN WITH A KNIFE!
IT MUST BE JACK,
THE RIPPER!

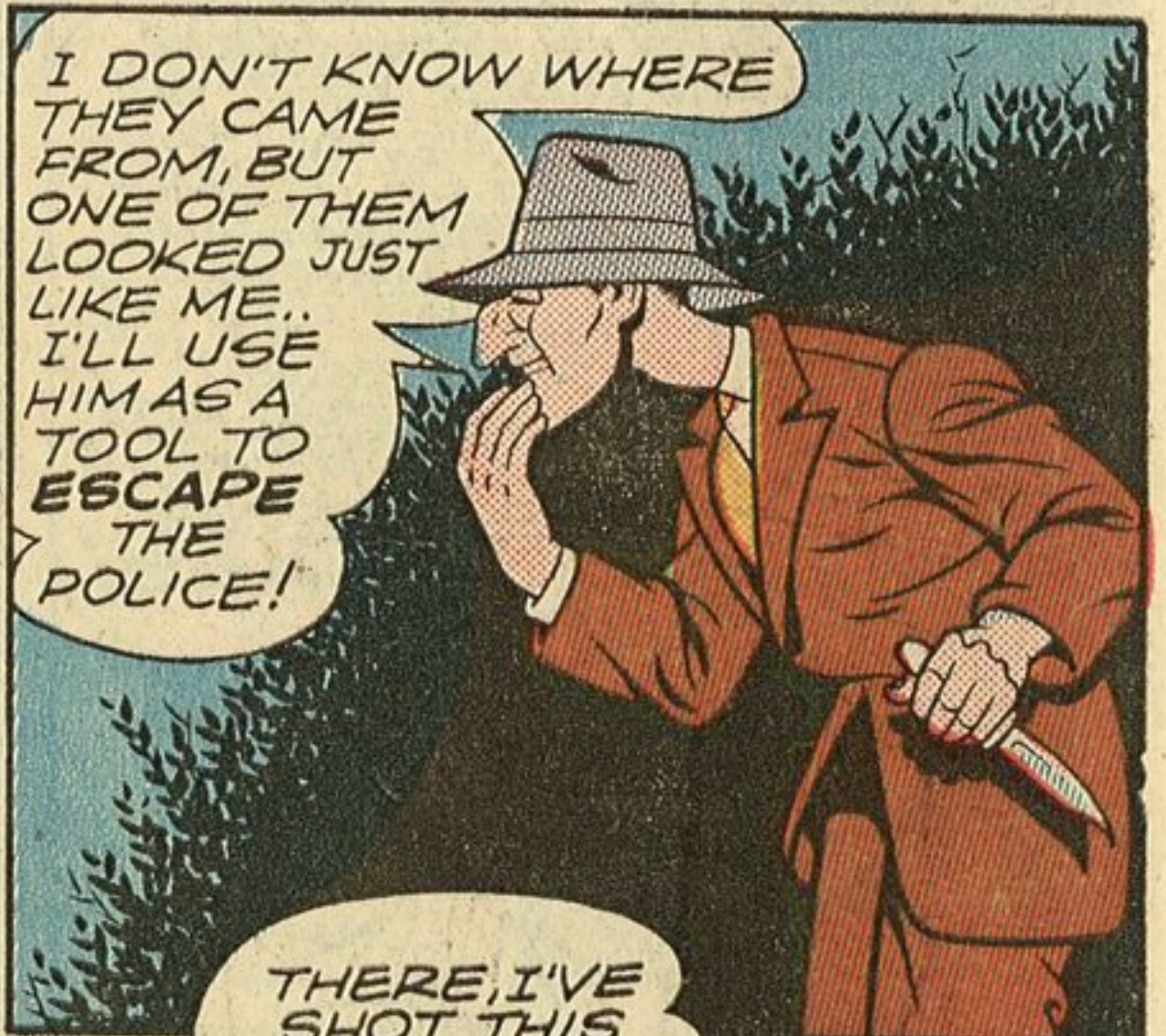
WHO'S
THAT?!



THERE HE GOES
THROUGH THAT
FRENCH DOOR!

THERE'S A
DEAD BODY ON
THIS BED..GUESS
THIS IS THE SCENE
OF HIS LAST MURDER!

HIDDEN BEHIND THE SHRUBBERY
OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, THE CUNNING
BRAIN OF THE RIPPER BEGINS
TO HATCH A PLAN..



I DON'T KNOW WHERE
THEY CAME
FROM, BUT
ONE OF THEM
LOOKED JUST
LIKE ME..
I'LL USE
HIM AS A
TOOL TO
ESCAPE
THE
POLICE!

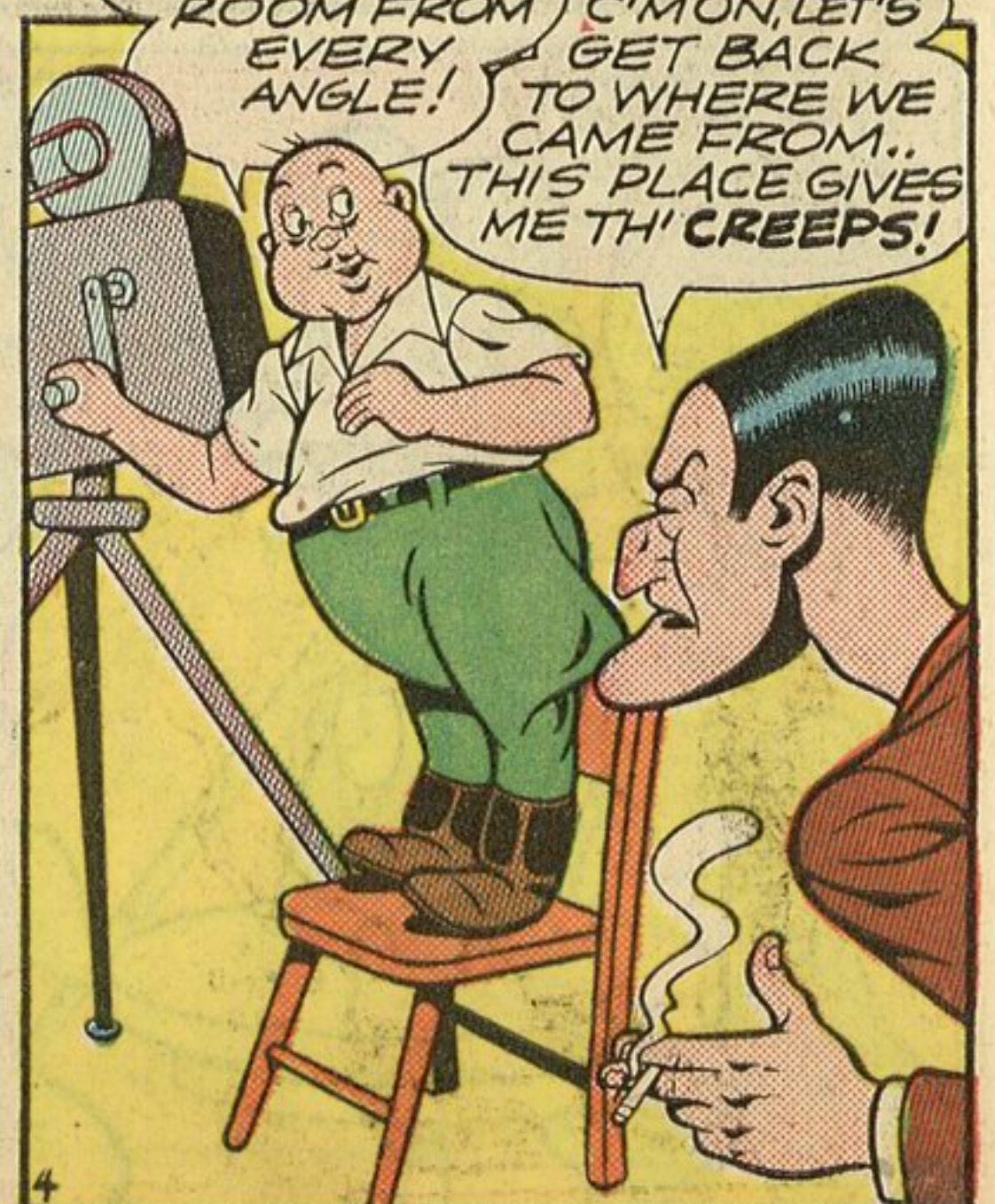


A FEW MINUTES
LATER, WHEN
DAFFY AND
THE DIRECTOR
AREN'T
LOOKING!

THOCK



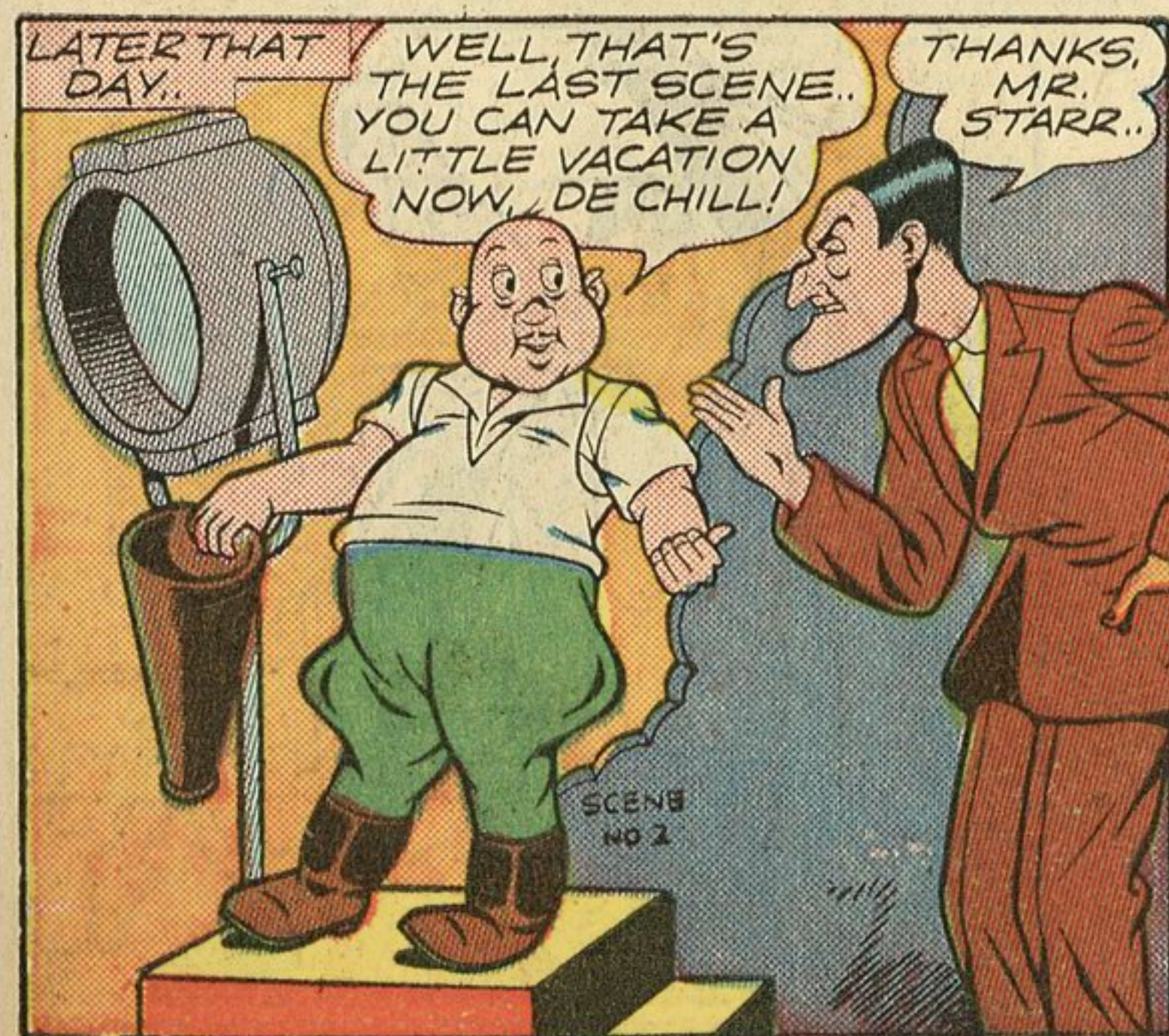
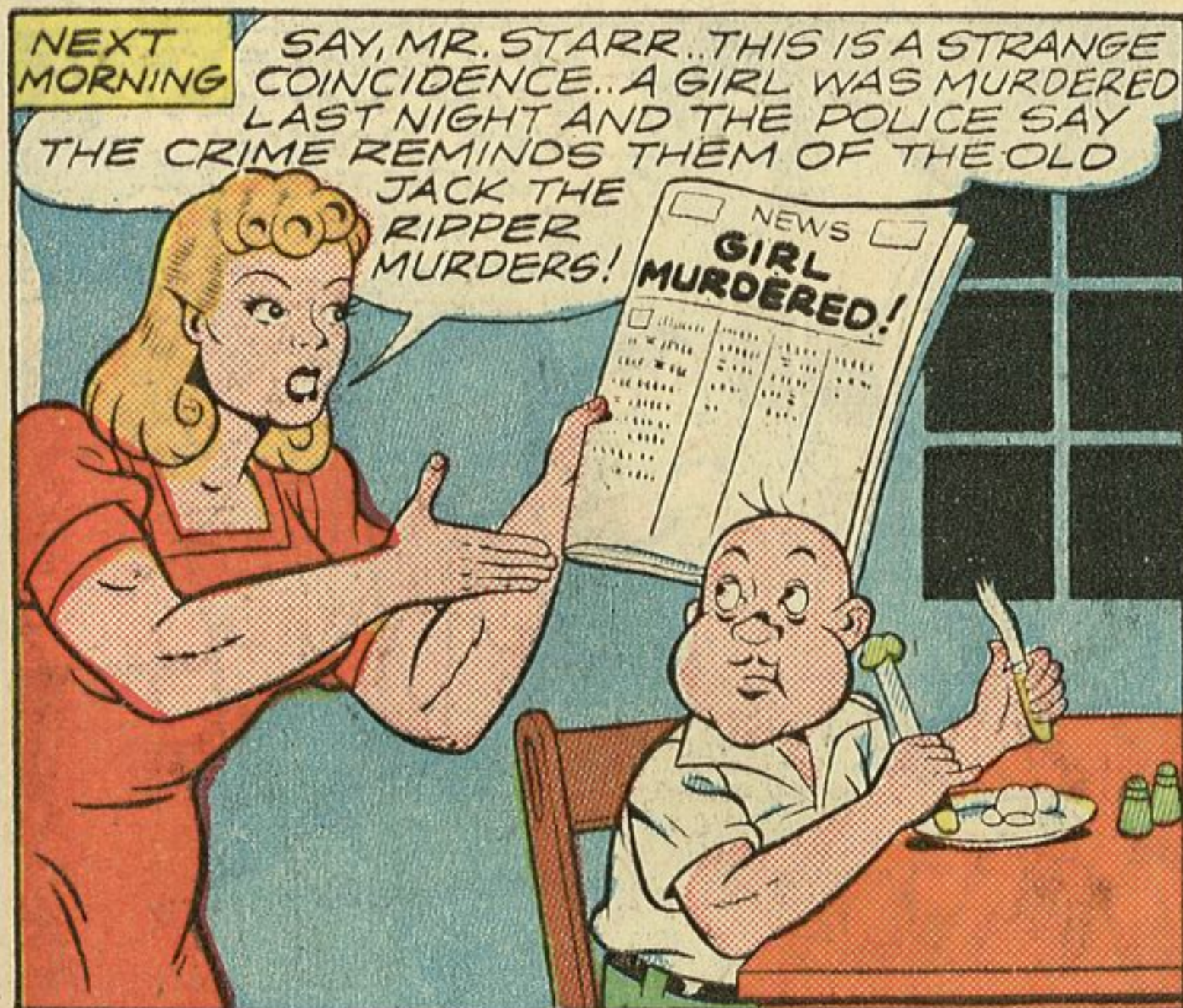
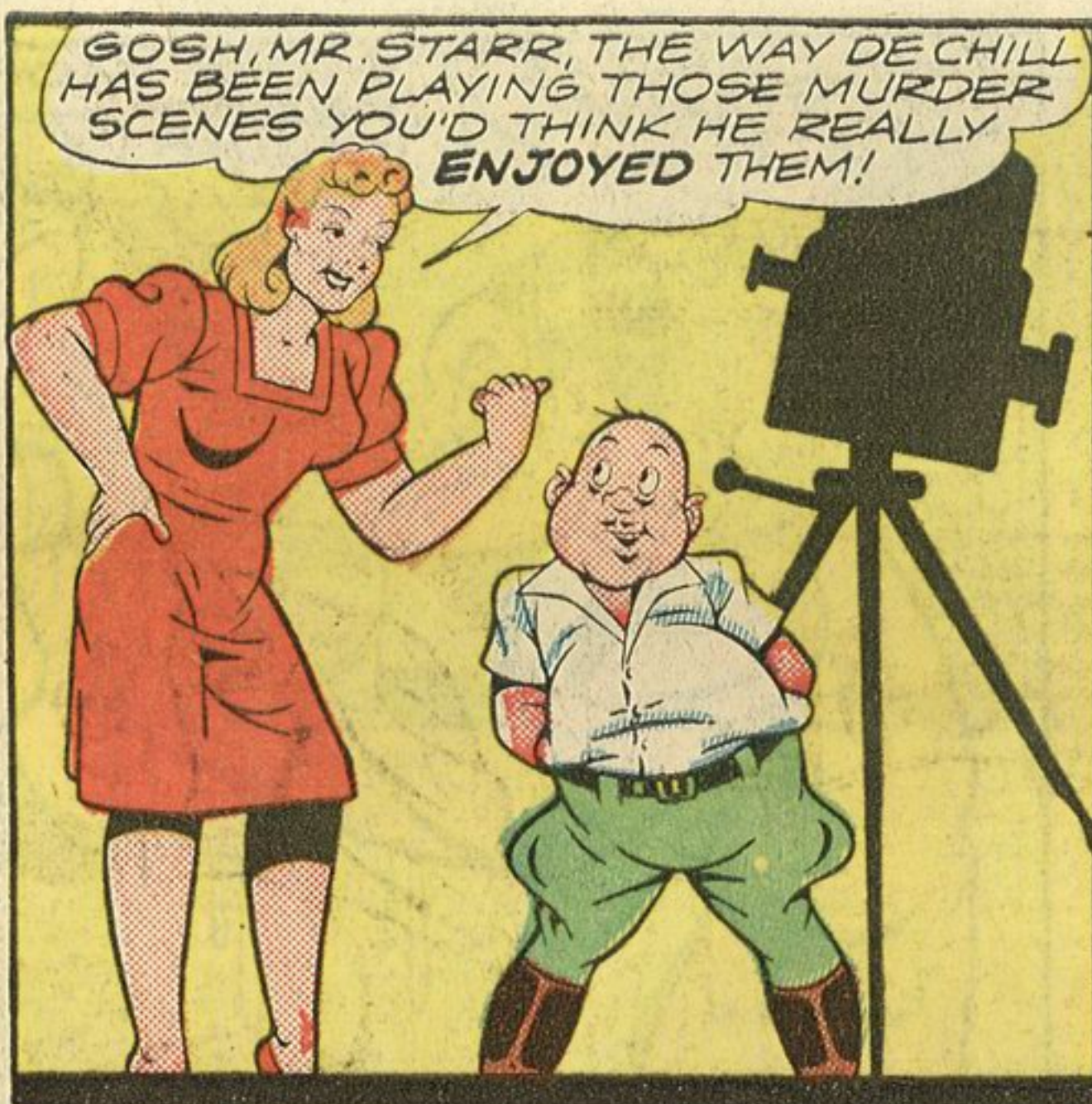
I'VE PUT MY
HAT ON HIS
HEAD..NOW
THEY'LL
NEVER
SUSPECT
ME!

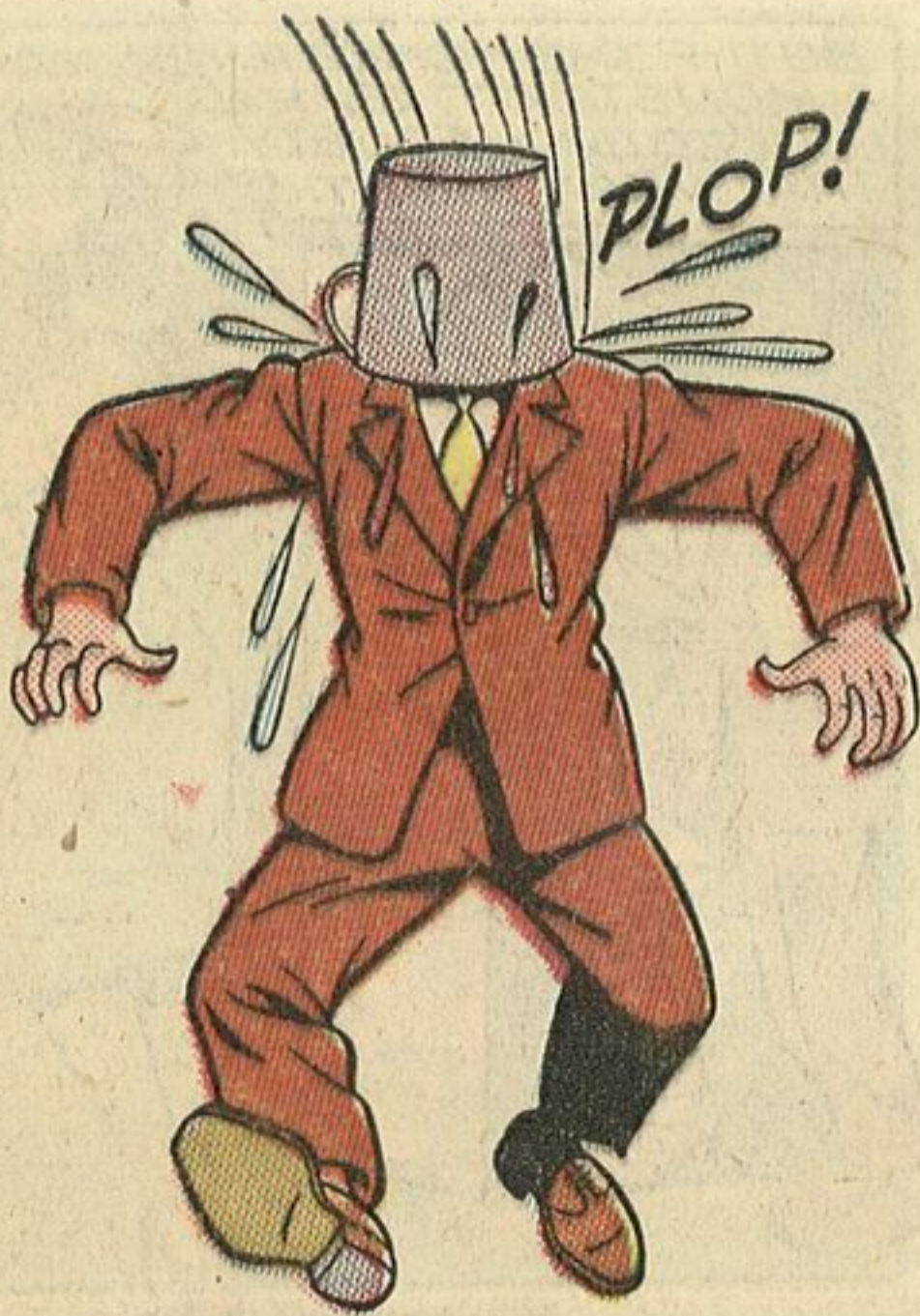


THERE, I'VE
SHOT THIS
ROOM FROM
EVERY
ANGLE!

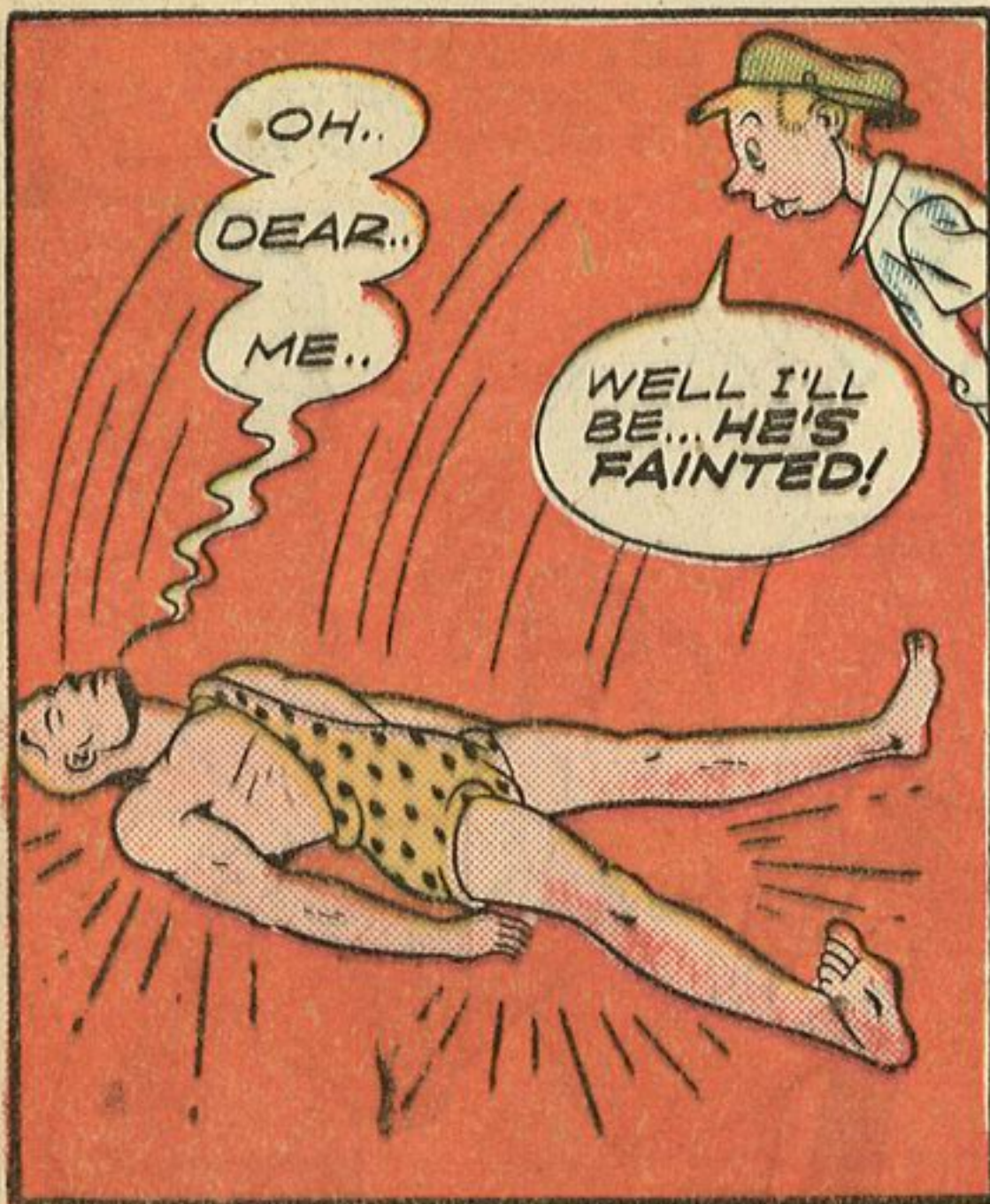
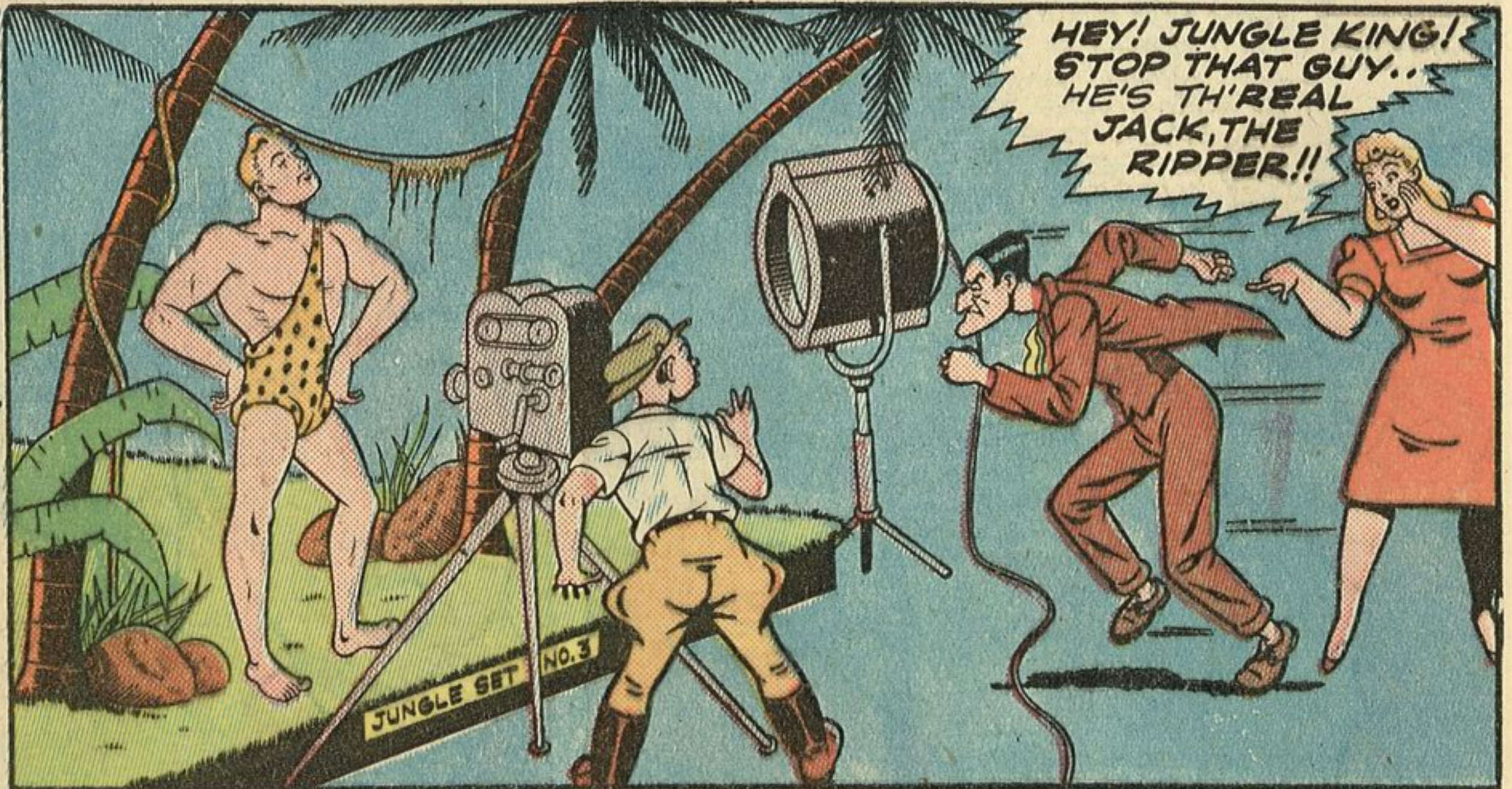
C'MON, LET'S
GET BACK
TO WHERE WE
CAME FROM..
THIS PLACE GIVES
ME TH' CREEPS!

AND SO DAFFY AND DIRECTOR STARR RETURN TO THE PRESENT NEVER REALIZING THAT THE REAL RIPPER ACCOMPANIES THEM.. THUS WE FIND THEM, WEEKS LATER AS THE PICTURE IS NEARING ITS COMPLETION..





REALIZING THAT HE IS DISCOVERED, THE RIPPER DASHES ONTO THE NEIGHBORING SET IN AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE..



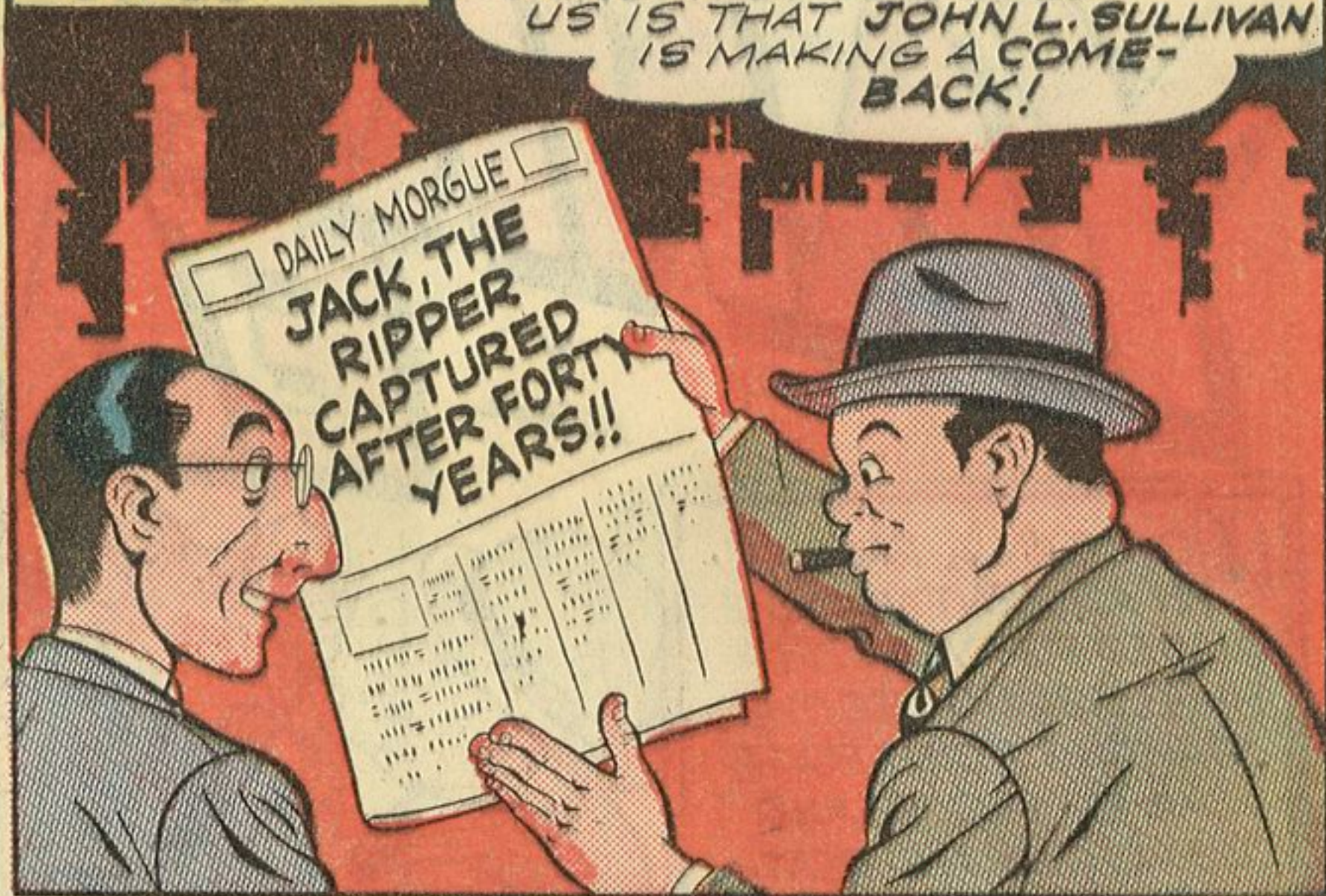
BUT FATE TAKES A HAND AND A JUNGLE TRAP BUILT ON THE SET CAPTURES THE KILLER!!



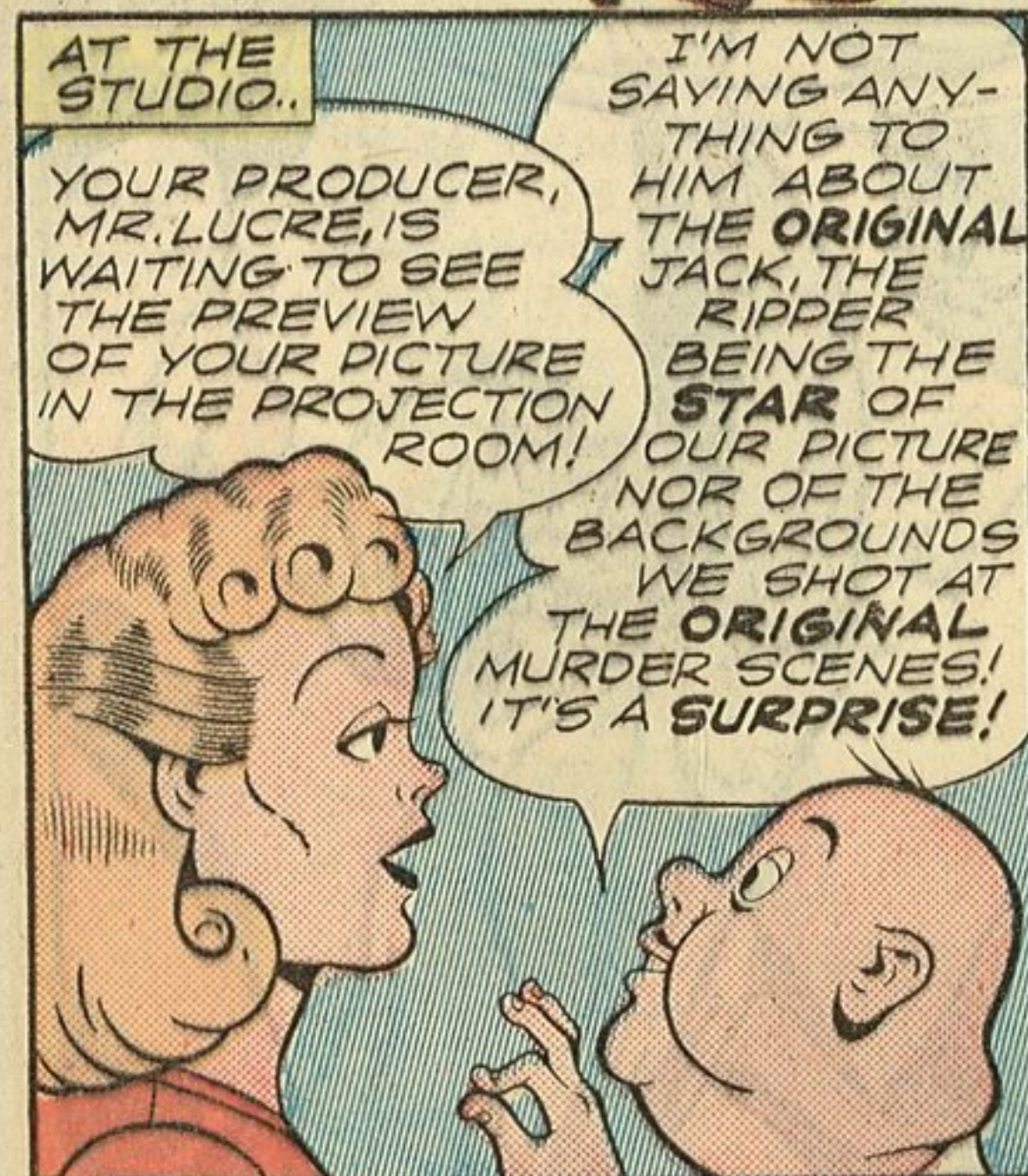


EVER SINCE WE CAME BACK FROM THAT FIRST TRIP IN-TO TH' YEAR 1896 I'VE FELT THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG ABOUT YOU, BUT I COULDN'T PUT MY FINGER ON IT!

LATER ON THE STREET..



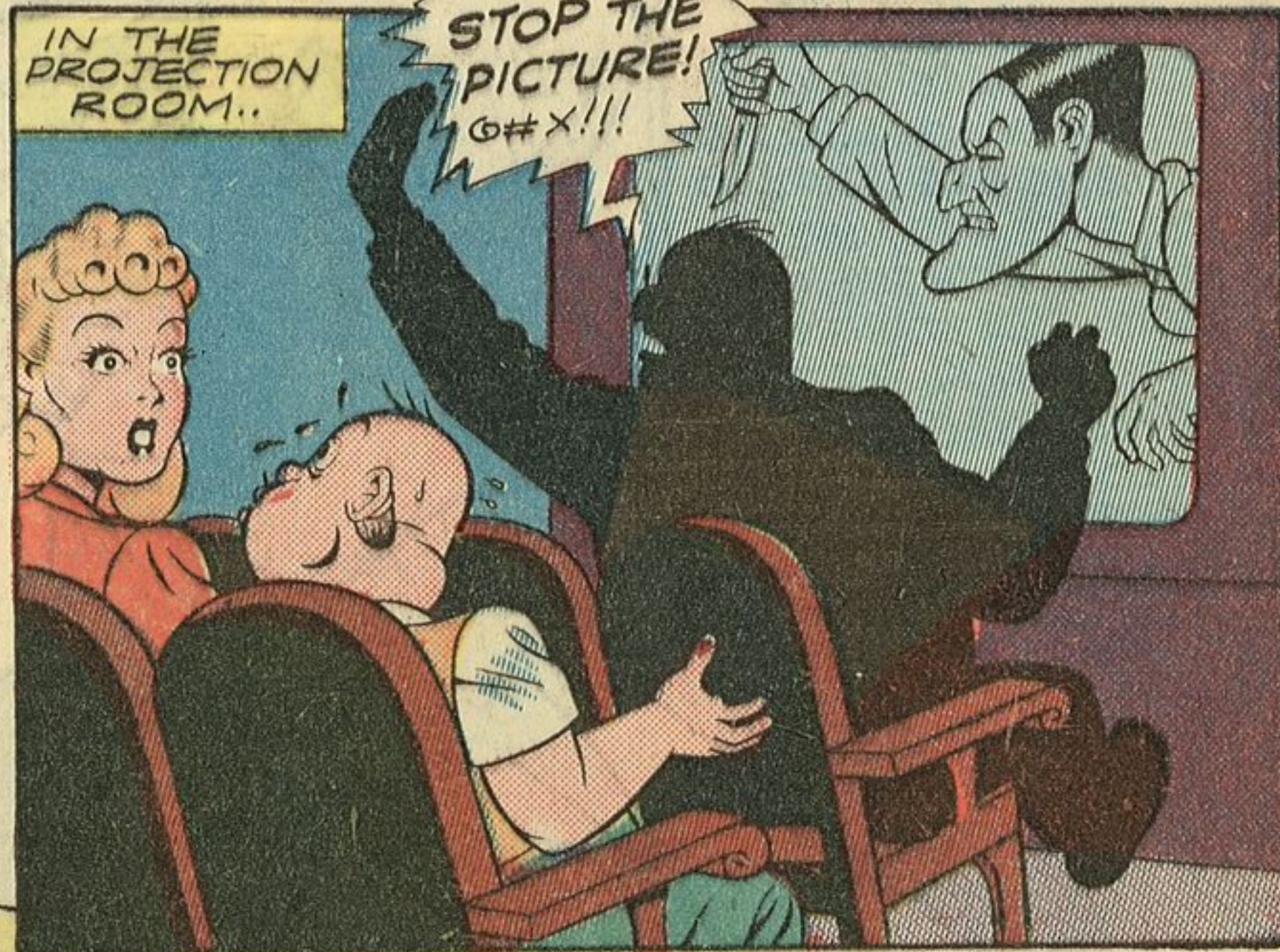
LOOKIT THIS! THE NEXT THING THEY'LL BE TELLIN' US IS THAT JOHN L. SULLIVAN IS MAKING A COME-BACK!



AT THE STUDIO..

YOUR PRODUCER, MR. LUCRE, IS WAITING TO SEE THE PREVIEW OF YOUR PICTURE IN THE PROJECTION ROOM!

I'M NOT SAYING ANY-THING TO HIM ABOUT THE ORIGINAL JACK, THE RIPPER BEING THE STAR OF OUR PICTURE NOR OF THE BACKGROUNDS WE SHOT AT THE ORIGINAL MURDER SCENES! IT'S A SURPRISE!



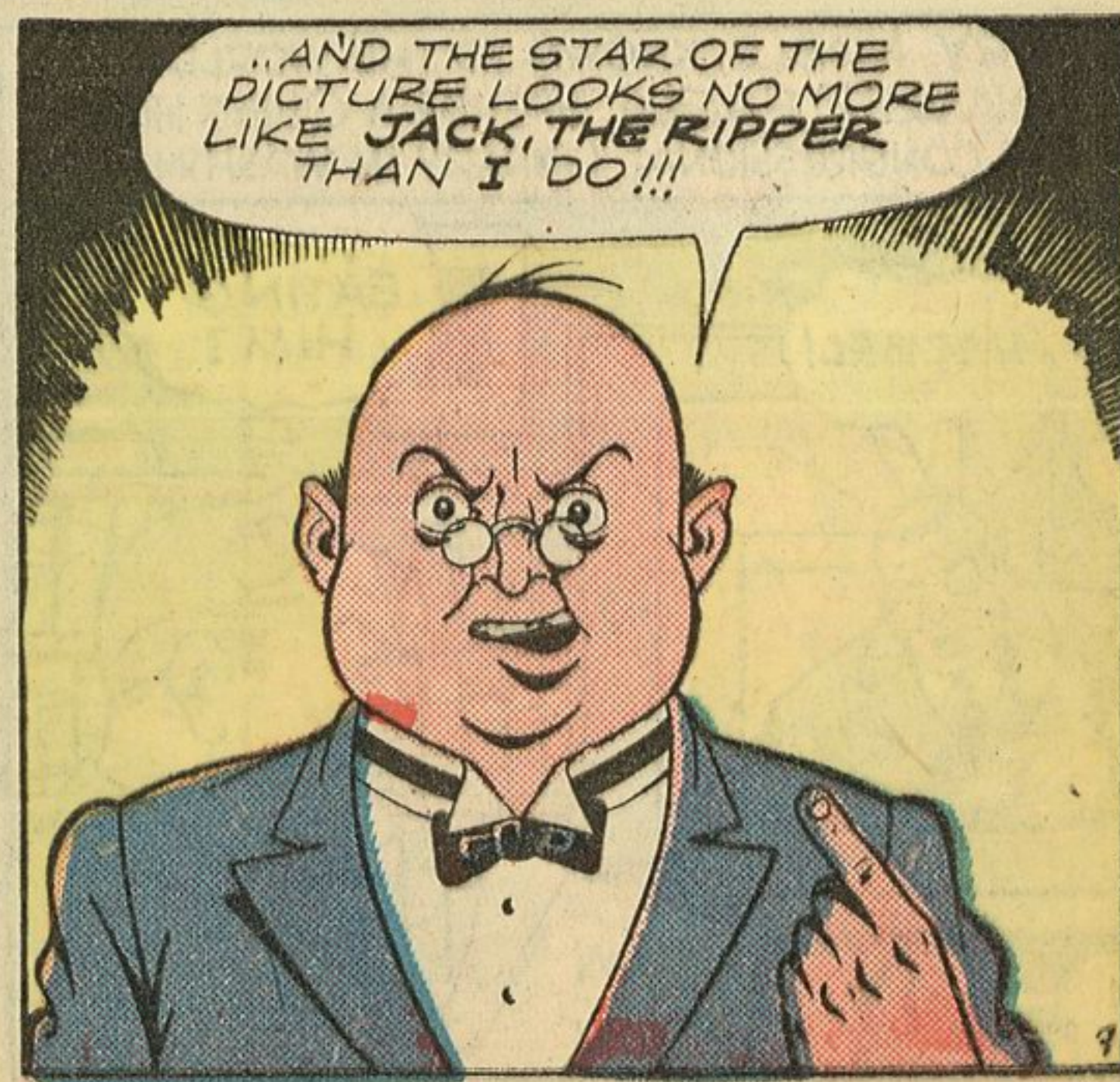
IN THE PROJECTION ROOM..

STOP THE PICTURE! G#X!!!



ANYTHING W-WRONG, M-MR. LUCRE?

EVERYTHING! THOSE ATTEMPTS AT EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUNDS ARE AWFUL!

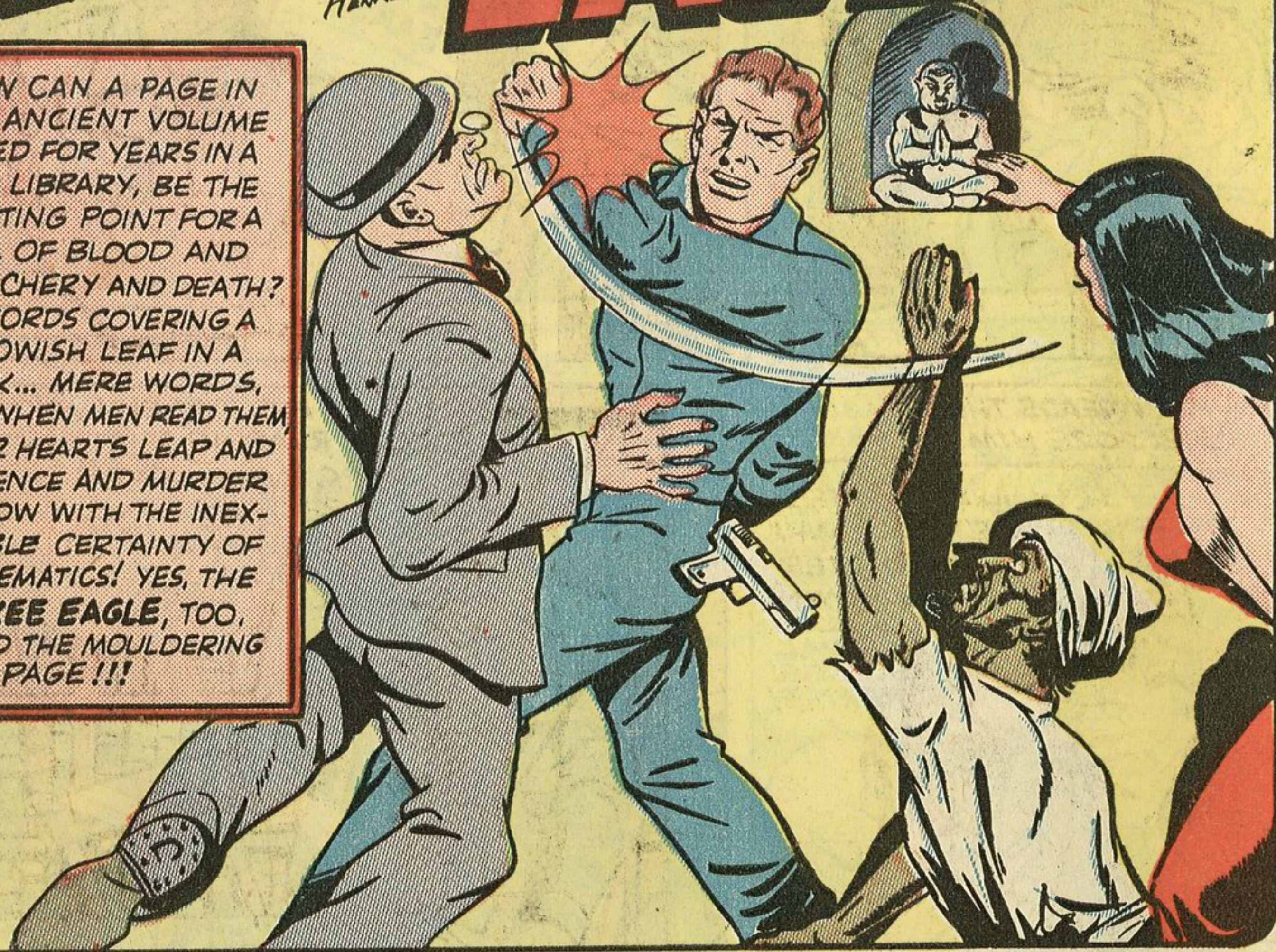


..AND THE STAR OF THE PICTURE LOOKS NO MORE LIKE JACK, THE RIPPER THAN I DO!!!

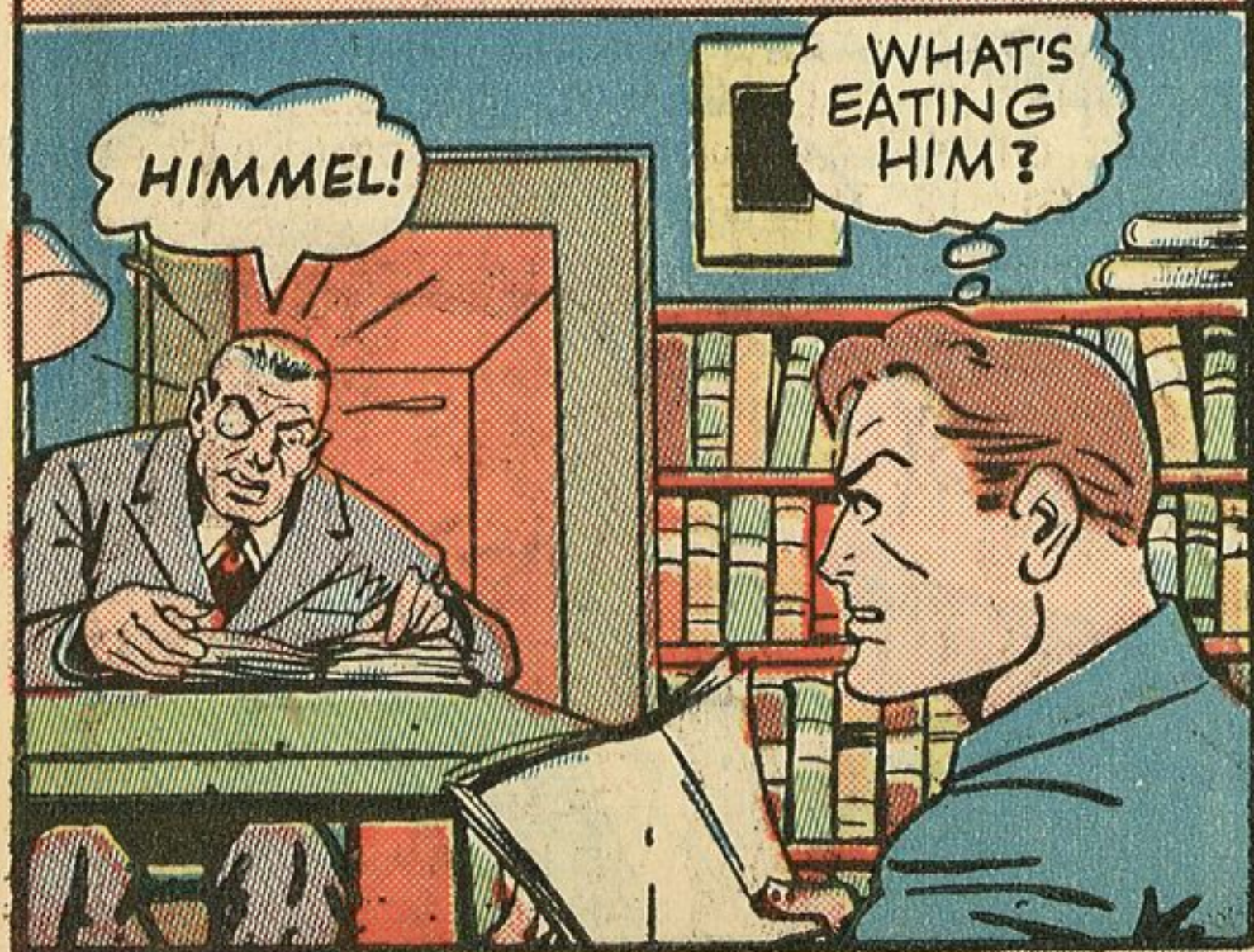
YANKEE EAGLE

by
HENKEL

HOW CAN A PAGE IN AN ANCIENT VOLUME BURIED FOR YEARS IN A HUGE LIBRARY, BE THE STARTING POINT FOR A TRAIL OF BLOOD AND TREACHERY AND DEATH? -- WORDS COVERING A YELLOWISH LEAF IN A BOOK... MERE WORDS, YET WHEN MEN READ THEM, THEIR HEARTS LEAP AND VIOLENCE AND MURDER FOLLOW WITH THE INEXORABLE CERTAINTY OF MATHEMATICS! YES, THE **YANKEE EAGLE**, TOO, READ THE MOULDERING PAGE!!!



LARRY NOBLE, KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS THE **YANKEE EAGLE**, SPENDS A QUIET HOUR IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY IN WASHINGTON...





NOW I SUPPOSE HE HAS TO CATCH A TRAIN! CURIOSITY ONCE KILLED A CAT, BUT I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT MADE THAT DUCK ACT SO GOOFY!



THIS BOOK MUST BE HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD! IT'S READY TO FALL APART!

AS LARRY READS THE PAGE BEFORE HIM...

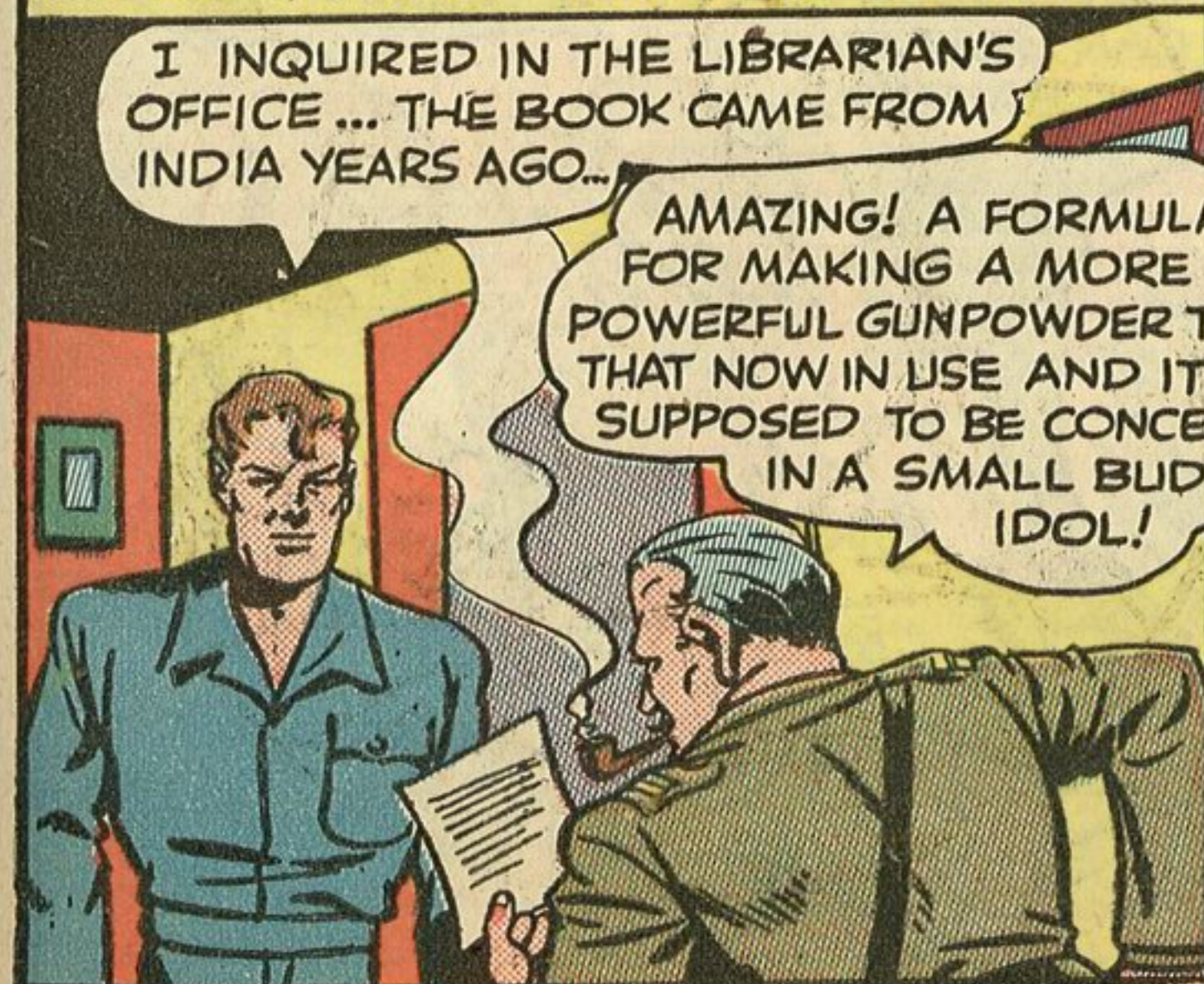


HOLY JUMPIN' CATFISH! IF THIS IS TRUE... WHAT A FIND! I'D BETTER COPY THIS DOWN!



AND THE GUY WHO WAS READING THAT MADE A CRACK IN GERMAN! I'D BETTER GO INTO A HUDDLE WITH ARMY INTELLIGENCE ABOUT THIS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

CLOSETED WITH AN ARMY INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, LARRY TELLS HIS STORY...



I INQUIRED IN THE LIBRARIAN'S OFFICE ... THE BOOK CAME FROM INDIA YEARS AGO...

AMAZING! A FORMULA FOR MAKING A MORE POWERFUL GUNPOWDER THAN THAT NOW IN USE AND IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE CONCEALED IN A SMALL BUDDHA IDOL!



IT SOUNDS INCREDIBLE TO ME, TOO, SIR, BUT STRANGE THINGS HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED IN INDIA! THINK OF WHAT IT WILL MEAN TO THE SIDE THAT GETS ITS HANDS ON THE FORMULA FIRST! LET ME GO AFTER IT!

THE YANKEE EAGLE HAS WORKED FOR US BEFORE AND WE KNOW WHAT HE CAN DO! YOU CAN LEAVE AT ONCE!

WEEKS LATER IN NORTHERN INDIA...

BUT I CAN OFFER
YOU A FORTUNE FOR
THE IDOL! YOU WILL
BE THE RICHEST MAN
IN INDIA!

WEALTH
IS A CURSE!
THE IDOL IS
SACRED... WE
CANNOT
SELL IT!



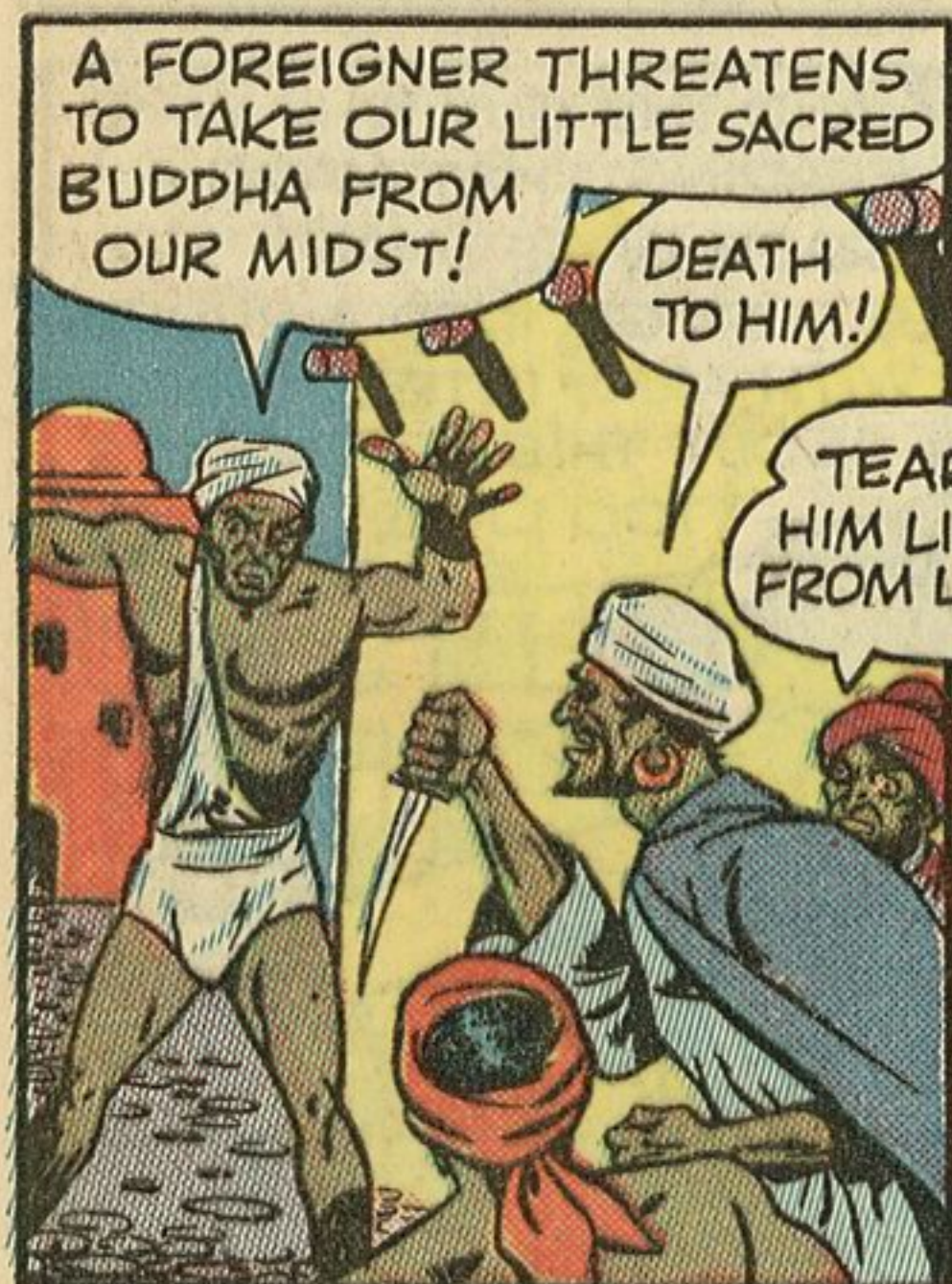
A FOREIGNER THREATENS
TO TAKE OUR LITTLE SACRED
BUDDHA FROM
OUR MIDST!

DEATH
TO HIM!

TEAR
HIM LIMB
FROM LIMB!

I AM A LOVER OF
PEACE BUT I WILL BE POWER-
LESS TO HELP YOU IF THE
PEOPLE SEIZE YOU! THEY
MUST HAVE LEARNED THAT
YOU DESIRE THE SACRED
BUDDHA!

IF YOU HAD NOT WASTED
MY TIME, THIS WOULD NOT
HAVE HAPPENED! YOU COULD
HAVE HAD RICHES - INSTEAD
YOU SHALL HAVE DEATH!

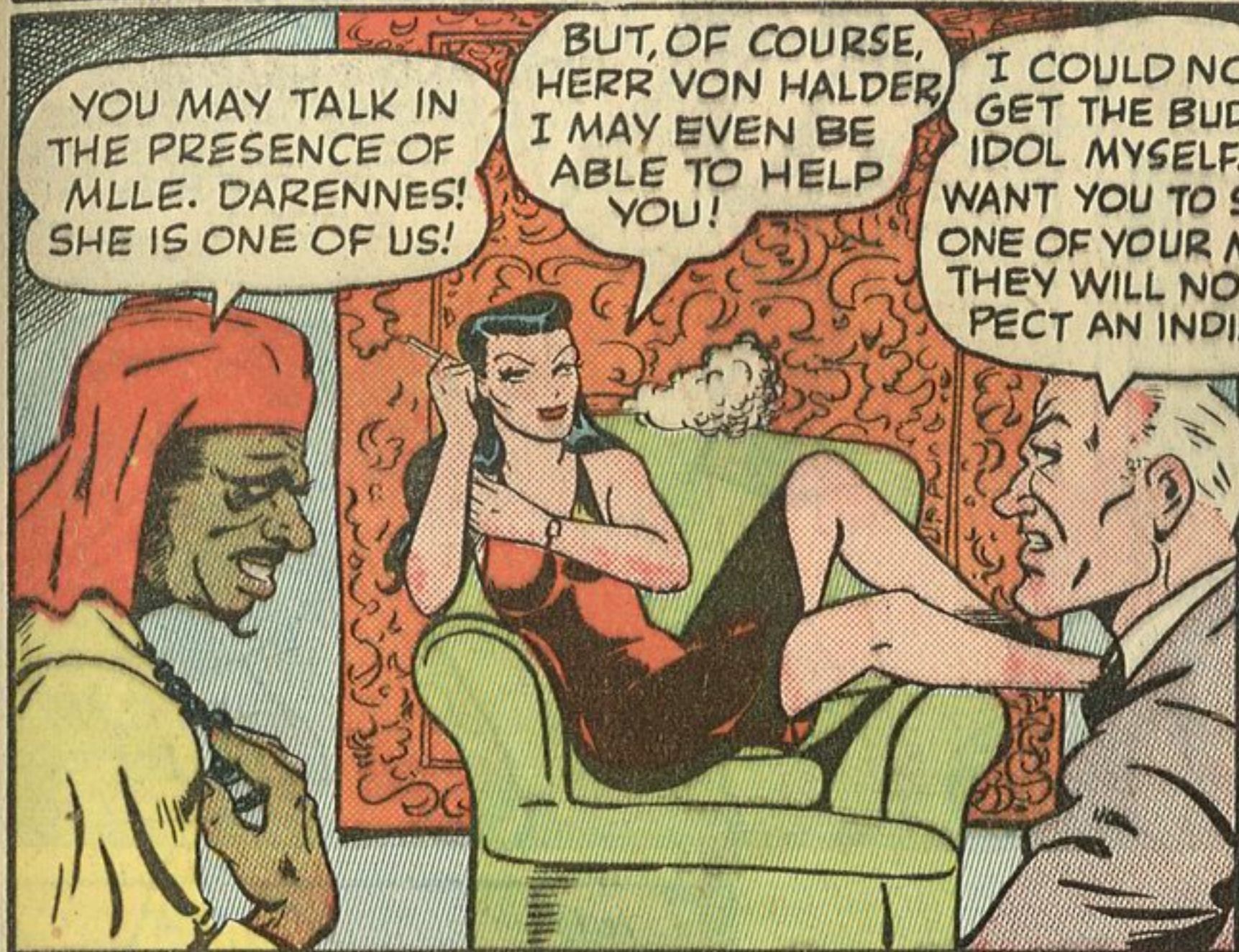


KILL HIM!
HE DEFILES
THE BUDDHA!

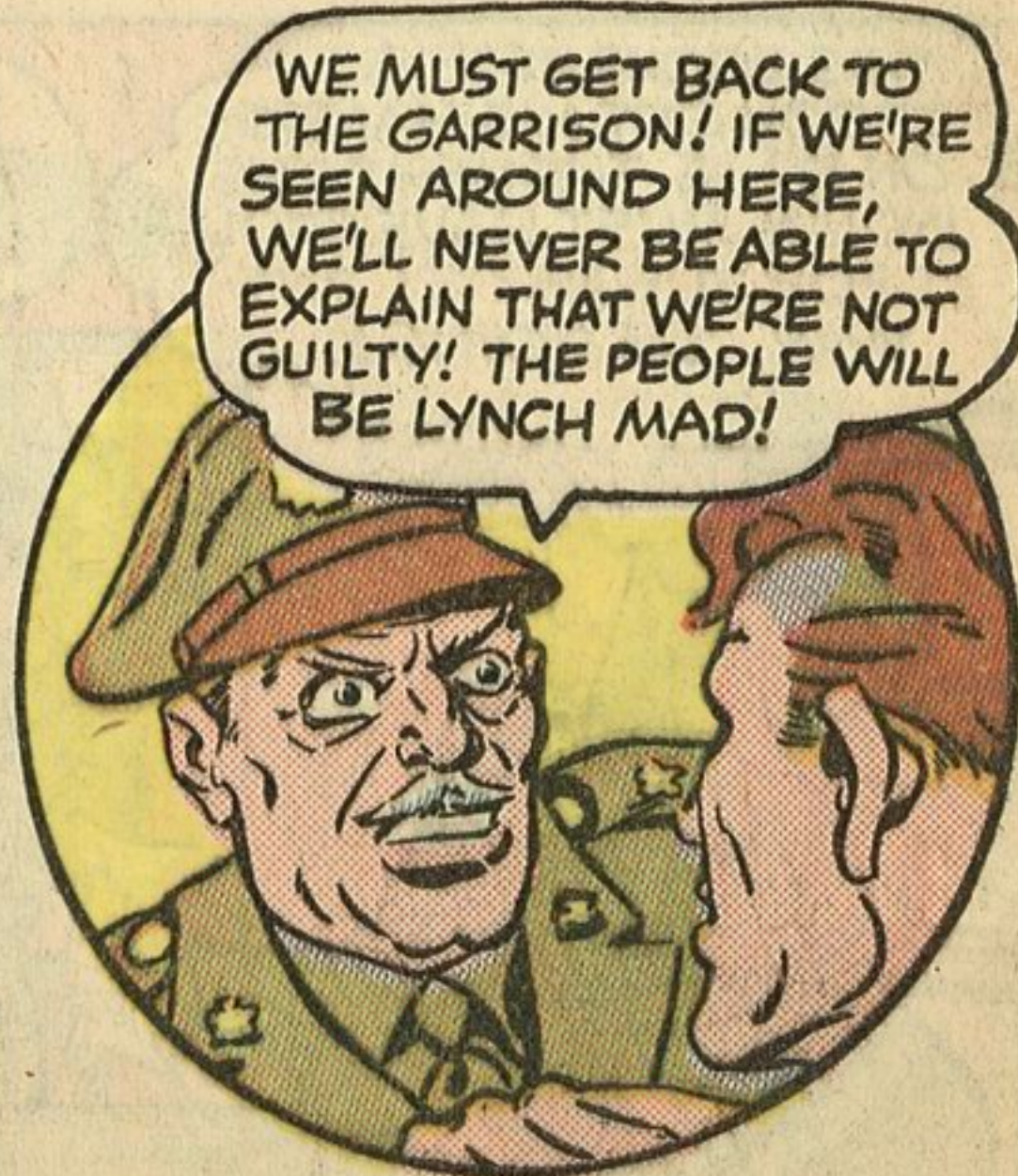
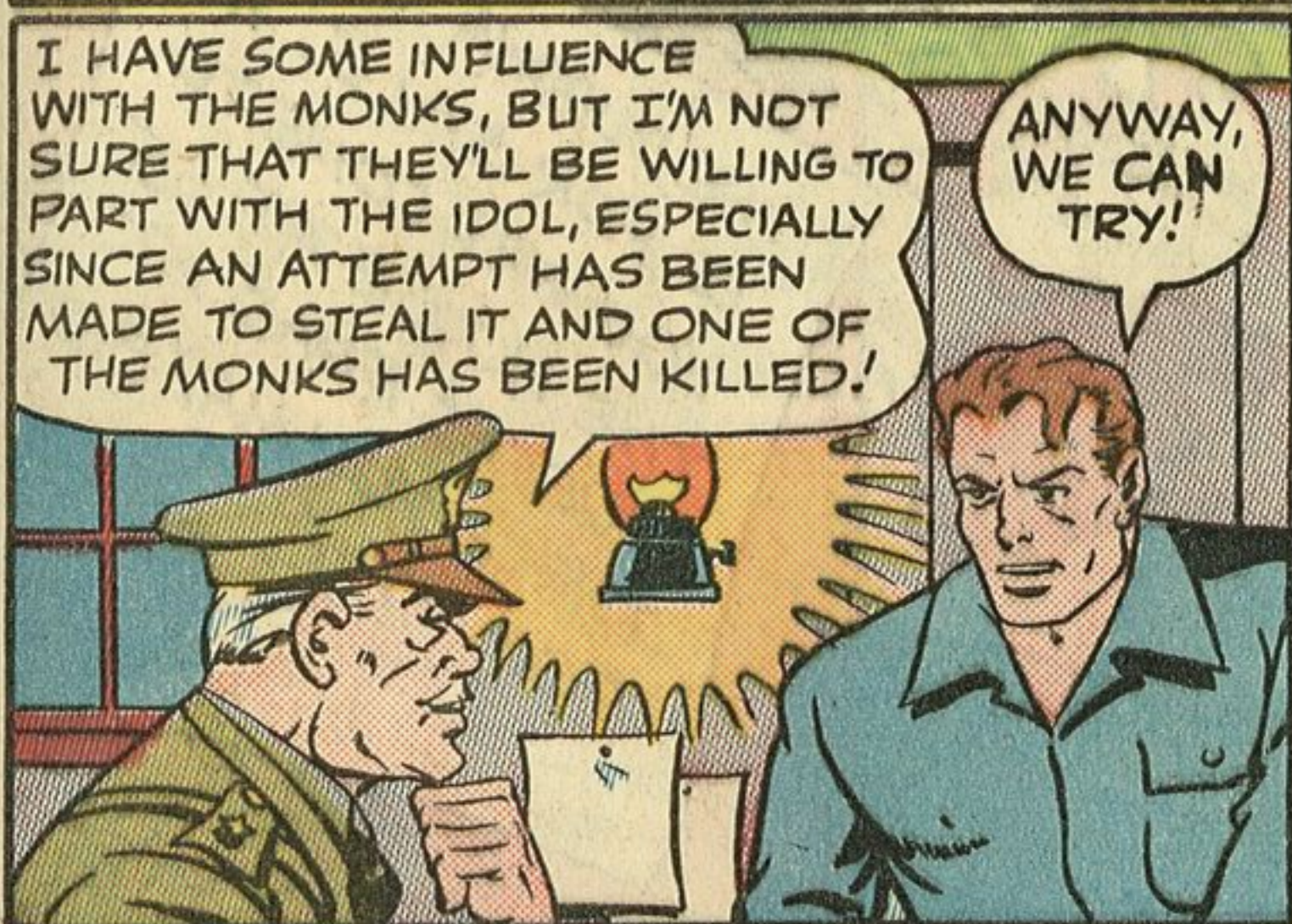
THE DAY HAS NOT
COME WHEN FILTHY
DOGS SUCH AS YOU
CAN BEST KURT VON
HALDER!



IN THE SHOP OF PARAHL, THE RUG DEALER, VON HALDER FINDS MEN WHO WILL HELP HIM....



MEANWHILE... AT A NEARBY BRITISH GARRISON...



THE INDIAN ARRIVES AT THE RUG DEALER'S SHOP...

WHERE IS THE MASTER AND THE FOREIGNER?

THEY HAVE NOT COME YET -- BUT YOU WILL NOT NEED TO SEE THEM!

A DEAD MAN CANNOT BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR FAILURE -- AND I'M TAKING THE BUDDHA! RUMOR TRAVELS FAST IN INDIA AND I HEAR THAT THE BRITISH, TOO, DESIRE THE IDOL! LILI DARENNE SELLS TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

BANG!

NEXT DAY, AS THE YANKEE EAGLE WAITS IMPATIENTLY IN THE COLONEL'S OFFICE...

I TELL YOU WE'VE GOT TO HAVE THE BUDDHA, REGARDLESS OF THE WAY THE PEOPLE FEEL! IT MAY MEAN A QUICKER VICTORY!

CRASH!

WHAT THE--!

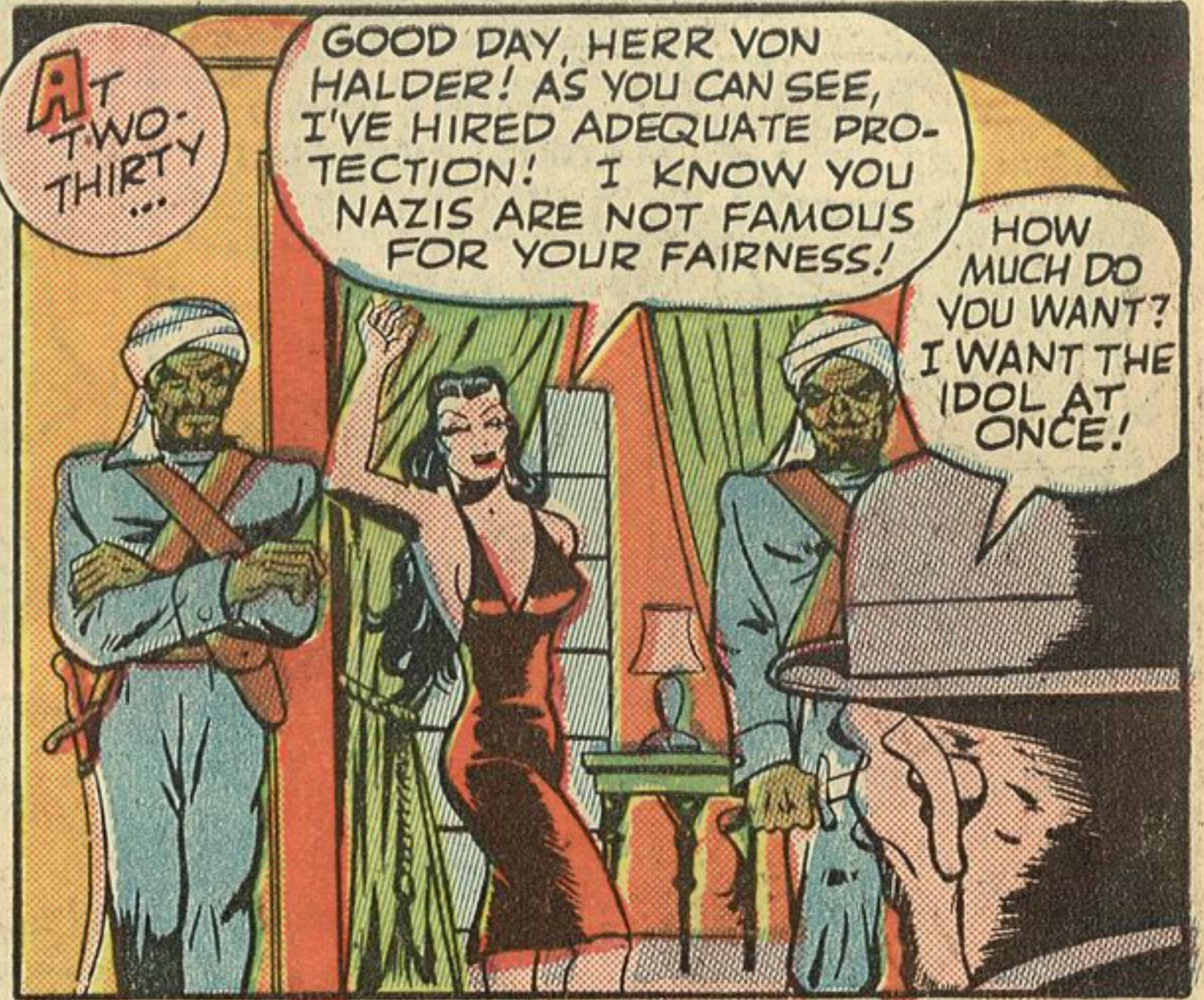
THE BUDDHA IDOL IS FOR SALE. IF YOU WILL COME TO THE HOUSE AT 65 QUEENS ROAD AT THREE YOU MAY BID FOR IT!

THIS LOOKS AS IF A CROOK GOT HIS HANDS ON IT! I THOUGHT THE INDIAN MUST HAVE STOLEN IT FOR THE NAZIS! ANYWAY, I'M GOING!

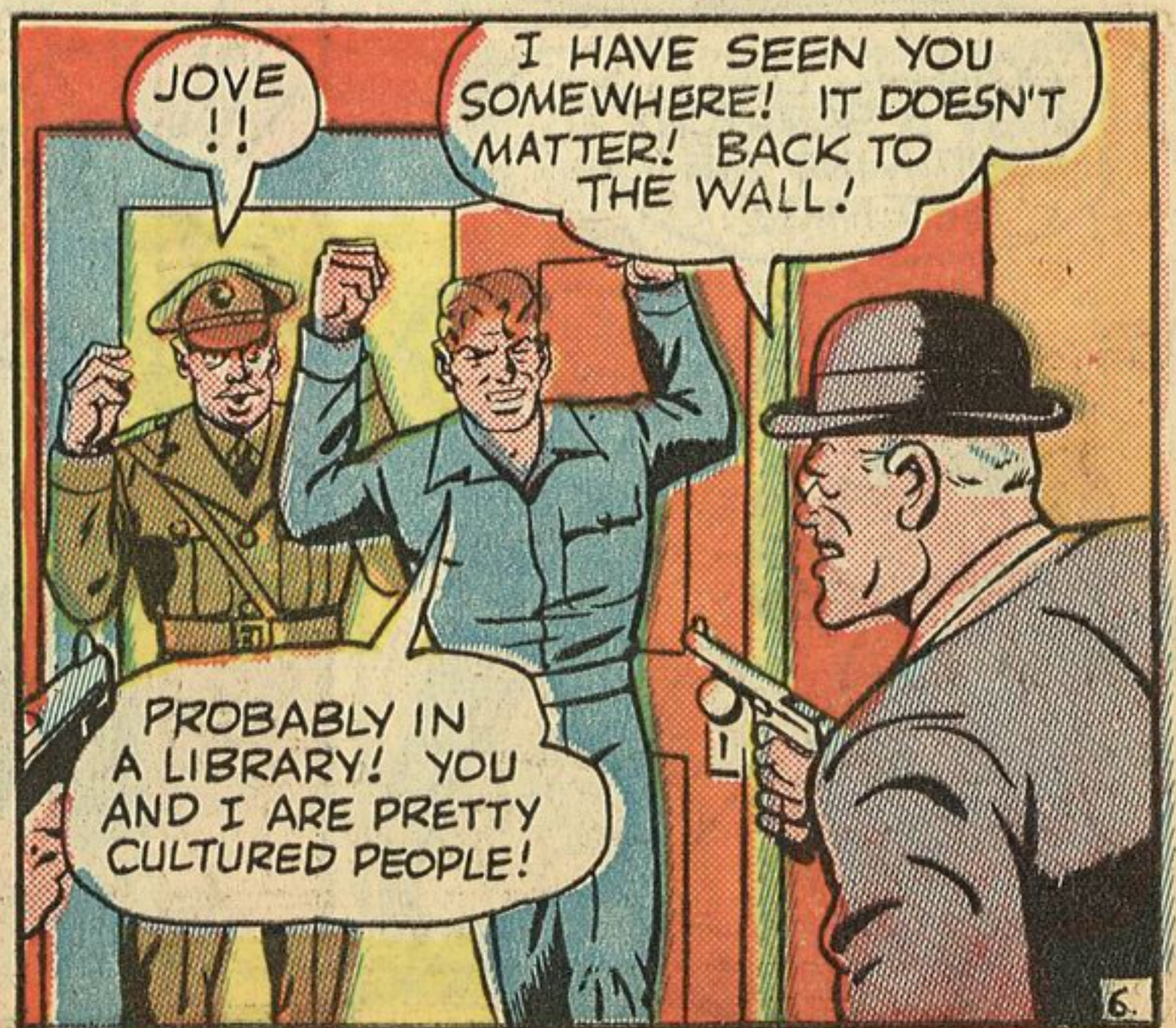
I'M GOING WITH YOU!

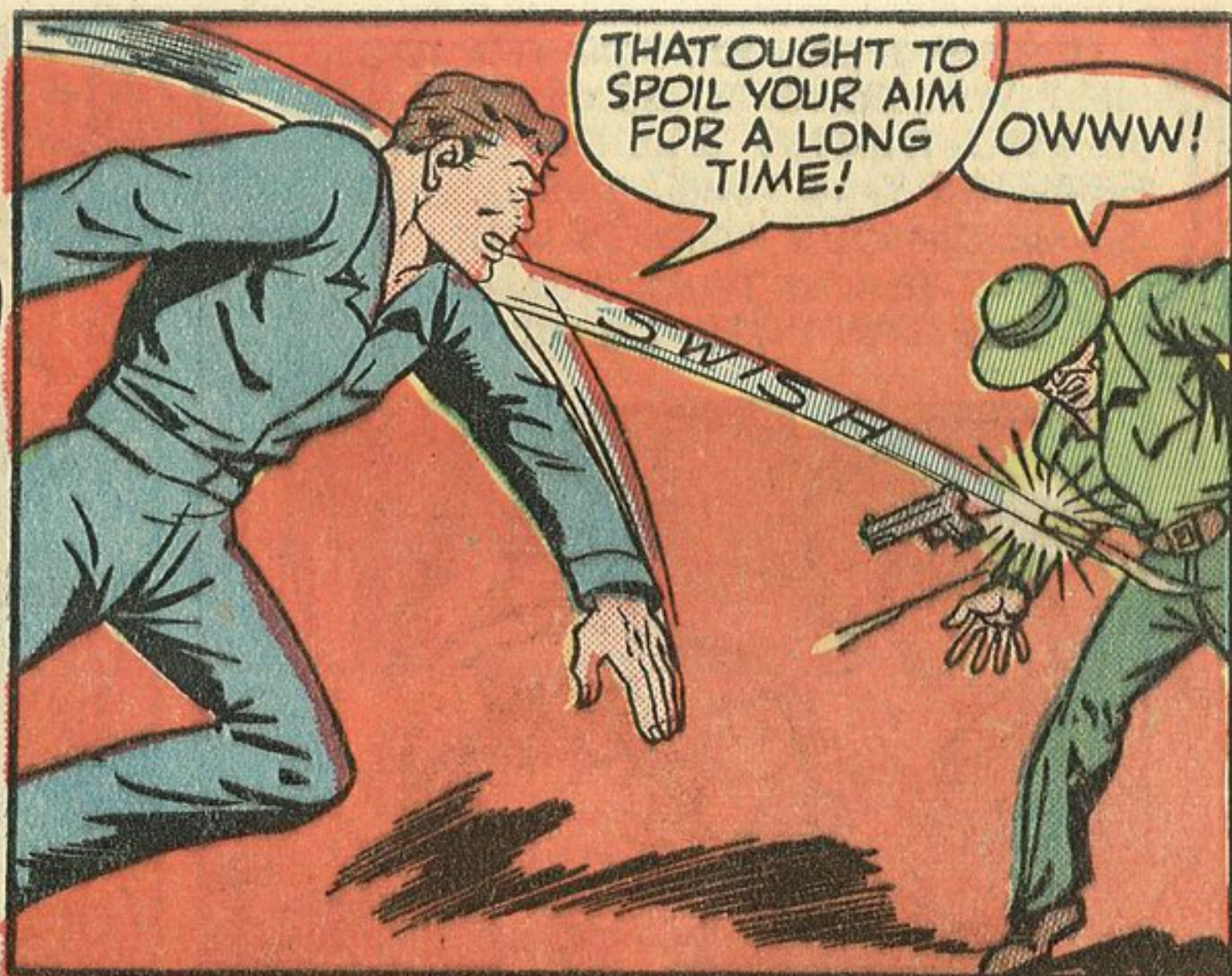
AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME...

A NOTE! PROBABLY FROM THAT DARENNE WOMAN YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD TRUST!

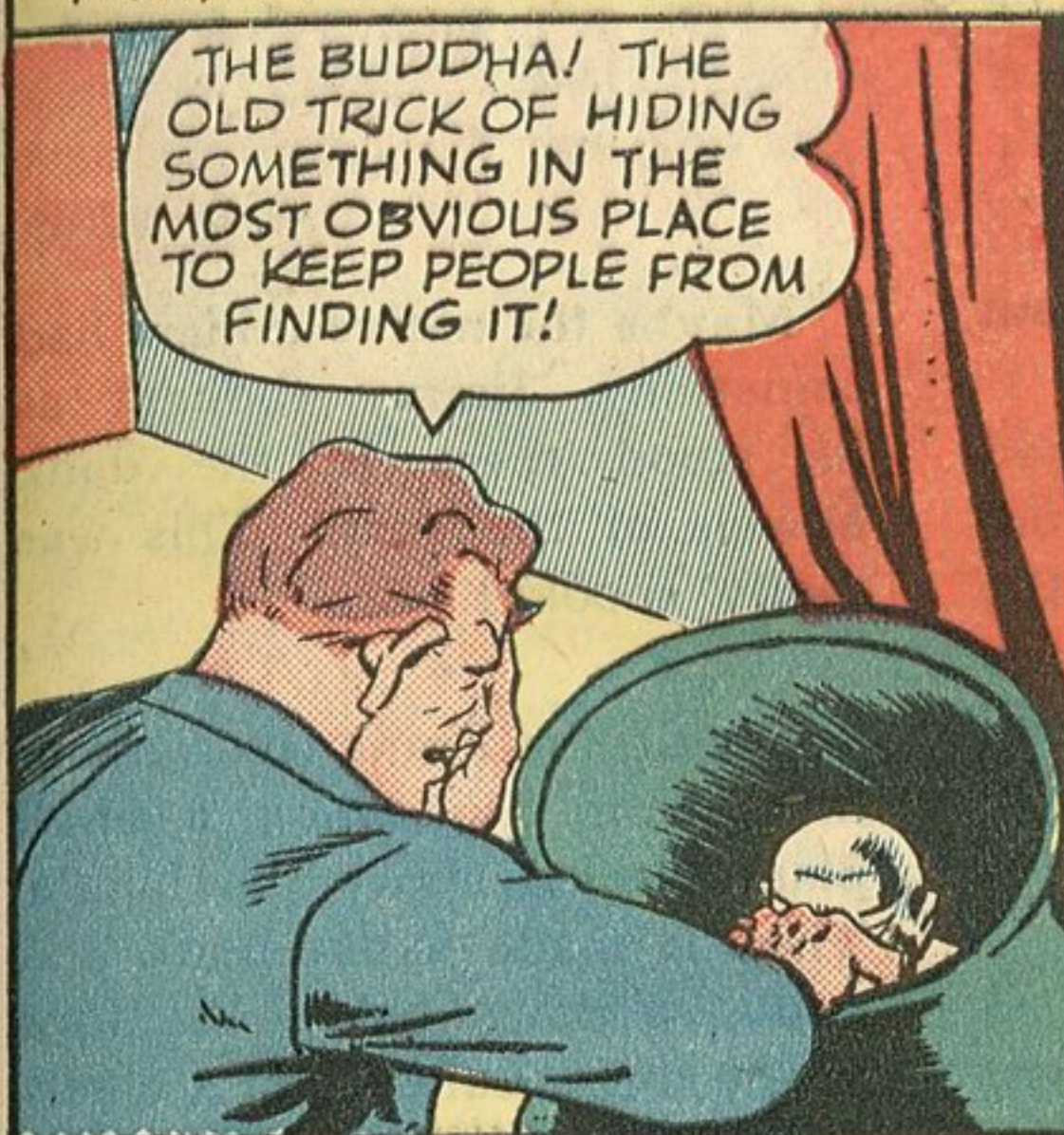


VON HALDER'S REMARK IS A SIGNAL TO OTHERS OF HIS MEN WAITING OUTSIDE THE WINDOWS.





AS THE YANKEE EAGLE ATTEMPTS TO RISE, HIS EYES FALL ON THE VASE...



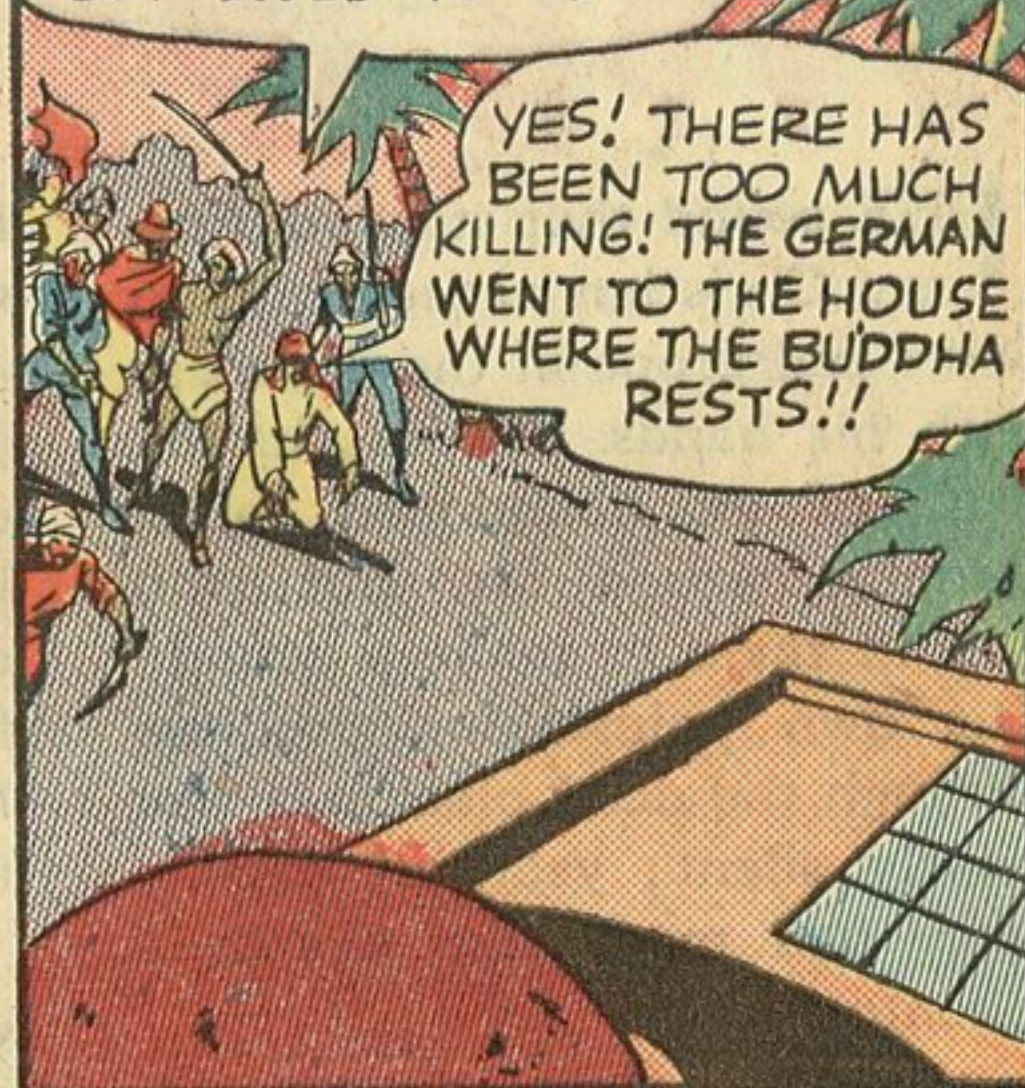
THE BUDDHA! THE OLD TRICK OF HIDING SOMETHING IN THE MOST OBVIOUS PLACE TO KEEP PEOPLE FROM FINDING IT!

KILL THE FOREIGNERS WHO HAVE STOLEN OUR BUDDHA!



THE MOB IS ON THE LOOSE! SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE HEADED HERE!

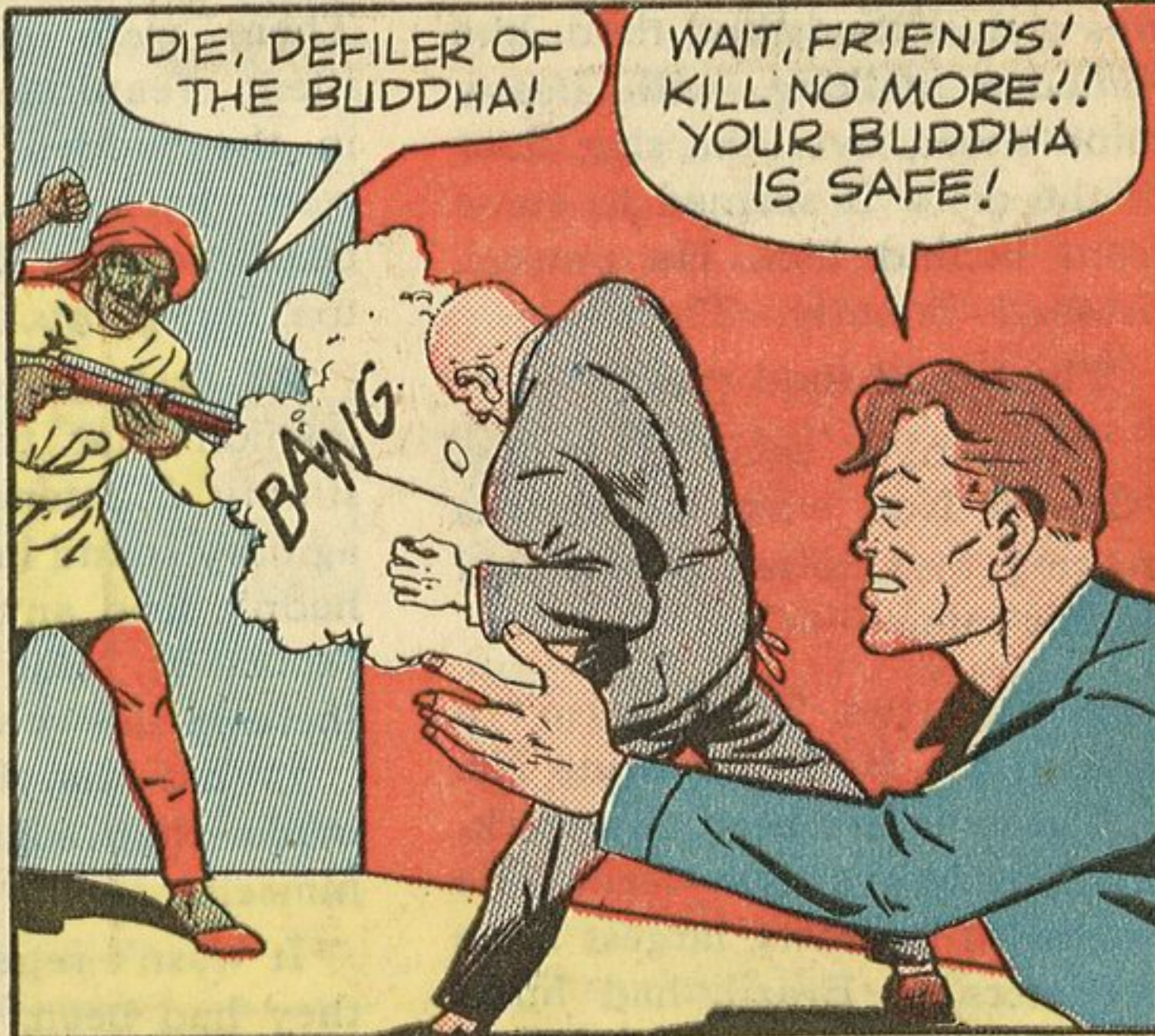
PARAHL HAS BETRAYED! THE IDOL CAUSED HIS CONSCIENCE TO TROUBLE HIM AND HE CONFESSED TO US!



YES! THERE HAS BEEN TOO MUCH KILLING! THE GERMAN WENT TO THE HOUSE WHERE THE BUDDHA RESTS!!



HE IS THE ONE!



DIE, DEFILER OF THE BUDDHA!

WAIT, FRIENDS! KILL NO MORE!! YOUR BUDDHA IS SAFE!



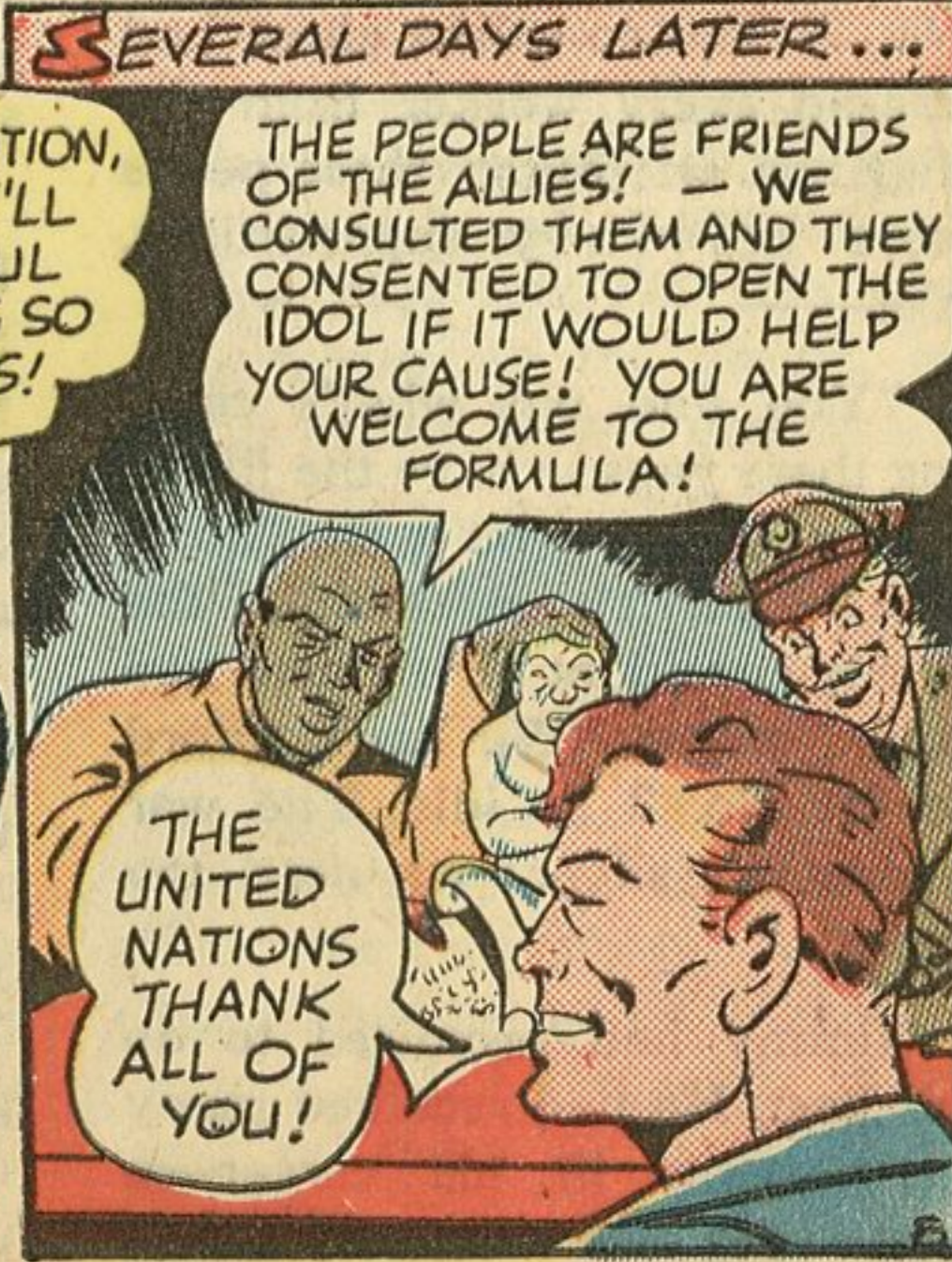
THE BUDDHA! THE BUDDHA IS SAFE!



I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO THE CIVIL AUTHORITIES, YOUNG LADY!

SUCH A CHARMING NOTION, COLONEL! I'LL FIND IT RESTFUL AFTER DODGING SO MANY BULLETS!

TOO BAD! IF ONLY YOU WEREN'T A CROOK!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

THE PEOPLE ARE FRIENDS OF THE ALLIES! — WE CONSULTED THEM AND THEY CONSENTED TO OPEN THE IDOL IF IT WOULD HELP YOUR CAUSE! YOU ARE WELCOME TO THE FORMULA!

THE UNITED NATIONS THANK ALL OF YOU!

MYSTERY MINE

THE sound that startled Jimmy Christian caused him to whirl and grope in the darkness with his hands. He was in the drift of an abandoned mine. Sounds carried far. But who was in there to make a sound? His own painstaking progress through the dead blackness was nearly silent; years of experience had made him almost a phantom.

The sound came again. It was a dull thud-thud-thud, like someone walking, with heavy mine shoes, over the slag floor of the drift. It seemed to come from behind him. He paused, listened intently. Then:

Thud-thud-thud-thud!

"Hmmm!" said Jimmy. "Ghosts! Now what the heck is making that noise? Not a soul in this mine——"

It was true. There wasn't a soul in the Beckwith Mine No. 7. There hadn't been any workers there in over two weeks. The Beckwith interests, largest mine operators in Brazil, had hired Jimmy to route the 'ghost' of No. 7. The so-called ghost had chased every worker from the diggings. Of course, these peons were terribly superstitious. Yet——

"You find out what's causing these yaps to have the jitters and we'll pay you well, Christian," Jarriel Beckwith, the portly president of the firm had told Jimmy. "We can't afford to let No. 7 go idle. The war needs the silver; we need the money."

Jimmy had promised to do his best. He had received many assignments in his career—a quite long and extremely color-

ful career for a youth just out of his teens.

For three days Jimmy had explored the big mine from every level. He had walked the length of every drift (the lowest level was seven hundred feet below the surface, reached by a steel mine car attached to a cable and windlass.)

For three days he had probed with his flashlight into every nook and cranny of the mine. There were bats galore, big, silent creatures which fluttered in the sudden light and then went back to cling on their beam perches. There were rats, too. But ghosts there were none.

At first, Jimmy was of the opinion that the miners were simply frightened at some imaginary sound in the mine (they hadn't seen anything, they had reported). But now, standing there in the velvety darkness——

"What the dickens could've made that sound?" he asked himself.

It wasn't repeated. If 'ghosts' they had been, they had taken only three or four steps. But ghosts were supposed to get about in total silence.

Jimmy snapped on his flashlight and raked the tunnel behind him, then in front with the brilliant beam. A bat dived and whirled upward again, to cling to a roof timber. That was all the movement he saw.

Not a sound now.

Sometimes silence is worse than sound. You hear something—any noise—and immediately you try to catalog the sound. Your mind races trying to grasp a sound. It is something to keep your brain busy. But utter silence, in an eery mine——!

Maybe the native miners had something, Jimmy thought as he stood there in the dank bowels of the earth. This was really 'spooky'!

* * *

Far up the Prana river, many miles from civilization, a small plane circled above the jungle. Then it made a flat bank and swooped down below the tops of the trees. Landing in a cleared space, the little ship came to a stop and a short-legged Japanese climbed out of the cabin. He was grinning as he approached another, older, Jap who sat before a tent.

"What luck, Igo?" asked the latter.

The pilot grinned broader, "It worked!" he exclaimed. "No. 7 mine is closed. All mines will soon close down. Miners scared of big ghost." He laughed aloud.

The older man looked stern. "That is good, Igo," he said, "and you shall be amply rewarded. You have put the—'ghost'—in the other mines also?"

"Five of them, Honorable Uncle. There is one or two more. It will take time in the last one. But soon every miner who work for Beckwith is go home, scared. No more silver for America!"

"Get them all, Igo," said the old Jap. "Now go."

Igo bowed, smiling. "It is as if already done, Noble Uncle," he said.

When darkness had fallen, the little Jap plane roared off over the jungle trees.

* * *

Six mines in the great Beckwith chain had developed

'ghosts'. Six mines, therefore, had become empty catacombs because every last miner, upon discovering that the dread ghost was present, had fled the diggings in terror.

Beckwith was tearing his hair. "You've got to do something, Christian," he fairly screamed. "We're losing thousands of dollars. The country needs the silver ore. Why, man—"

"Keep your shirt on," said Jimmy coolly. "I'm doing all I can. I have a clue. Give me a couple more days."

So it stood. One more mine was in operation. But the ghost story had traveled, and every day more miners deserted their work.

Then suddenly it happened. Mine No. 16—the last one in the Beckwith chain—developed its ghost. Every man fled his job.

Now indeed President Beckwith went berserk. Several major stockholders from the States had flown down to Rio to see what was wrong with the silver output. The Government sent inquiries. Beckwith had imported three crack detectives from New York. But thus far they had found nothing in the way of a clue.

Wood-ticks, one of the miners suggested. Another propounded the theory that the mines were settling and the beams creaked. Jimmy was positive the sounds were caused by none of these things. If only he knew what caused them! The northern detectives resented him and were unfriendly. That was natural; his youth and all.

"But I simply must find out what's causing those darn ghostly thuddings," he told himself, "before the New York lads do."

Jimmy interviewed several of the absconding miners, and two or three bosses, who were also natives. But they could tell him

little; they had all heard the sounds. And that was about all. A few of them—part Indian—suggested the earth gods were angry and would have to be appeased by a sacrifice.

The fifth day of his investigation found Jimmy in a bad mood. He had found exactly nothing. He was nearly baffled.

"But not quite," he said determinedly. "There's a cause and I'm going to find it—today!"

Jimmy thought of a theory the next morning as he entered the main drift of Mine No. 7. If it failed . . . but it must not fail! There was nothing supernatural about the thing; it had a perfectly logical solution. It could even be—although Beckwith did not think so—a trick of the Japanese to halt production of silver in the mines.

Jimmy walked slowly through the drift of the first level; there were five more levels below this one. But it was almost noon and he was famished.

After a hearty lunch, he lowered himself in the mine elevator, halting at elevation five. In the drift, the miners had heard the thudding, as had Jimmy himself. Slowly he approached the south end of the tunnel, keeping his flashlight turned off. He stopped when he heard the sound: thud-thud-thud, just as he had heard it before. Four times, then it stopped. He walked farther on, then turned and came back. Again the thudding reverberated through the tunnel.

Wow! it was spooky. But Jimmy was bent on a logical solution of this mystery. He did a strange thing. He removed his shoes, laid his flashlight on the ground, along with his ring, watch and the contents of his pockets. Then he slowly walked over the same course. Eventual-

ly he came to the end of the tunnel, but he heard no thudding.

"Hmmm!" he said softly. "I think I'm on the right trail at last."

He went back, replaced his belongings and started to walk out of the tunnel. Again the thuds sounded.

This cinched the theory, all right. Now all he had to do was locate the device causing the thuddings. That wouldn't be hard, he felt. But he was in for a surprise. He spent a good hour hunting what he sought: it was a small brass gadget, with a coil and interrupter attached. Two fine wires led from the machine to a small battery. The interrupter was actuated by an invisible beam from a photo-electric cell on the contrivance's side. Whenever anything made of metal passed through this beam, the thuds sounded. It was really quite a neat little trick.

Jimmy grinned. "As easy as that," he mused. "Wait till I show this to the miners. They'll have a good laugh at their 'ghost', all right."

Beckwith was amazed.

"Imagine," he said. "That's a Jap trick if I ever saw one. The dirty devils, trying to halt silver production. Well, Christian, this deserves a nice bonus. I'm sorry I was a little hasty a few days ago. But I'm glad you turned up the gadget, instead of the New York dicks."

Jimmy laughed. "They'll feel pretty rotten I imagine. Have you told them yet?"

Beckwith turned as the office door opened and one of the New York detectives barged in. This was Jimmy's cue to leave. Tomorrow he would make the rounds of all the other mines and rid them of the thudding machine.

ROOKIE

RANKIN



HIT-AND-RUN DEATHS!...

THERE ARE LOTS OF
THEM TODAY! ESPECIALLY
IN THE BLACKED-OUT
AREAS ALONG THE
EASTERN SEABOARD!...

ROOKIE RANKIN
FINDS EVIDENCE OF A
GHASTLY PLOT BEHIND
SEEMING ACCIDENTS!
SEE HOW HE COMBATS
THE **HIT-AND-RUN**
KILLERS! ...



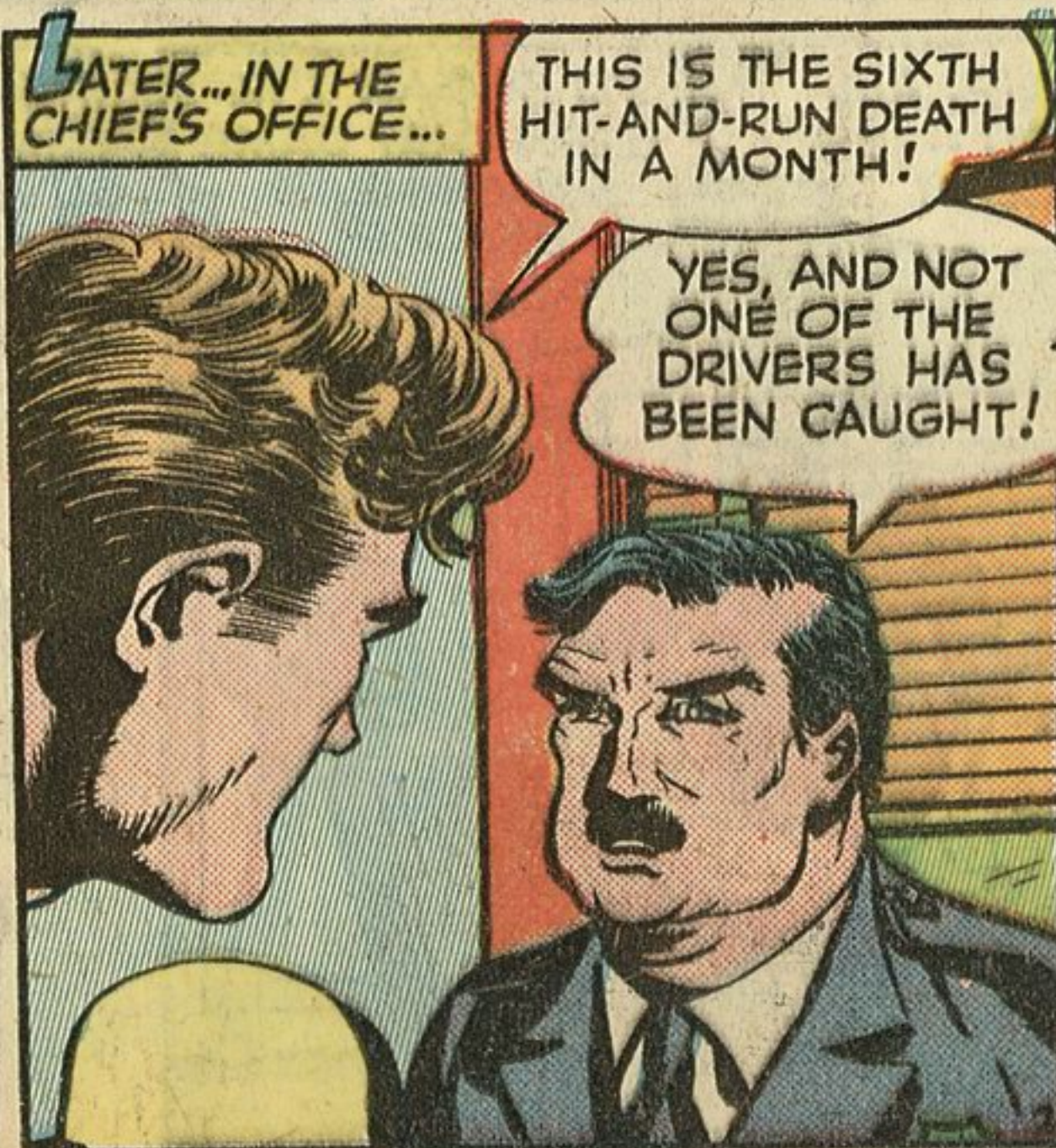
DEAD! ... ANOTHER
HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER
AND HE GOT AWAY!



WHAT'S THIS? BEN STOKES!
HMMM! LUCKY FOR HIS
FAMILY HE HAS THIS
\$10,000 INSURANCE
POLICY!



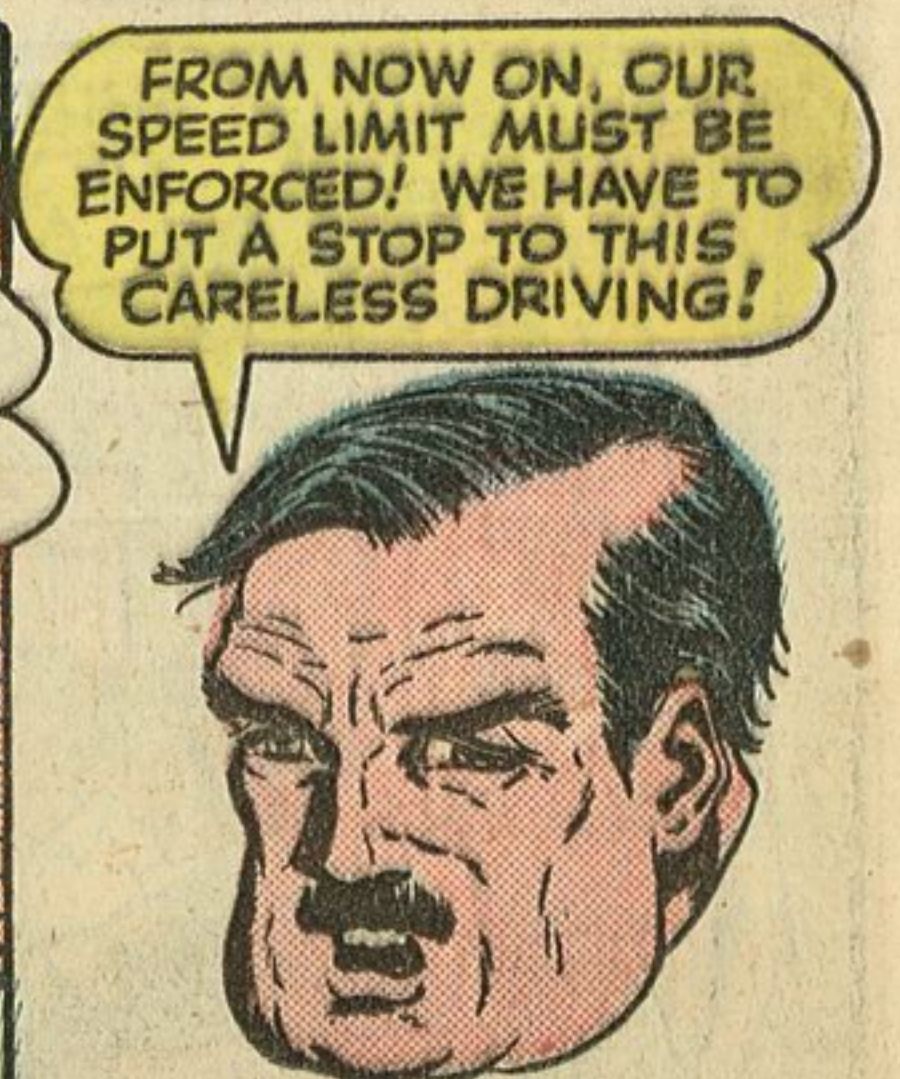
I'LL PUT IT HERE FOR
SAFE KEEPING -- THEN
REPORT! THIS ISN'T THE
FIRST SUCH ACCIDENT!



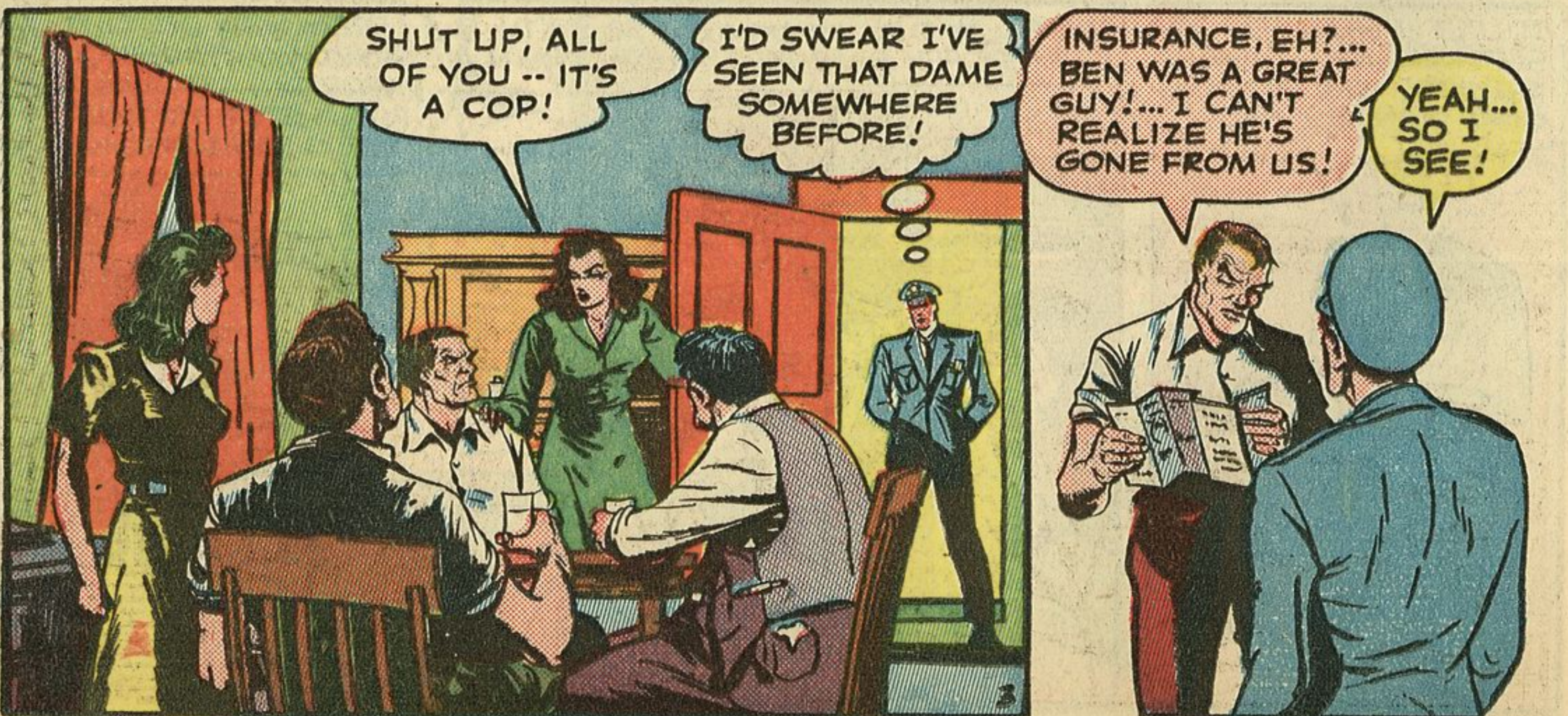
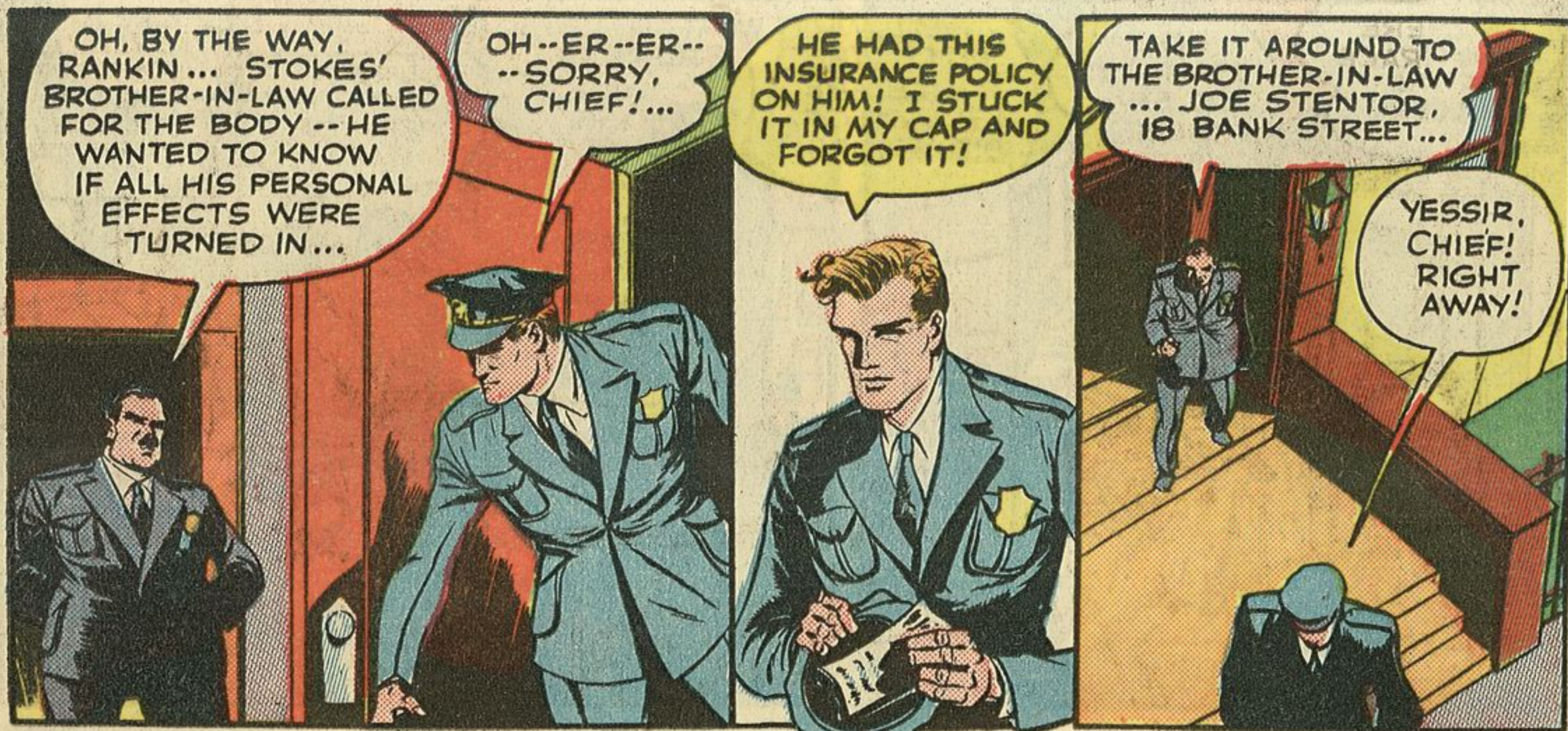
LATER... IN THE
CHIEF'S OFFICE...

THIS IS THE SIXTH
HIT-AND-RUN DEATH
IN A MONTH!

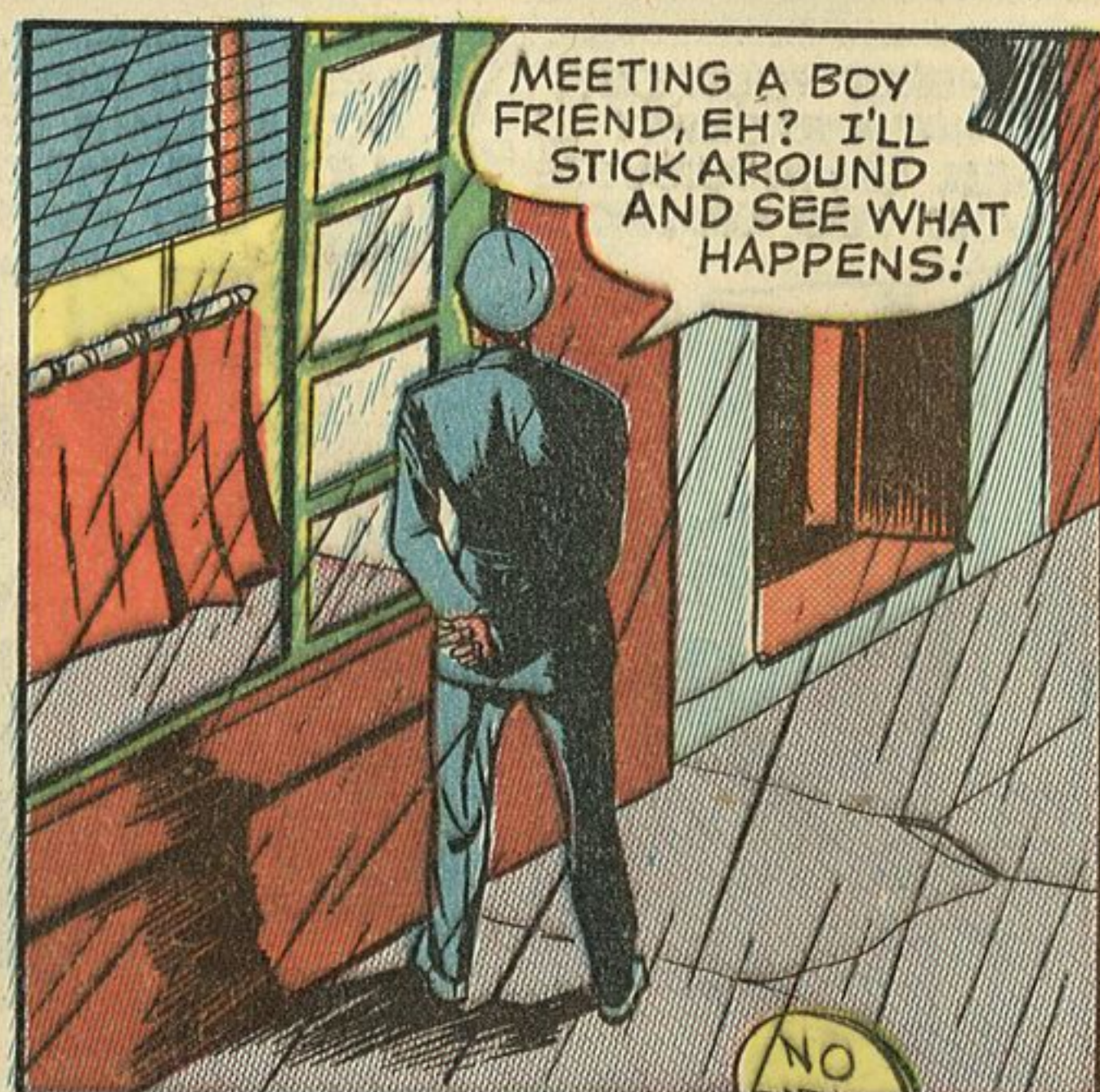
YES, AND NOT
ONE OF THE
DRIVERS HAS
BEEN CAUGHT!

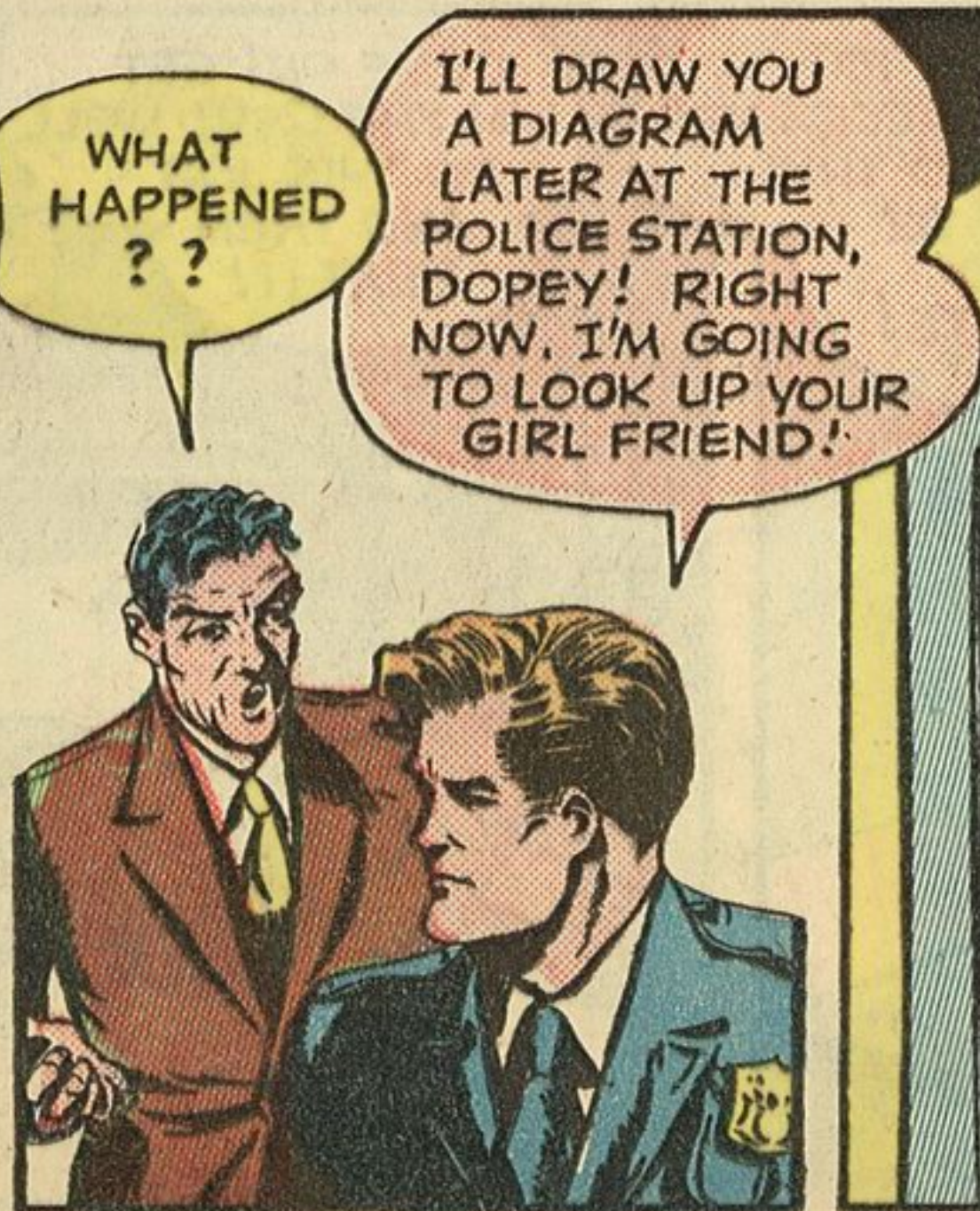
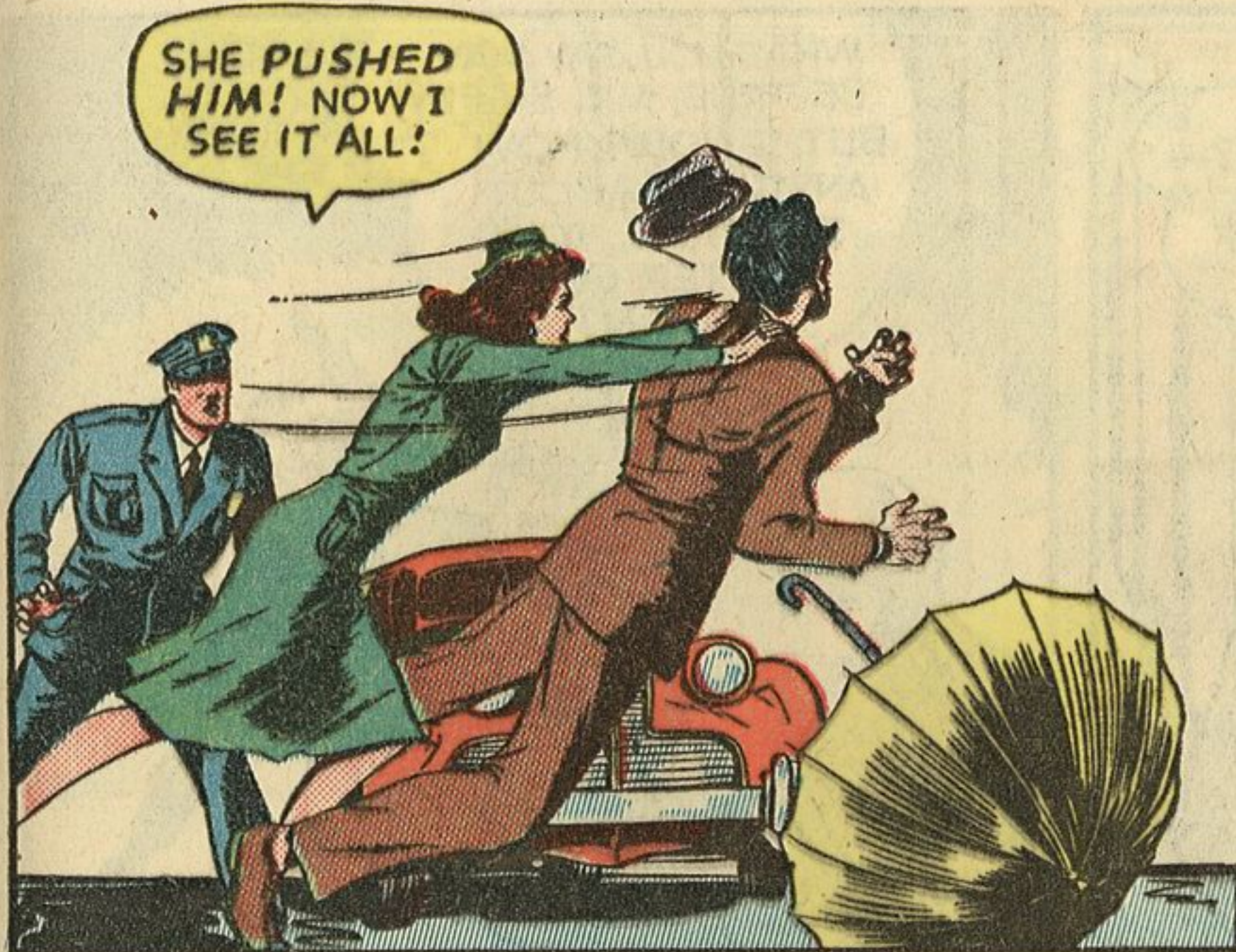


FROM NOW ON, OUR
SPEED LIMIT MUST BE
ENFORCED! WE HAVE TO
PUT A STOP TO THIS
CARELESS DRIVING!

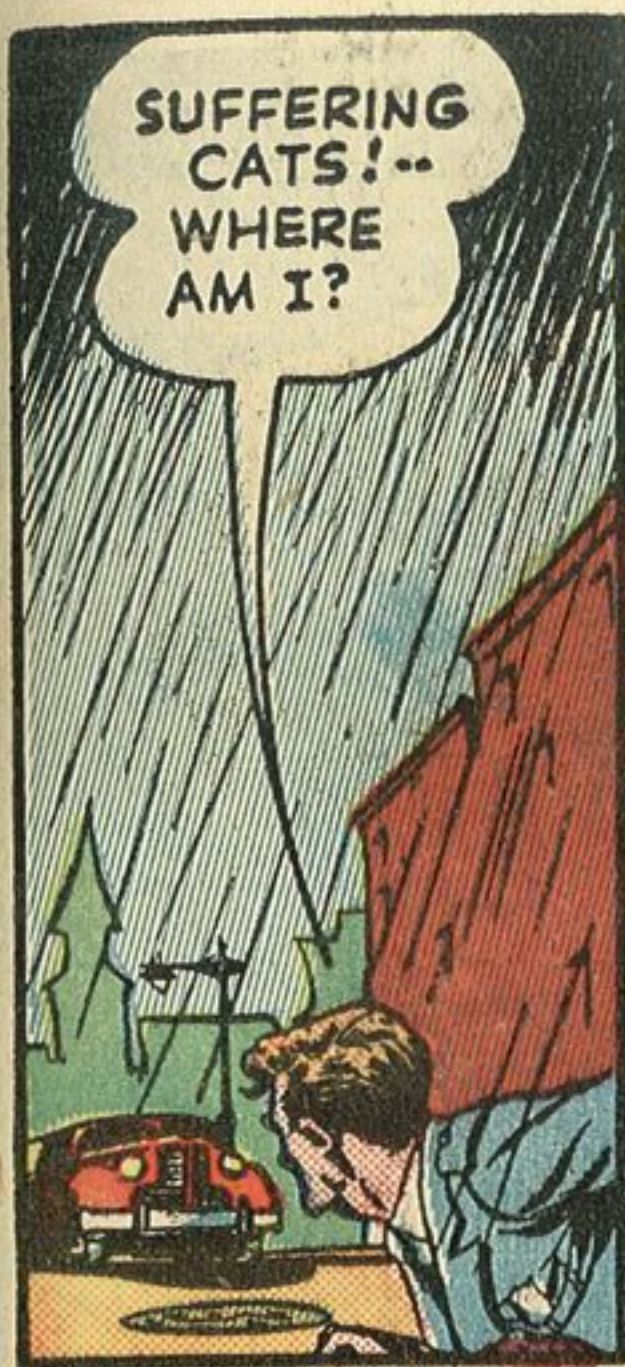












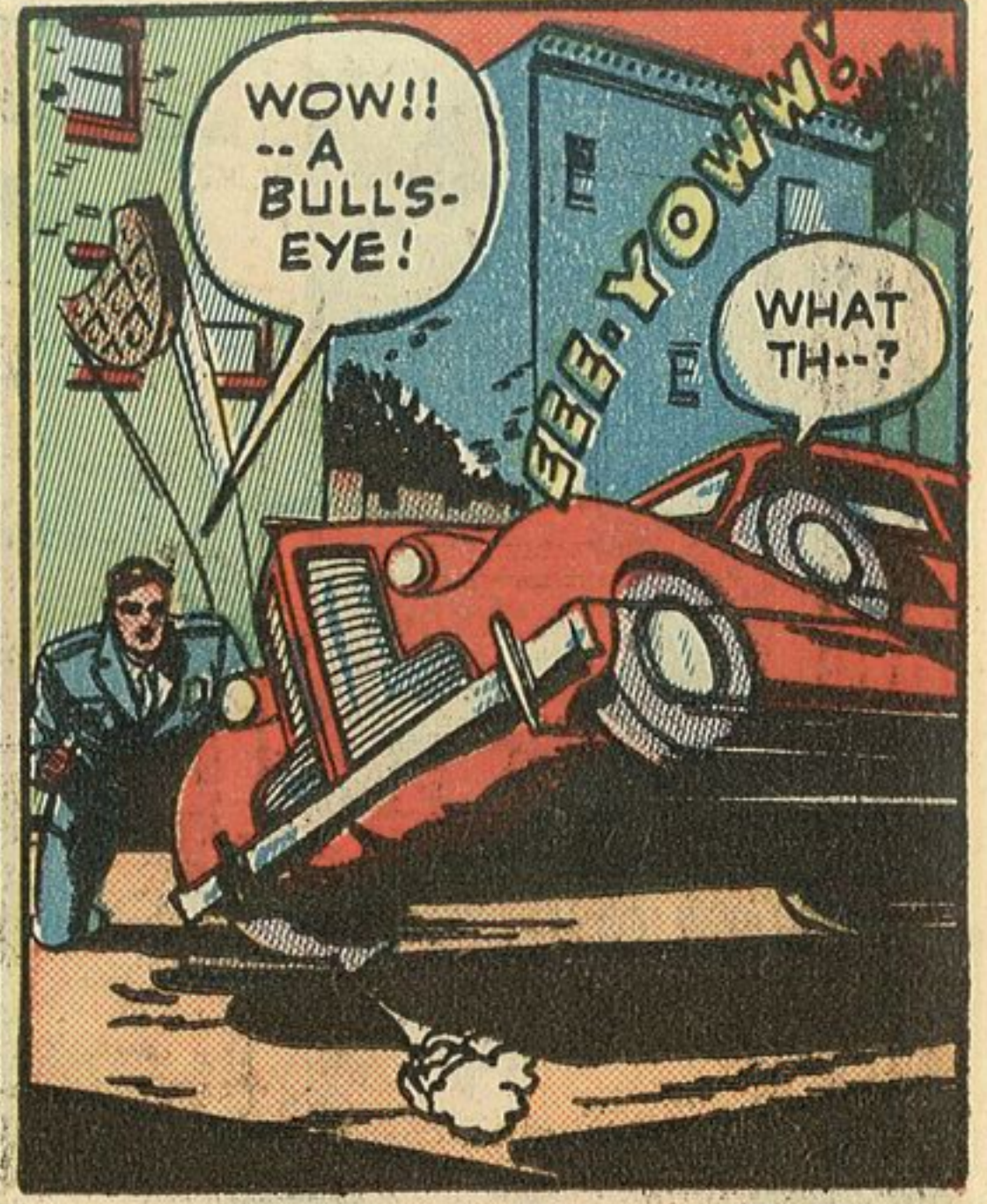
SUFFERING CATS!... WHERE AM I?



THIS CALLS FOR QUICK THINKING! I HOPE I CAN PROP UP THIS MANHOLE COVER!



NOW... IF THEY HIT THIS HOLE... I'M SAFE!



WOW!! --A BULL'S-EYE!

WHAT TH--?



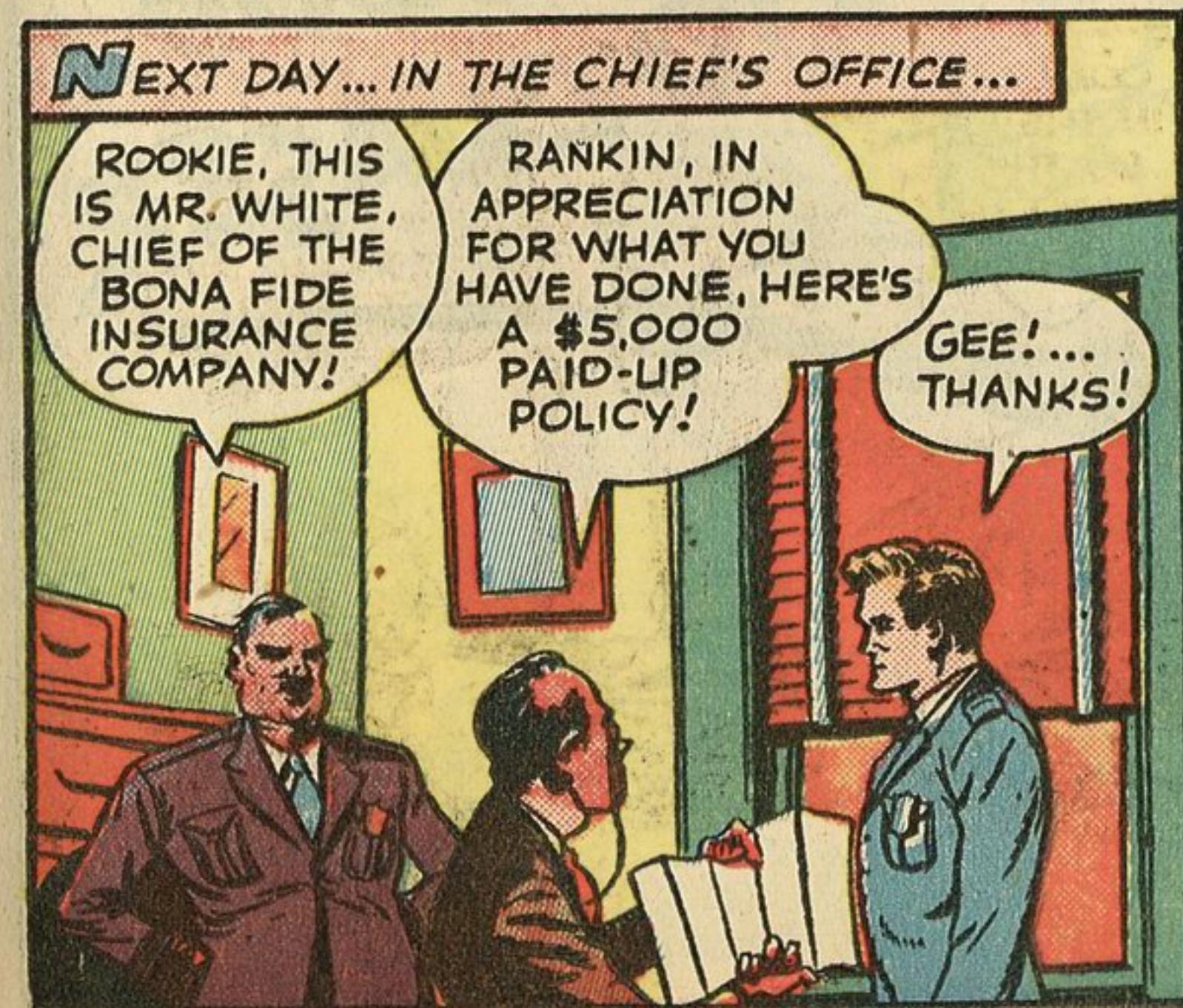
THAT'S WHAT I CALL TURNING THE TABLES!



WELL, CHIEF, THERE GOES "HIT-AND-RUN, INCORPORATED!"



I HAVE TO GIVE YOU CREDIT, ROOKIE! THAT WAS GOOD WORK!



NEXT DAY... IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE...

ROOKIE, THIS IS MR. WHITE, CHIEF OF THE BONA FIDE INSURANCE COMPANY!

RANKIN, IN APPRECIATION FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE, HERE'S A \$5,000 PAID-UP POLICY!

GEE!... THANKS!



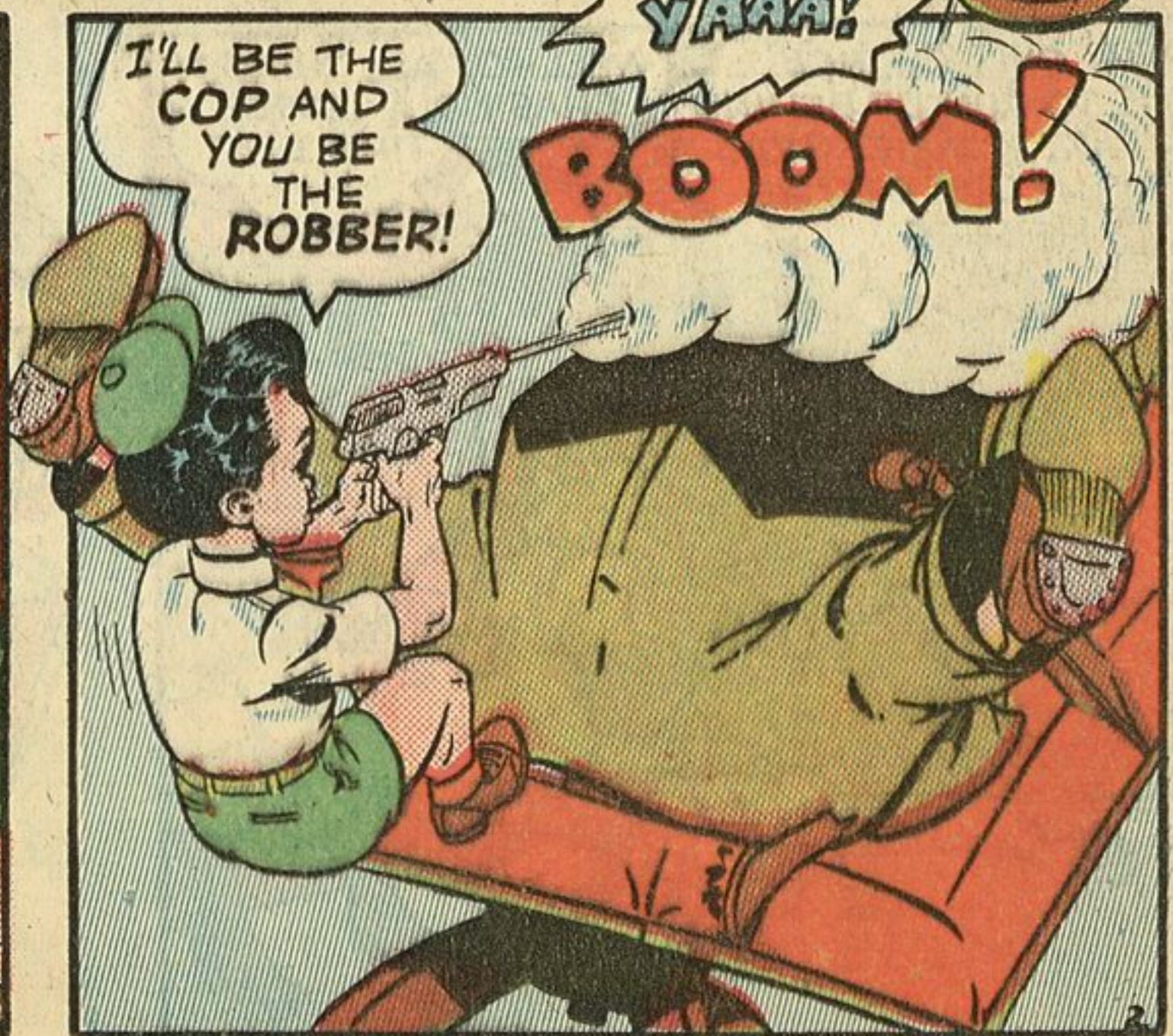
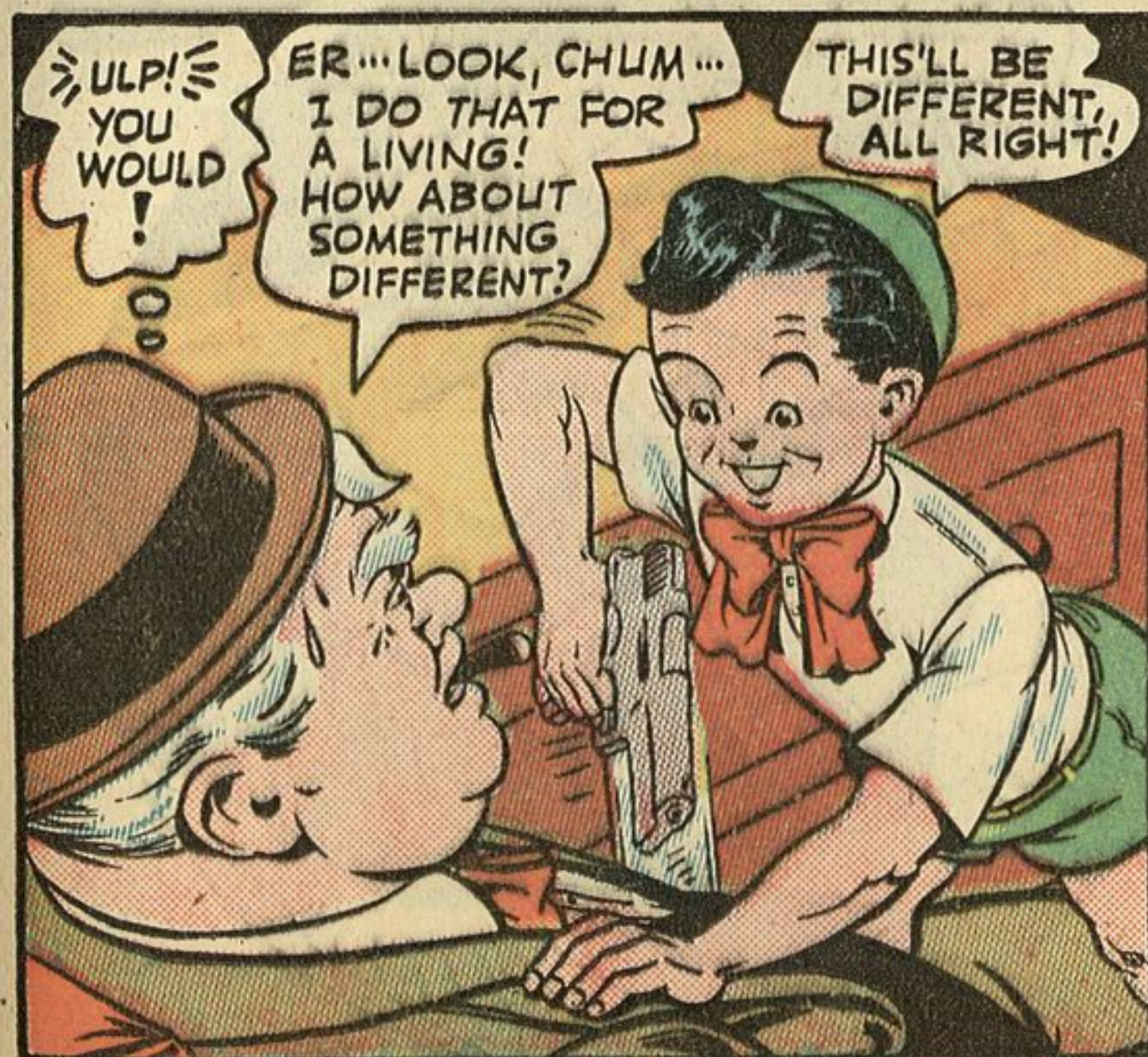
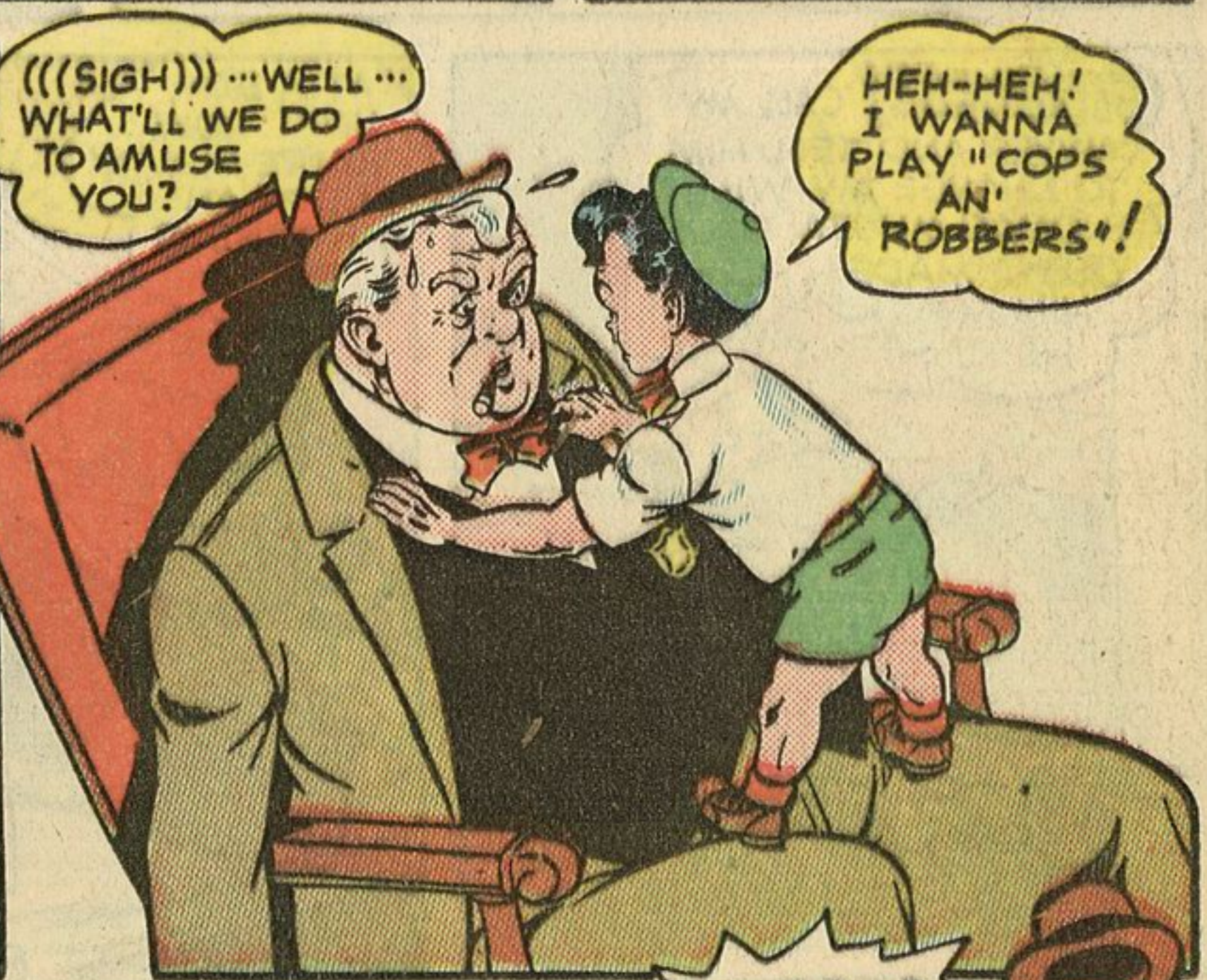
GUESS I'D BETTER LOOK OUT FOR HIT-AND-RUN DRIVERS!

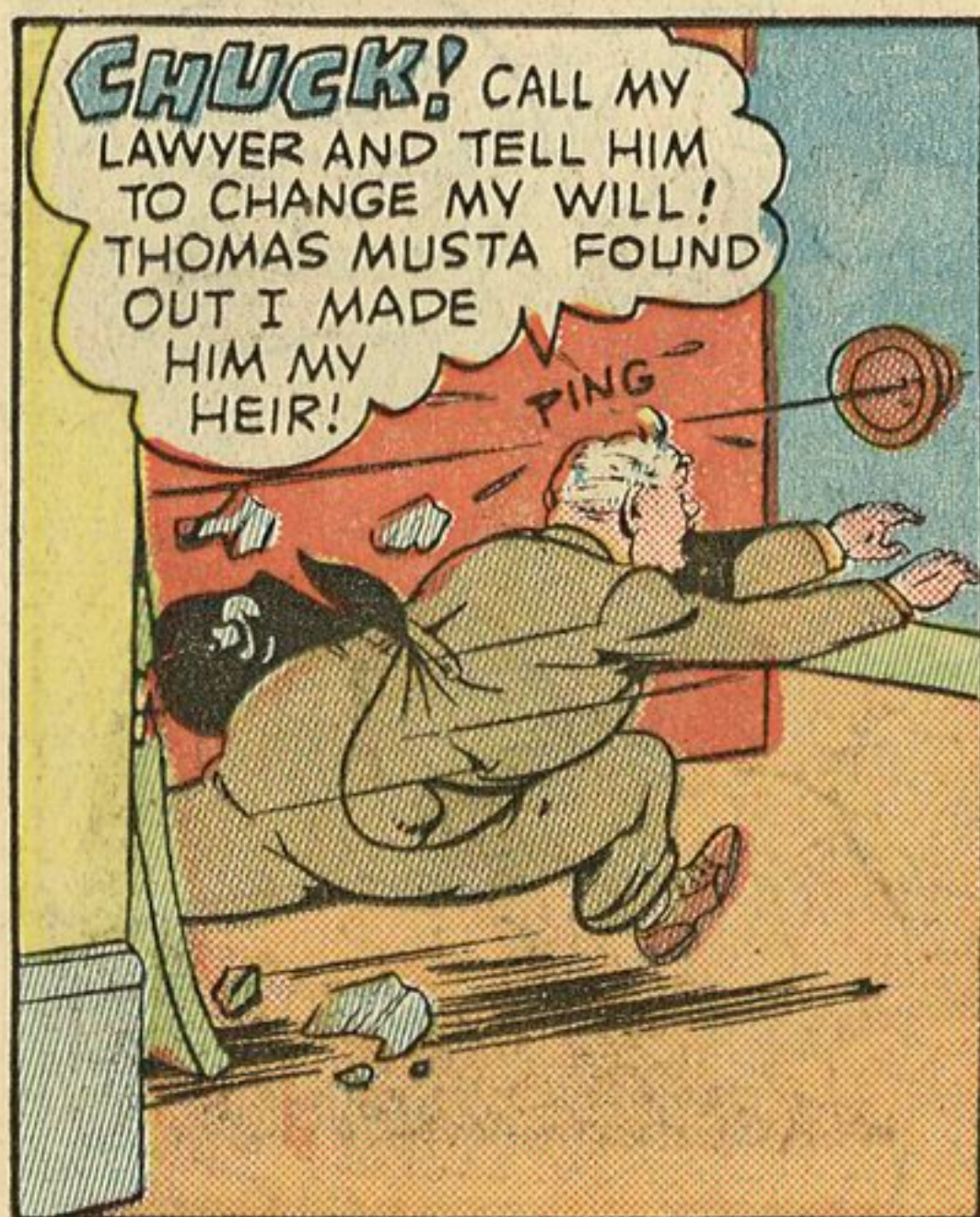
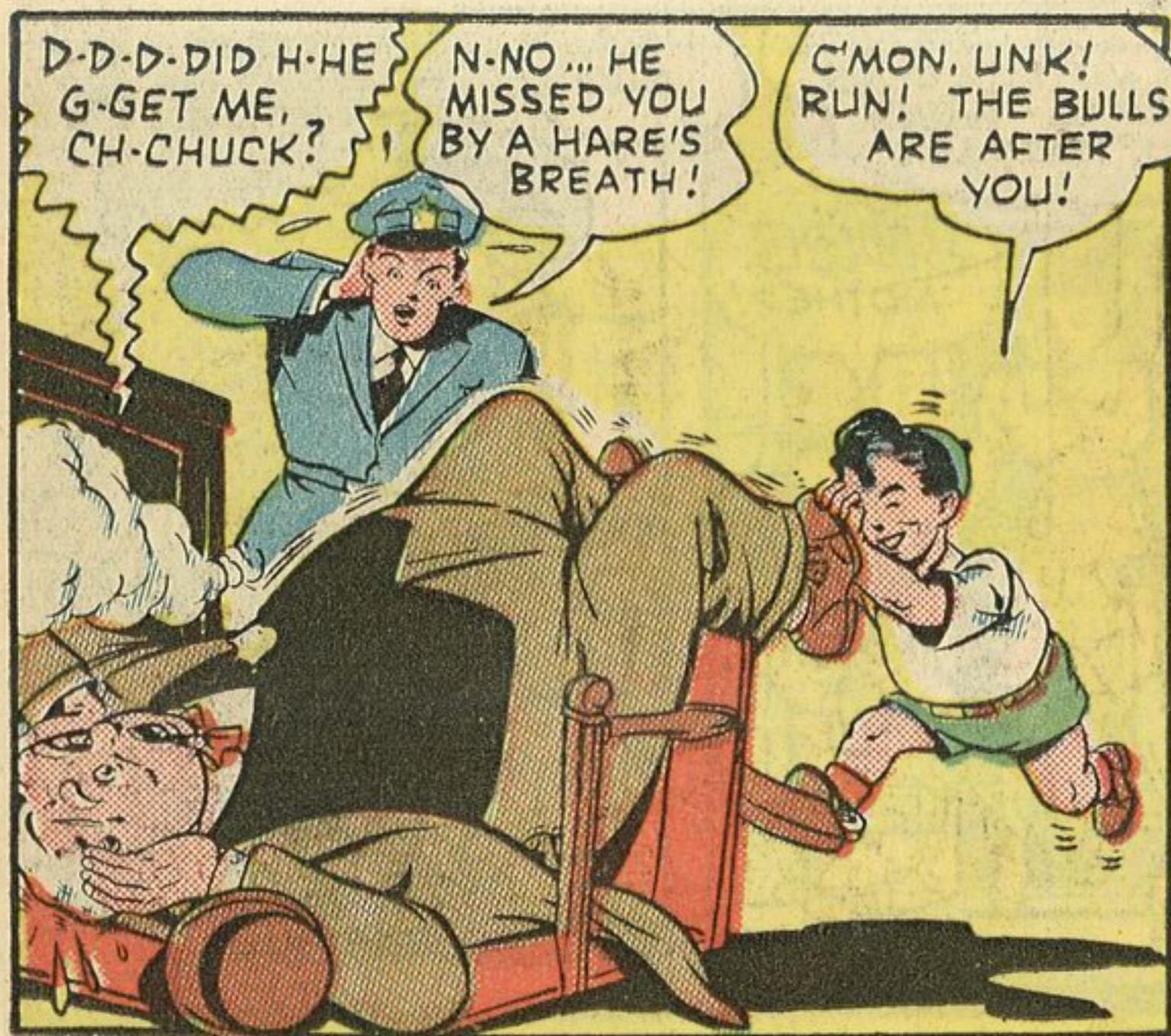
BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF ROOKIE RANKIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH COMICS!

THE JESTER

IS A
HEEL
DRIP
BUM
SAP
GOON
AND A
NO GOOD
KID
CHASER



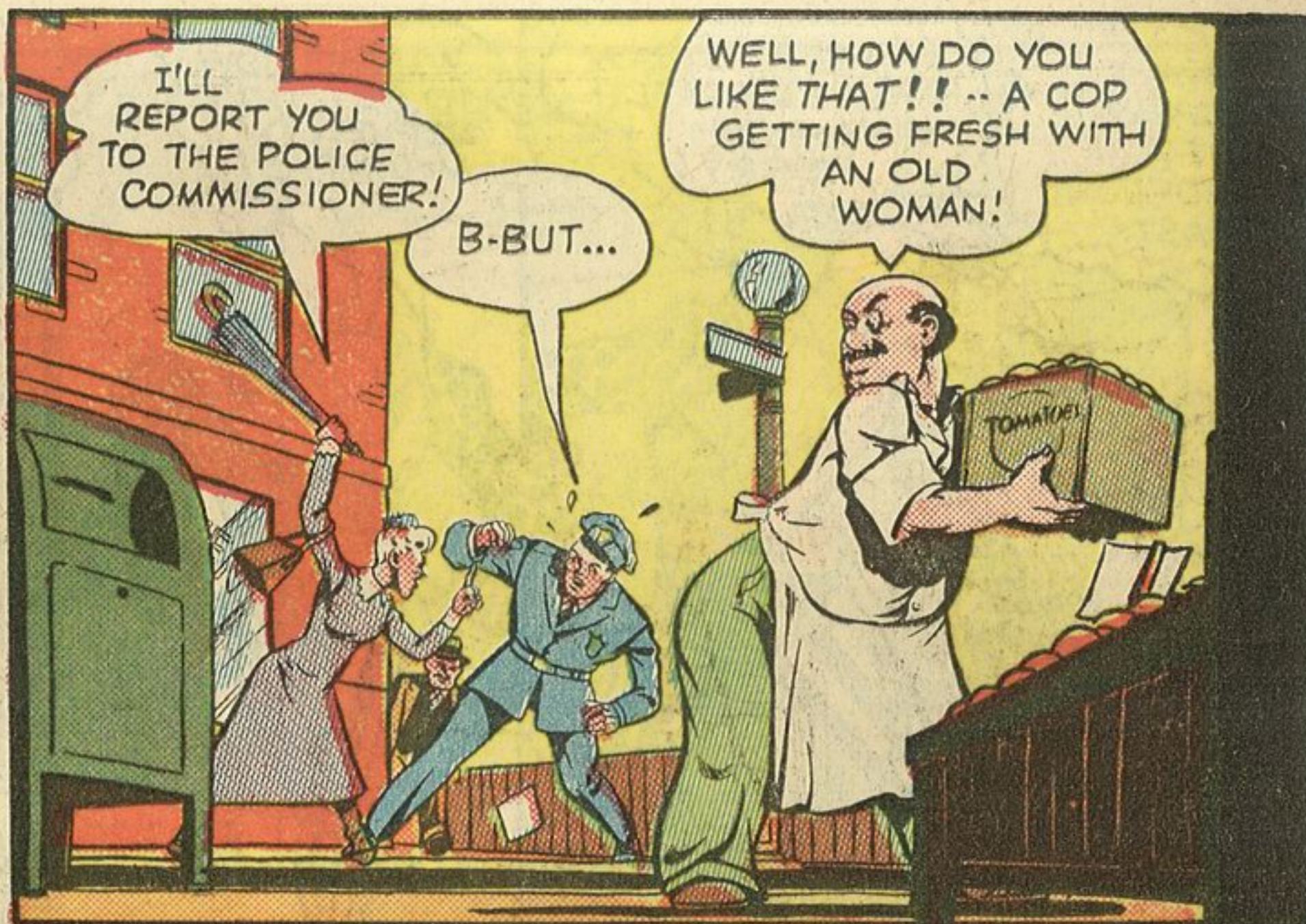






I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO CHASE CHILDREN -- YOU-- YOU BULLY!

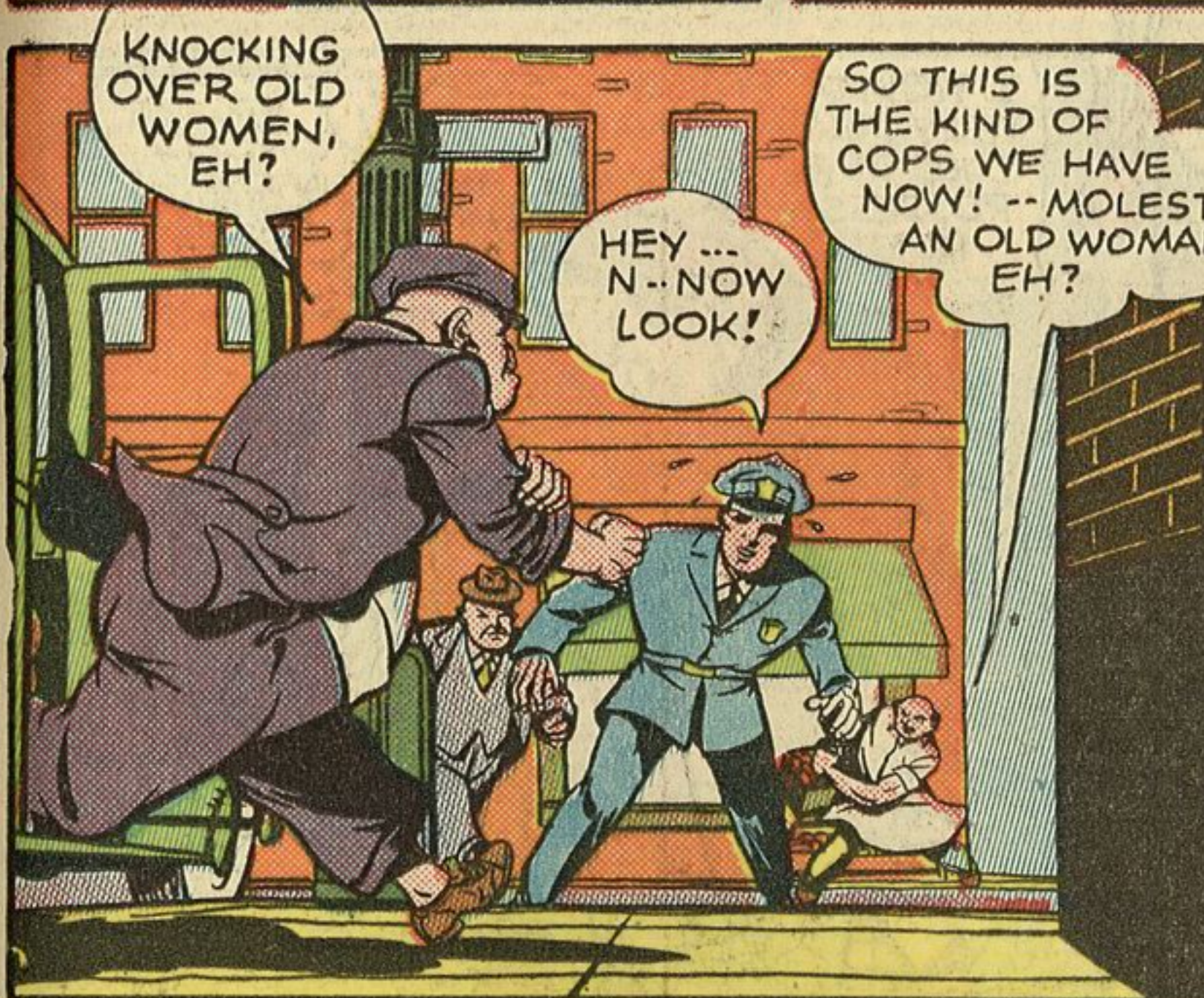
OUCH! HEY!



I'LL REPORT YOU TO THE POLICE COMMISSIONER!

B-BUT...

WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT!! -- A COP GETTING FRESH WITH AN OLD WOMAN!



KNOCKING OVER OLD WOMEN, EH?

HEY ... N--NOW LOOK!

SO THIS IS THE KIND OF COPS WE HAVE NOW! -- MOLEST AN OLD WOMAN, EH?



AFTER HIM!

A MUGGER!

FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!! ---HOW'D I GET INTO THIS!

WHAT'D HE DO?

BEAT UP AN OLD WOMAN!



I MUST SHAKE THIS MOB AND GET AFTER THAT KID WHO HAS MCGINTY'S GUN!



SAY! I FORGOT THAT I'M TH' JESTER, TOO!



THE JESTER!!! HEY!! SEE ANYTHING OF A CRAZY COP??

HE'S A MUGGER!! MURDERED SIX OLD WOMEN DOWN THE STREET!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER!...



Now...
AROUND
THE
CORNER...
MORE
COMPLI-
CATIONS
DEVELOP
!





LOOK, KID... DON'T
FEEL SO BAD!
HOIMAN AND
ME'LL PLAY
WIT'
YOUSE!

YEAH! -- ONLY
BETTER'N
YER
UNCLE!

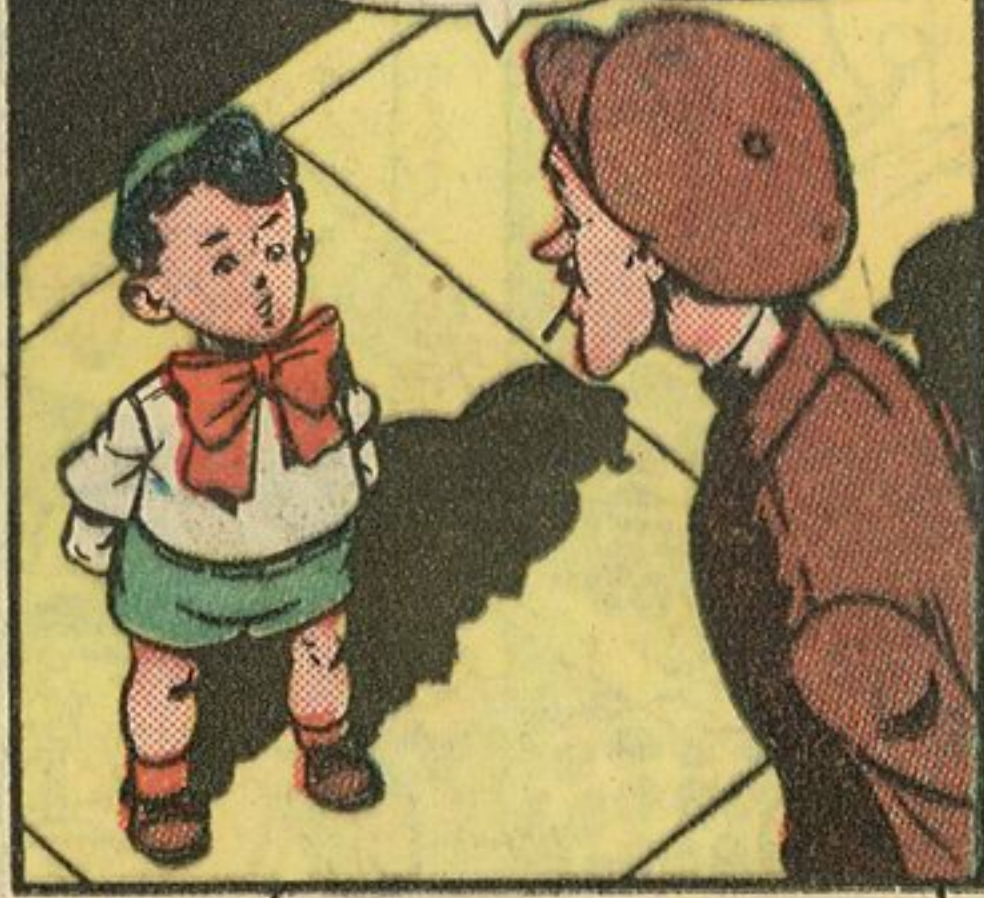
SWELL!

AHEM MY SISTER
JUS' WENT IN TH' HOUSE
AN SHE'S WEARIN' A
STRING O' BEADS! -- NOW,
JUS' T'HAVE SOME FUN WIT'
'ER -- YOU GO IN AN' HOLD 'ER
UP AN' BRING TH' BEADS
OUT TO US!



BUT I'M SUPPOSED
TO BE A COP! AND
COPS DON'T DO
THAT!

SOITINLY THEY
DOES! ALL
COPS DOES IT --
SO'S THEY'LL HAVE
A CHANCE T'PRACTICE
CHASIN' CROOKS!
Y'SEE -- THEN THEY
CHASE THEMSELVES!



OH!
OKAY!
I'LL PLAY
WITH
YOU!

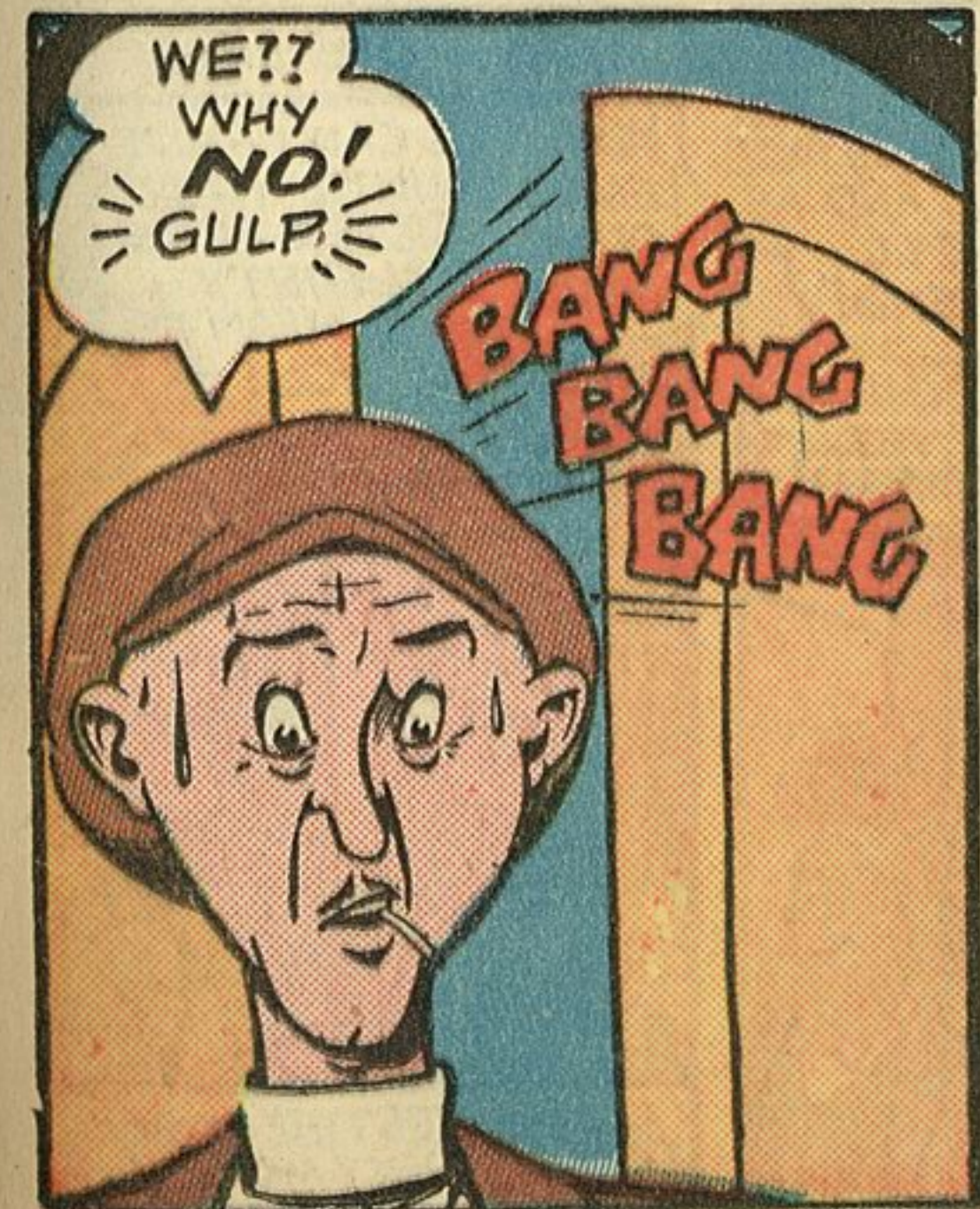


OOPS!
HOIMAN!
TH' JESTER!

WE
DIDN'T
DO
NOTHIN'!

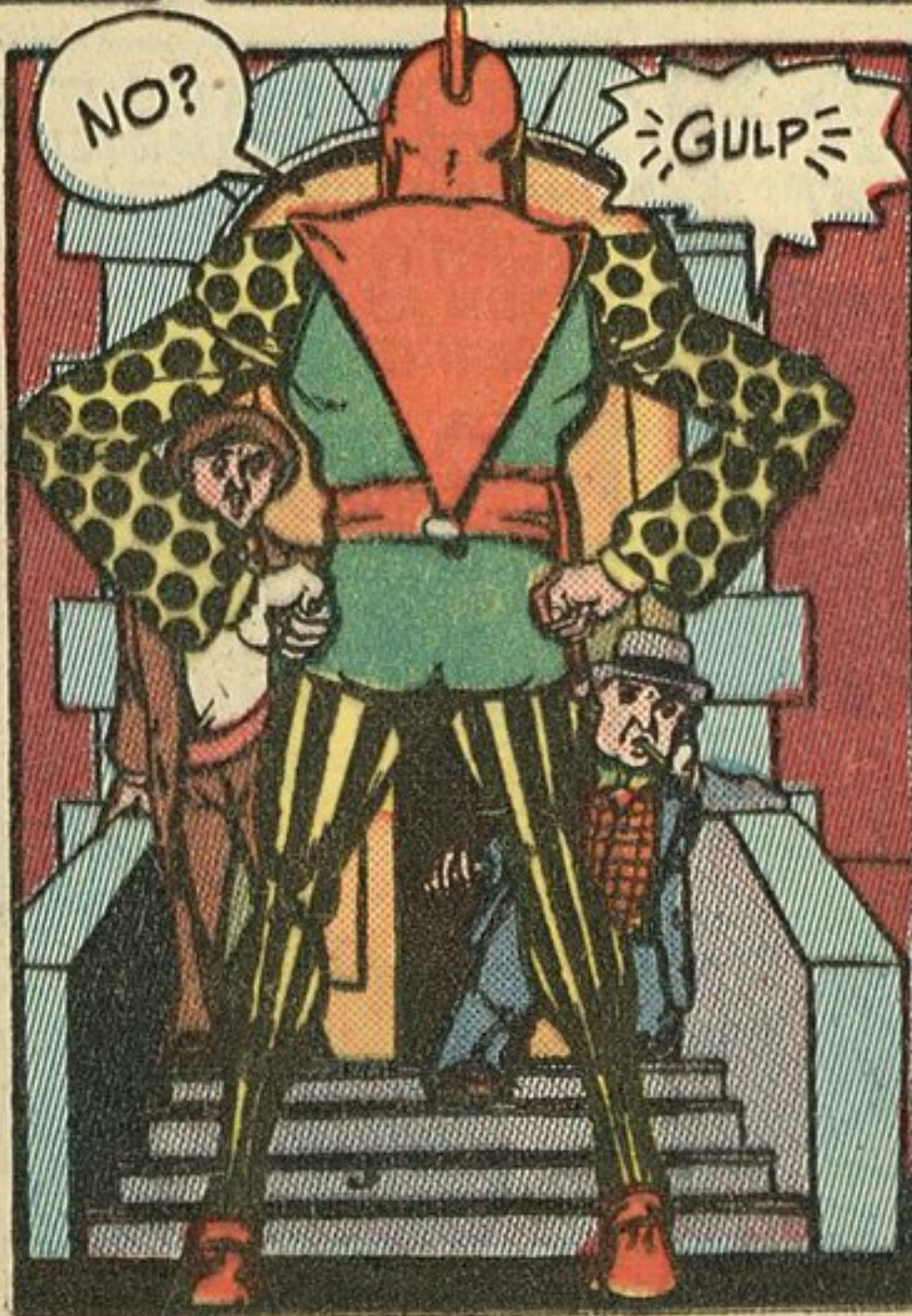


WHO SAID YOU DID?
DID YOU SEE ANYTHING
OF A KID WITH AN
AUTOMATIC?



WE??
WHY
NO!
GULP!

**BANG
BANG
BANG**



NO?

GULP



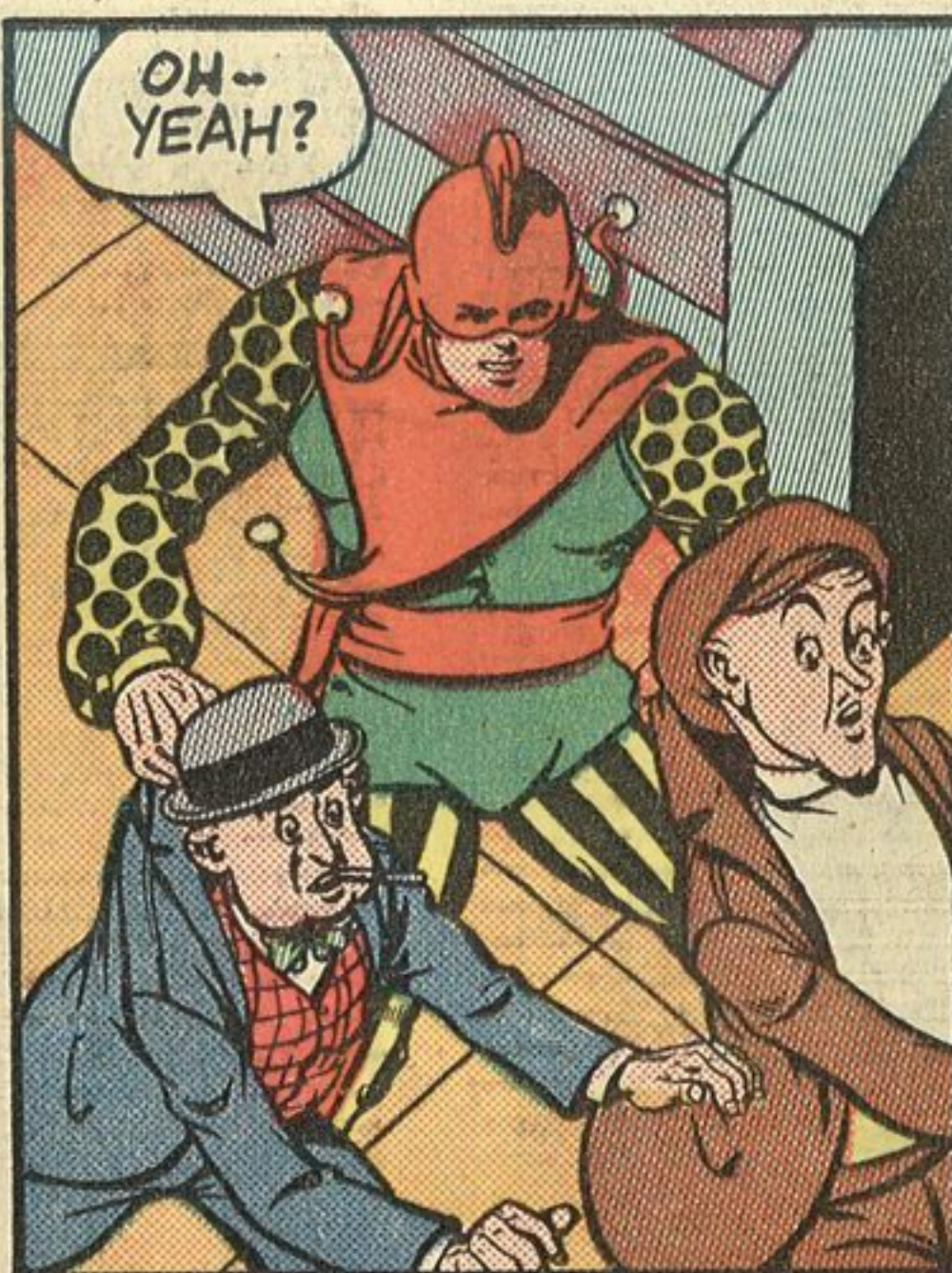
HERE'S THE BEADS
MISTERS! LET'S
PLAY SOME
MORE!



HERE--
GIVE
ME
THAT!

HEY! THAT'S
UNCLE MCGINTY'S
GUN! AN' THOSE
BEADS BELONG
TO THIS MISTER'S
SISTER!

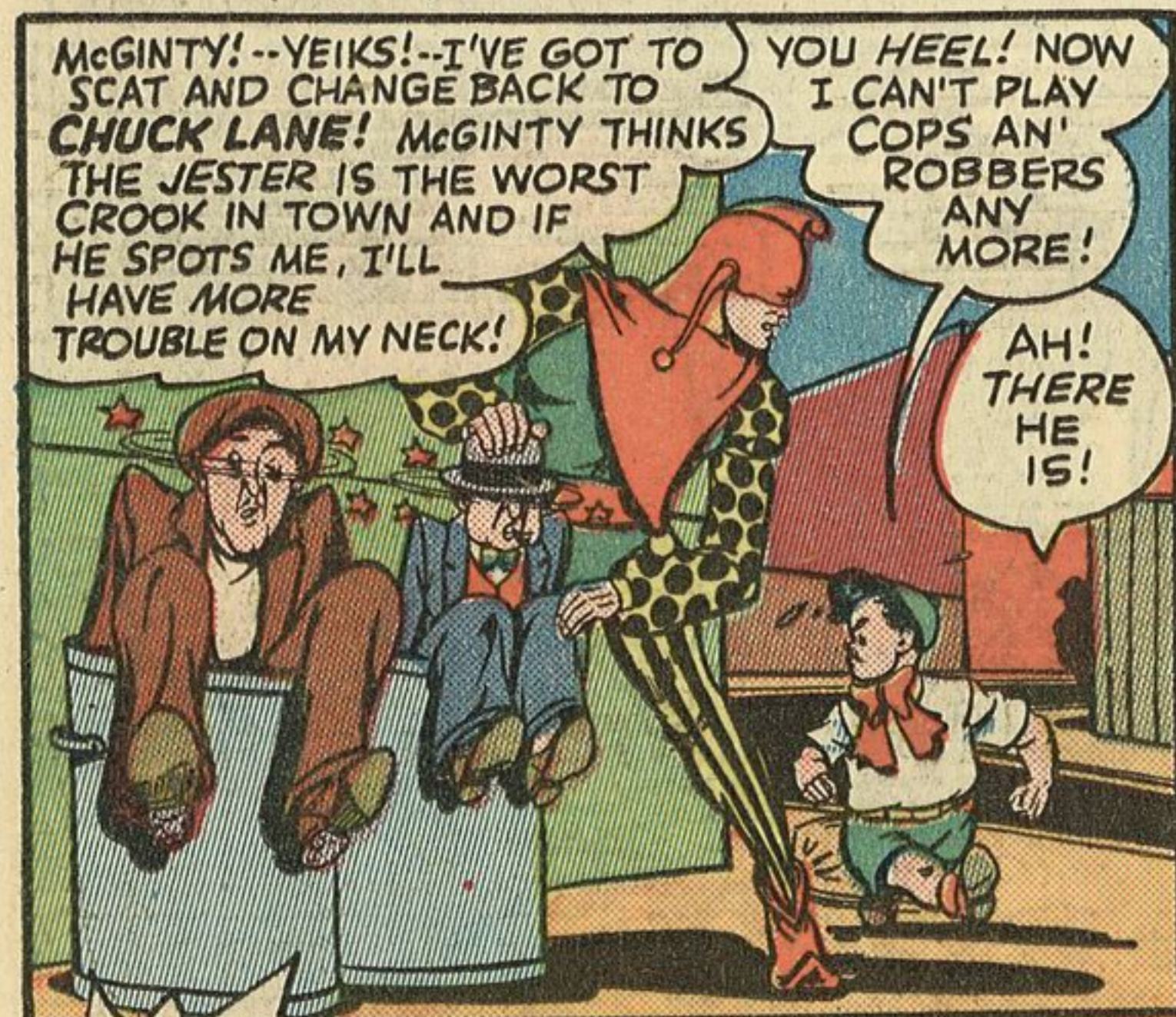
HOIMAN--
L-LET'S
G-GO!



OH--
YEAH?

Meanwhile...

NOW...IF I CAN
ONLY SNEAK UP
BEHIND THAT
BRAT AN' GET
MY GUN BACK!



MCGINTY!--YEIKS!--I'VE GOT TO
SCAT AND CHANGE BACK TO
CHUCK LANE! MCGINTY THINKS
THE JESTER IS THE WORST
CROOK IN TOWN AND IF
HE SPOTS ME, I'LL
HAVE MORE
TROUBLE ON MY NECK!

YOU HEEL! NOW
I CAN'T PLAY
COPS AN'
ROBBERS
ANY
MORE!

AH!
THERE
HE
IS!



YOU SAID IT!
WHERE'S MY
GUN!



UH! BABY! SOMEONE'S
TRYING TO CHOKE
MY BABY!
**POLICE!
HELLP!**

GULP!
THE COAL
DUST... SHE
DOESN'T
RECOGNIZE
ME!

MOTHER!



POLICE!

OH-OH! MCGINTY'S
GETTING IT! I
CHANGED JUST
IN TIME!



YOU TAKE HIM RIGHT DOWN TO
POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND LOCK
HIM UP! MY BROTHER IS HUSTACE
MCGINTY, THE DETECTIVE, AND AS
SOON AS I FIND HIM, HE'LL
TAKE CARE OF THIS FIEND!

GULP!
YES,
MA'AM!



LATER... LOTS LATER...

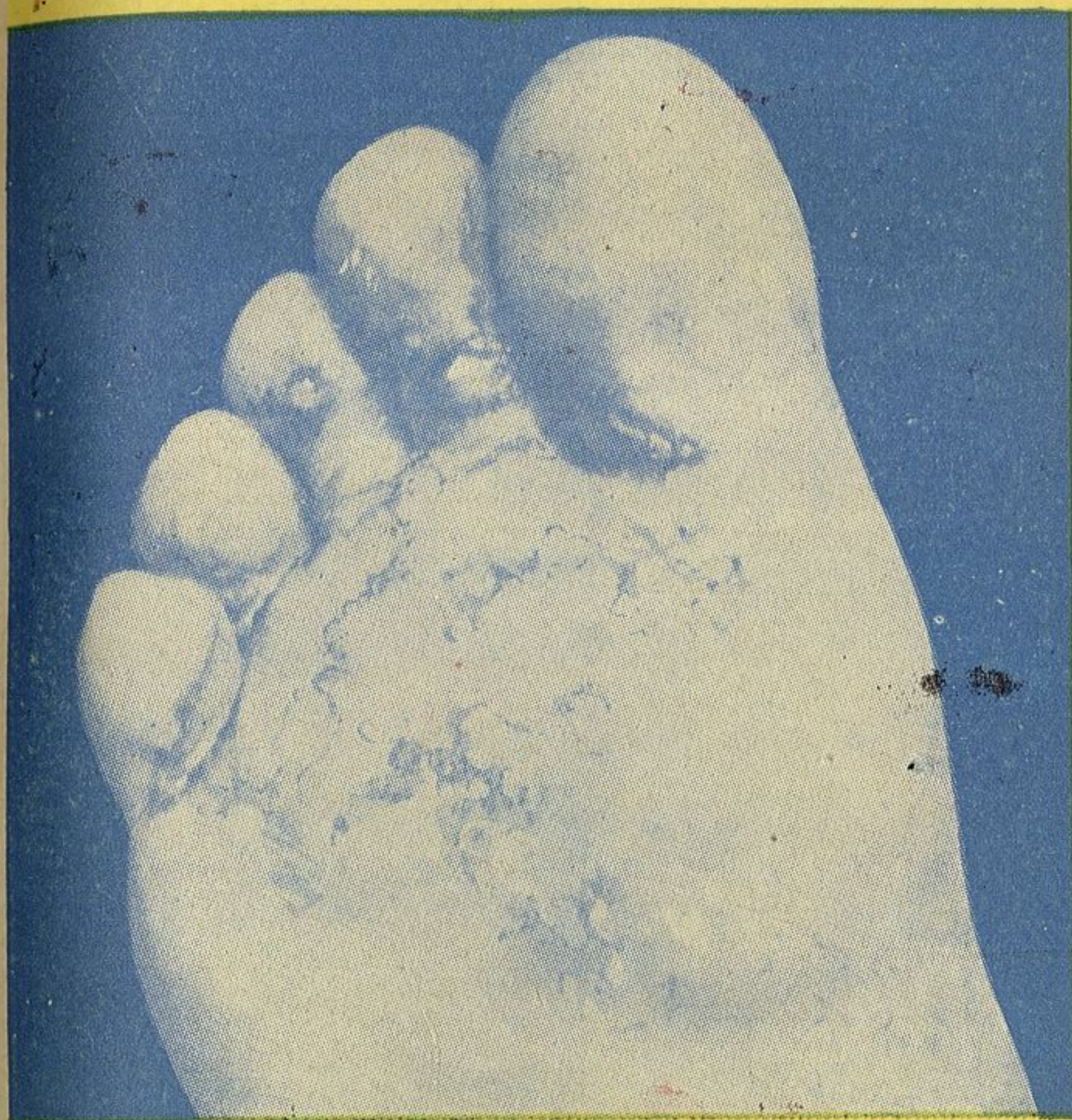
HEY!
LEMMIE
OUTA
HERE!

I CAN'T--NOT
UNTIL YOUR
SISTER FINDS
MCGINTY--
I MEAN
YOU!

Another JESTER STORY
NEXT MONTH!

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



**PAY NOTHING
TILL RELIEVED**

Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

WHY TAKE CHANCES?

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy the germ, whereas, upon contact, laboratory tests show that H. F. will kill the germ Tinea Trichophyton within 15 seconds.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. H. F. gently peels the skin, which enables it to get to parasites which exist under the outer cuticle.

ITCHING OFTEN RELIEVED QUICKLY

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is relieved. You should paint the infected part with H. F. every night until your feet are better. Usually this takes from three to ten days.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief. It costs you nothing to try, so if you are troubled with Athlete's Foot why wait a day longer?

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will

be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.
865 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

QCG

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Captain **TOOTSIE** ROLLS **BATTLES MONSTER MAN!**



THIS MONSTER MAN IS VERY DANGEROUS, SO REMEMBER--IF YOU SEE HIM, JUST **TOOT FOR TOOTSIE!**

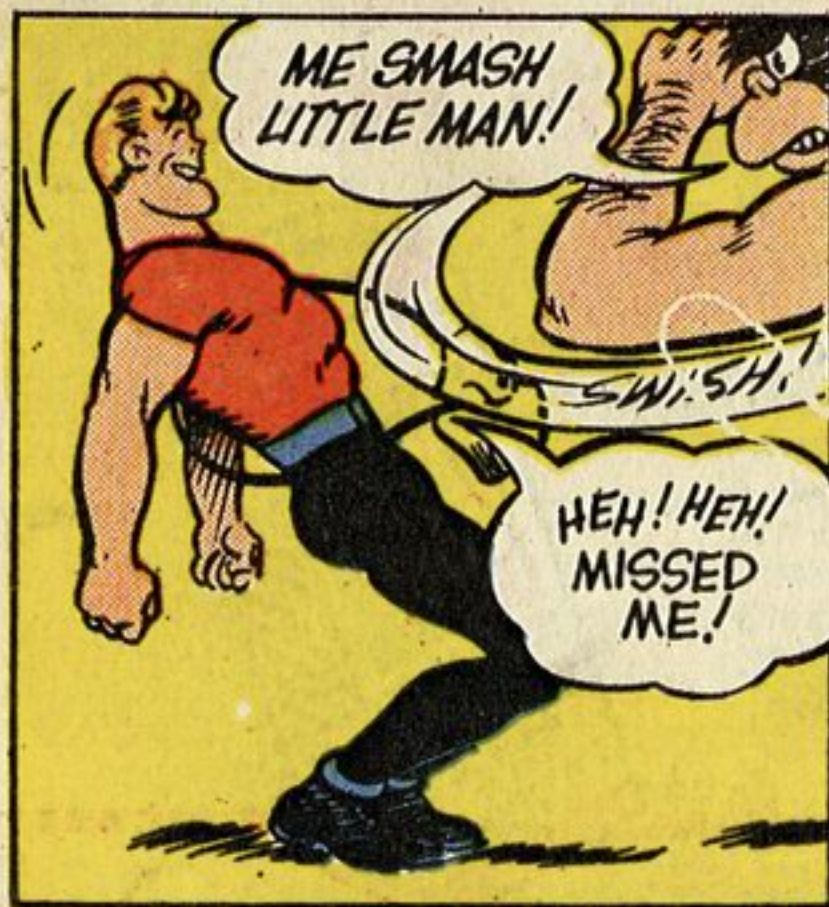
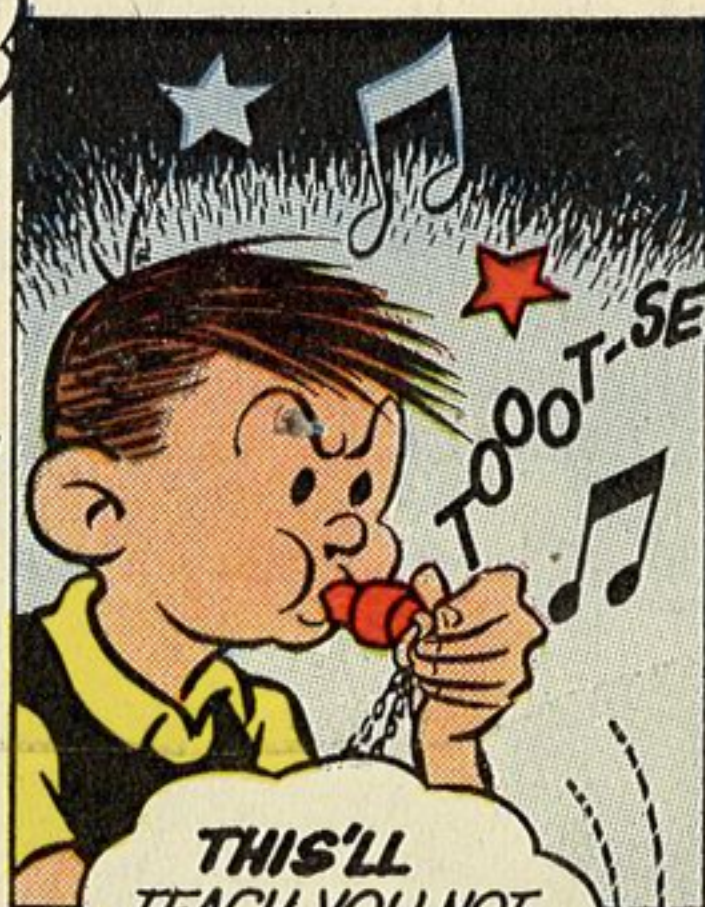
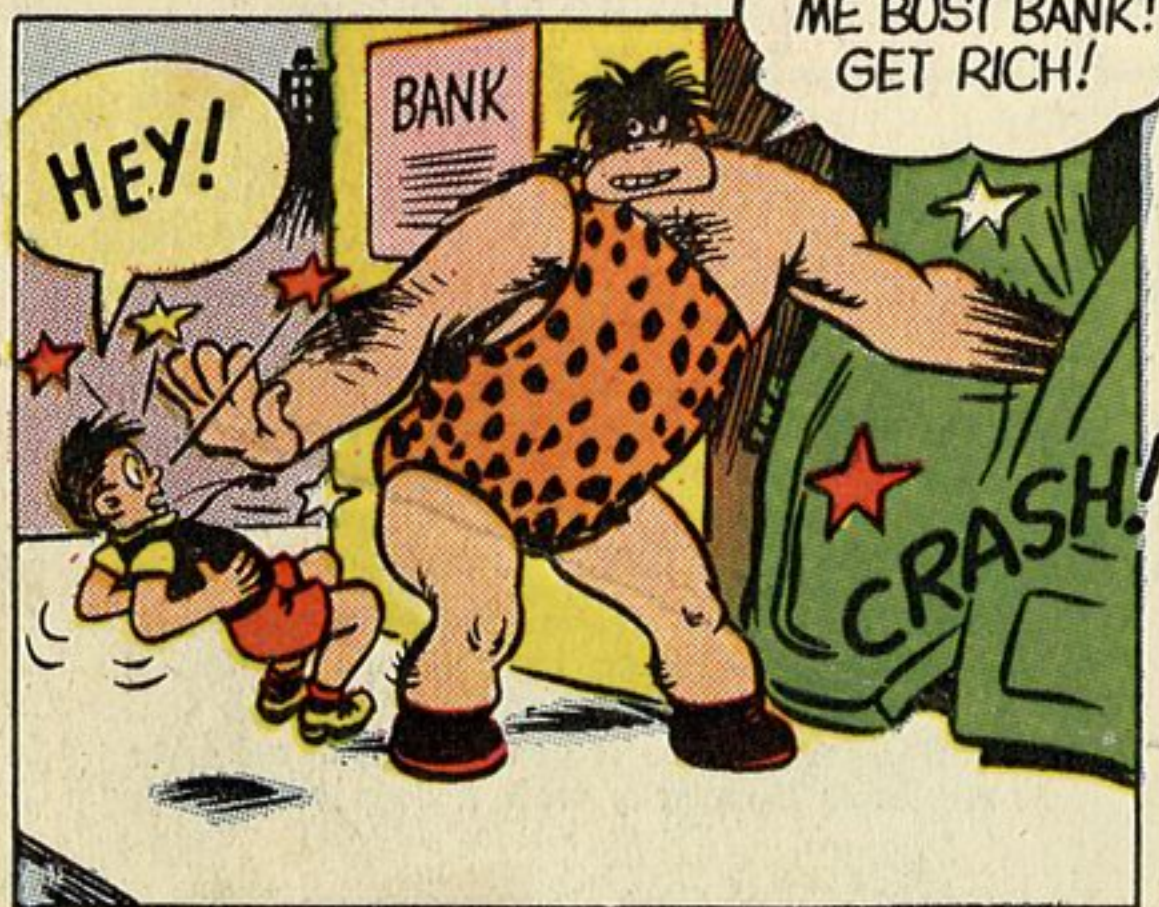
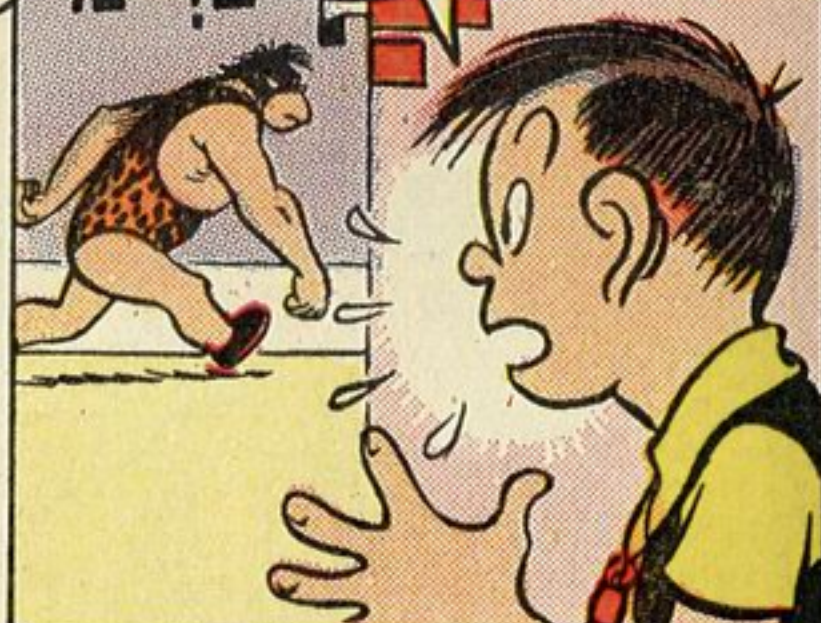
YOU BET, CAP!

'RAY FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

HOOTIN' ZOOTs! THERE'S MONSTER MAN NOW!



CAPT. TOOTSIE AND HIS SECRET LEGION FORM A SEARCHING PARTY.



WHAT FUN!
GET THIS GENUINE
FOX TAIL
for only **10¢**
IF YOU MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!

FOR YOUR BIKE!
To Hang in Your Room!
For Playing Russian Soldier!



NOTHING TO BUY! NO WRAPPERS TO SEND!
Just to get you to read the above ad, we'll send you this genuine fox tail for only a dime. Imagine the fun you'll have with it! How your friends will envy you! Tie it on your bike—hang it in your room—use it for playing explorer or soldier! Hurry! Supply limited! Mail coupon now!

TOOTSIE ROLLS
Department Q1, Hoboken, New Jersey
Yes, I read your ad for Tootsie Rolls. Rush the genuine Fox Tail to me postage paid by fast mail. I have enclosed a dime.
Name.....
Address.....
City & State.....

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY